Sept. 9, 1967

# THE NEW YORKER

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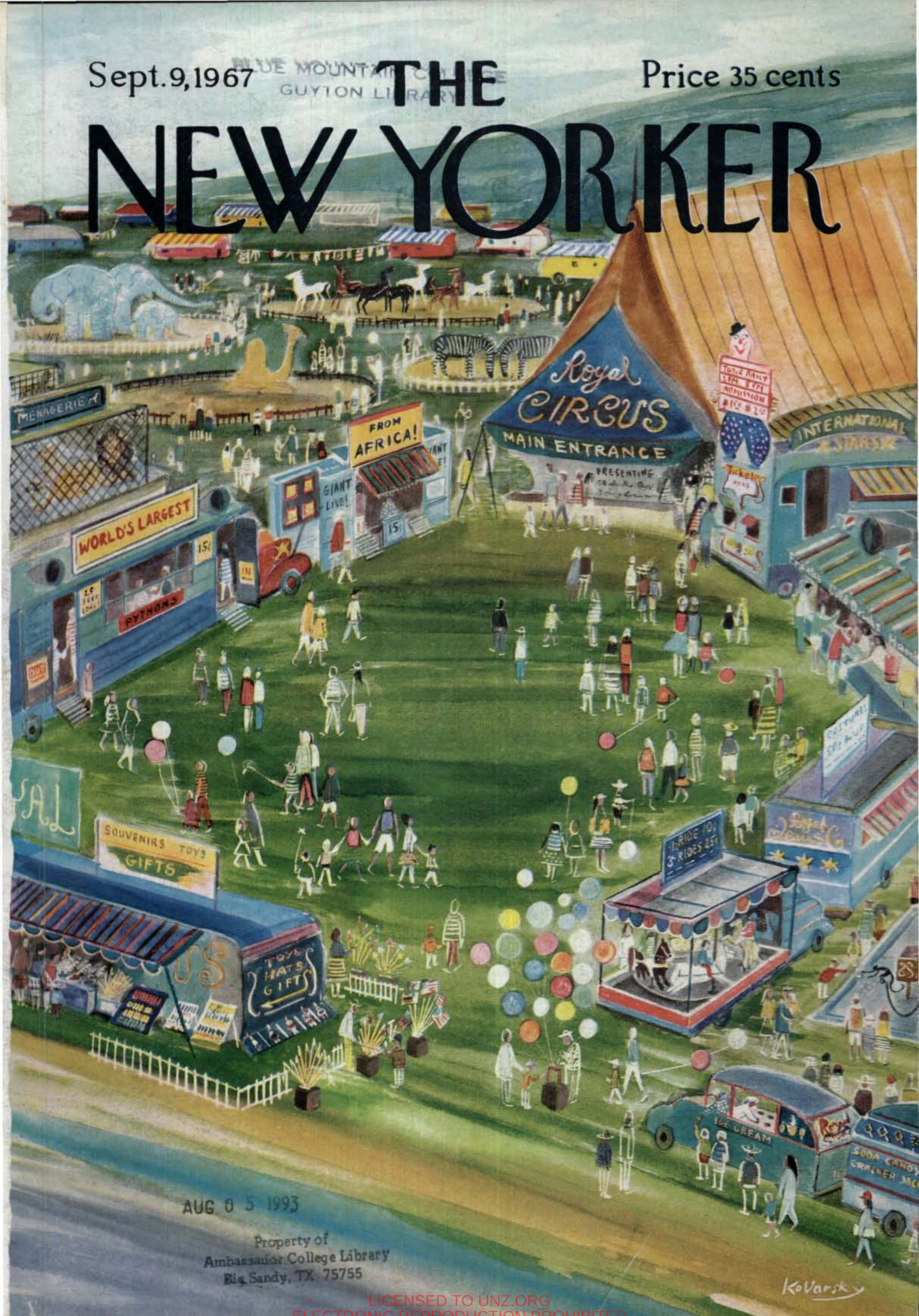
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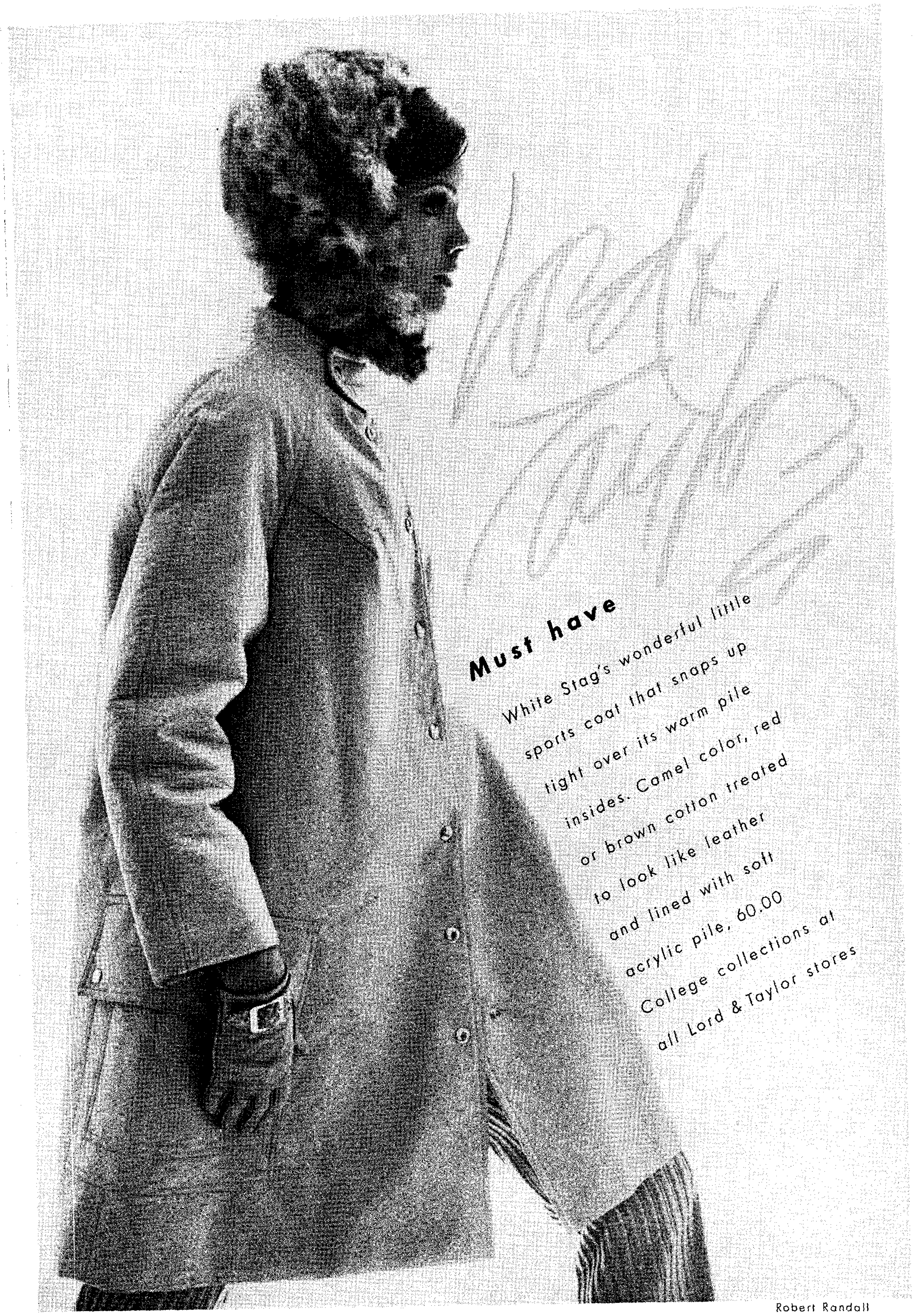

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Robert Randall

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Black Comedy**—Odd doings during an electrical blackout in South Kensington. A funny invention of Peter Shaffer, which is preceded, alack, by a curtain-raiser called "White Lies" that isn't up to Mr. Shaffer's par. As directed by John Dexter, the cast in "Black Comedy" cannot be faulted. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Homecoming**—Harold Pinter casting a cold eye at some curious events in a North London slum. Although the play hasn't much coherence, the actors are worth watching. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running**—Four plays by Robert Anderson that concentrate determinedly on sex. Mr. Anderson's creations are sometimes funny but not overly original. However, there is not a thing wrong with the cast—Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon—and the direction, by Alan Schneider, is entirely satisfactory. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

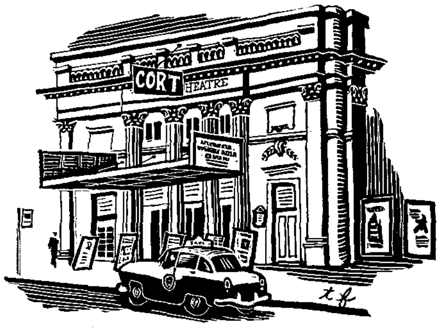
**Long Runs**—**CACTUS FLOWER:** Abe Burrows' study of a slow-blooming dental nurse. Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **DON'T DRINK THE WATER:** A Jewish family from Newark behind the Iron Curtain. Put together by Woody Allen and featuring Lou Jacobi, Peggy Cass, and Dick Libertini. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### MUSICALS

**Hallelujah, Baby!**—Leslie Uggams makes a commendable first appearance on Broadway in this show. The libretto (weak) is offset to some extent by the amiable lyrics of Betty Comden and Adolph Green and the easygoing music of Jule Styne. Miss Uggams has the help of a sprightly cast that includes Allen Case, Billy Dee Williams, and Lillian Hayman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Illya Darling**—Melina Mercouri as one of those lovable prostitutes, in an adaptation of the movie "Never on Sunday." Pleasant music and plenty of manly jigging, but not much real substance. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**THE APPLE TREE:** A musical taken from short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer. With Barbara Harris, Alan Alda, and Larry Blyden. Carmen Alvarez substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **CABARET:** How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz (replacing Herschel Bernardi for six weeks) in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Betty Grable now has the role of Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **I DO! I DO!:** Mary Martin and Robert Preston are the entire cast of this highly sentimental account of a half century of marriage. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35.)... **MAME:** Angela Lansbury in an adaptation of the Patrick Dennis novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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### OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

**Music Theatre of Lincoln Center**—A revival of **SOUTH PACIFIC**, with Florence Henderson and Giorgio Tozzi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 9.)

**America Hurrah**—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Arms and the Man**—A revival of Shaw's comedy. The performance just about gets by, but the play, now over seventy years old, is as fresh as paint. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Fantasticks**—Ringing bell means rising elevator. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Fortune and Men's Eyes**—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Mad Show**—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Thursday at 9; Friday and Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 10.)

**Man of La Mancha**—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. David Atkinson plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville and Irving Jacobson support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Sept. 10.)

**The Unknown Soldier and His Wife**—Peter Ustinov's attempt at a satire on war through the ages fritters away whatever force it might have had into facetiousness. There are, however, quite a few entertaining spots, and the performances are generally good. Those of Brian Bedford, as a recurring general, and of Bob Dishy, as a redundant German, are especially good. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown**—This delightful little musical and the six actors who play in it manage to capture the elusive humor and charm of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts," on which, of course, it is based. Joseph Hardy was the director, Clark Gesner wrote the songs, and John Gordon wrote the libretto. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

### BALLET

**City Center Joffrey Ballet**—Thursday, Sept. 7, at 8:30: "Pas des Déesses," "Rooms" (company première), and "Cello Concerto." ... ¶ Friday, Sept. 8, at 8:30: "Pas de Dix" (company première), "Incubus," and "Cakewalk." ... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 9, at 2:30: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Opus 65," and "Cakewalk." ... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 9, at 8:30: "Scotch Symphony," "Nightwings," and "The Green Table." ... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 10, at 2:30: "Cello Concerto," "Sea Shadow," and "Con Amore." ... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 10, at 8: "Pas de Dix," "Sea Shadow," and "The Green Table." ... ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 12, at 8:30: "Scotch Symphony," "Sea Shadow," and "The Green Table." ... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 13, at 8:30: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Elegy" (première), and "Cakewalk." ... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 14, at 8:30: "Pas des Déesses," "Rooms," and "Donizetti Variations." ... ¶ Friday, Sept. 15, at 8:30: "Pas de Dix," "Rooms," and "Viva Vivaldi!". ... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 16, at 2:30: "Scotch Symphony," "Elegy," and "Con Amore." ... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 16, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Elegy,"

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president, Milton Greenstein, and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee 3rd, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLIII, No 29, September 9, 1967. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1967 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A.
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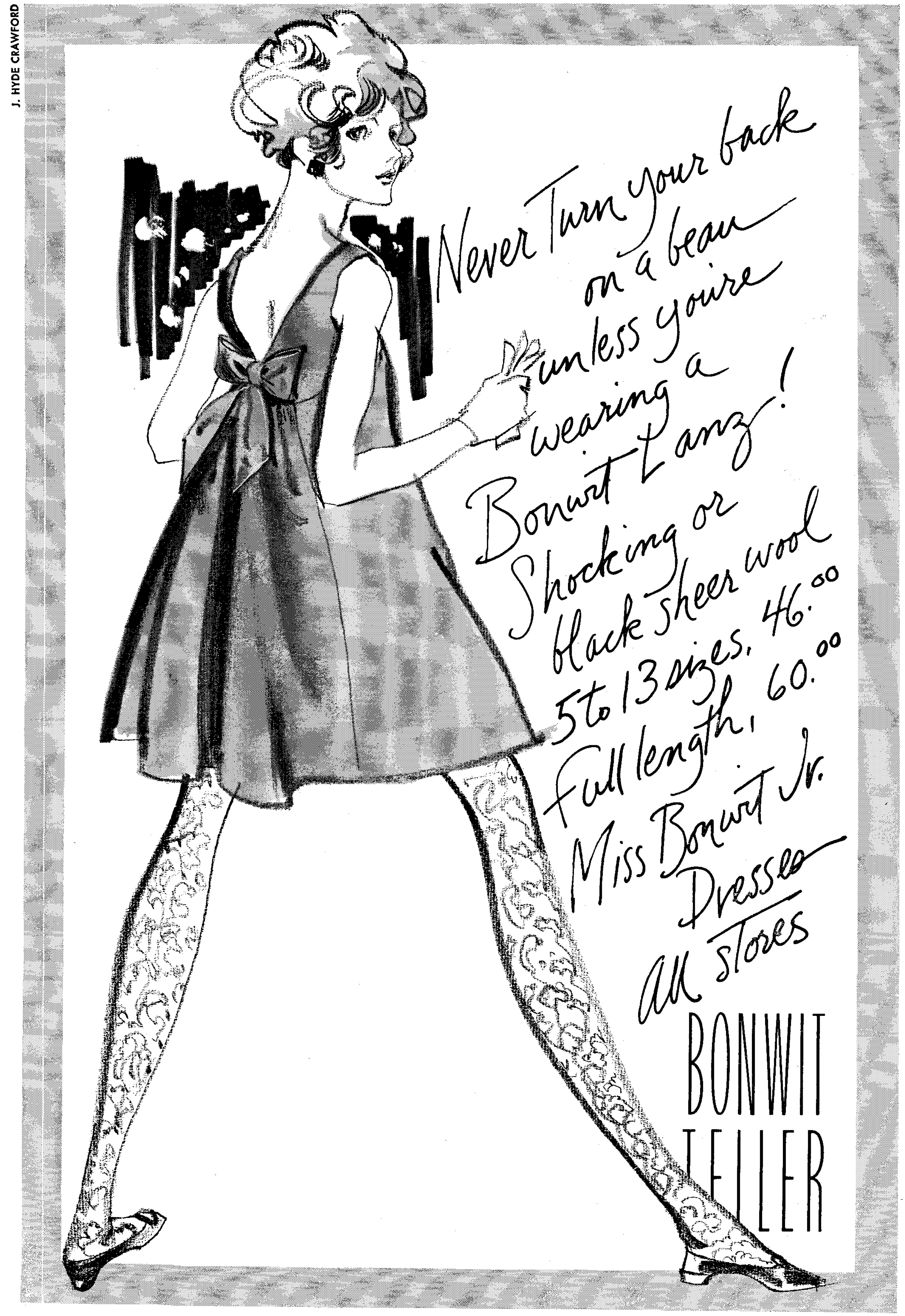
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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and "Cakewalk." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Oct. 1.)

### MISCELLANEOUS

**Ice Show**—"Holiday on Ice," with Ronnie Robertson. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 1:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 17.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**Americana,** Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box revives itself on Monday, Sept. 11, as a sounding board for Jane Morgan, who—like the songs she sings—is all peaches and cream. She is a dinner and supper specialty; the intervals are filled full by the knowing orchestra of Lee Evans. Closed Sundays.

**Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—A life of ease is the sole objective of the couples who inhabit the floor of the restaurant. The music comes from a Cliff Hall band, which carries on from eight until one or two every evening but Sunday and Monday.

**El Morocco,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Considered by many fanciers of night school to be an absolutely required course. The instructors are the bands belonging to Lester Lanin and George Anaya, which never pause between eight and three-thirty. No classes on Sunday.

**Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre is not yet an institution accredited by the Ivy League, but the curriculums are the same. Ben Cutler's Yale boys are on the bandstand seven nights a week. Lest Homer and the other old-school metropolitans nod between sets, a guitarist of Brazilian fervor turns himself on.

**Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Ed Ames, who graduated from the Ames Brothers into television, has finally been brought back alive, to talk and sing for his dinner and supper in the Persian Room, where the jaunty bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte are at play all evening long. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano (these are the weaponry of Leo LeFleur's duo) speak with bated breath from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, which is the nineteenth century at the pinnacle of perfection, and again from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender light begins to suffuse the statuary and Gunnar Hansen's fiddle begins its sentimental journey down the Danube. No music Sunday nights.

**Rainbow Grill,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The blast furnace operated by Jonah Jones is cunningly designed to resemble a trumpet—a trick that fools no listener. His foursome begins at nine, and another group starts warming up the place at seven. Curfew does not arrive until two. Closed Sundays.

**The Riverboat,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—Clyde McCoy's crew of roustabouts, now on the promenade deck, will be phased out on Saturday, Sept. 9; on Monday, Sept. 11, the combined forces of Les and Larry Elgart (a real cat's-cradle of interwoven themes) and the band of Ray Anthony (little meat on these bones) check in. Eight until two is the schedule every night but Sunday.

**St. Regis-Sheraton,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A welcome sign of autumn is Julie Wilson picking flowers (some of them roses and some of them snapdragons) at dinner and supper in the Maisonette. She sings every night but Sunday, which is likewise time off for the catnip band of George Cort and the Latin staff of Quintero. . . . ¶ La Boite, the across-the-way peace haven, simmers ever so quietly to the piano of Walter Kay and the violin of Jani Sarkozi. Six to one-thirty is its span of office. Closed Sundays.

**Tavern-on-the-Green,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Allotments from the Fresh Air Fund are disbursed among the trees and fireflies of the outdoor terrace, along with nourishment and music, on whatever nights the weather behaves like a gentleman. Two small bands serve as crickets from, say, seven until one or more.

**Waldorf-Astoria,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Horace Diaz, early settler in this town, reports for duty, trio in hand, at eight on Wednesday, Sept. 13, in Peacock Alley. He'll stick around until one. Fridays and Saturdays, the running time is nine to two; Sundays, it is five to ten; Mondays and Tuesdays are silent.

**Note—ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Nice (in every way) is the going here, for the floor is huge and unnecessary violence in choreography is forbidden. The setting is plain but painstaking; the menu is token. Two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they begin at three-thirty. For insatiables, there is a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

### SMALL AND BOUNCY

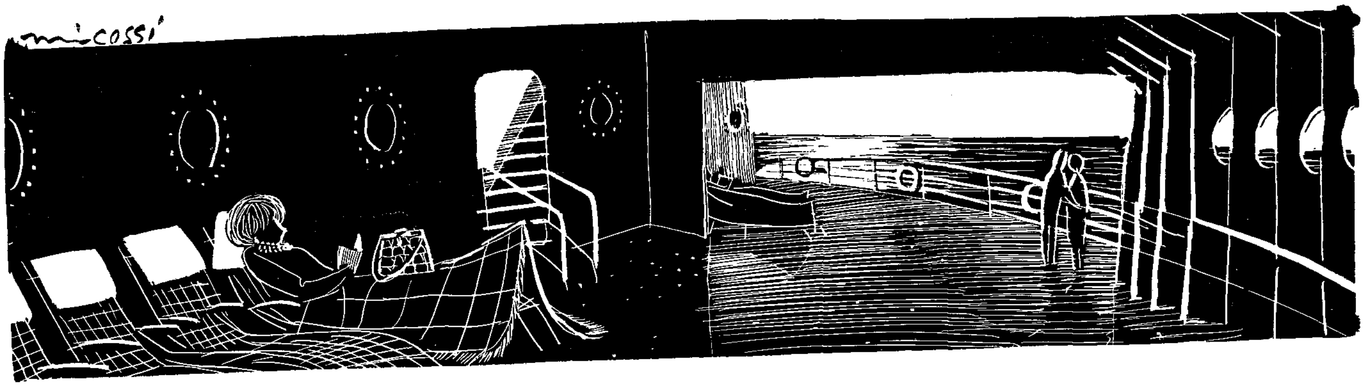
(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

**GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): An off-campus campus that looks after a whole bunch of people who knew each other when and seem rather glad about it. The music for the reunion is piano, piano, piano the whole night through—by Goldie Hawkins and his valiant aides, Wayne Sanders and Sam Hamilton. Closed Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A snug, shipshape West Indie, visited every night from dinner time until after the theatre by a troubadour who sings in the choicest broken-Jamaica dialect. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): You're only young a thousand times—this is the attitude of the boy and girl workers in the communications arts who gather here. The threesome of Chuck Wayne, a deft abstractionist, does the holding forth with great glee. No music Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri's portrayal of the wickedest woman in Paris (done mostly from the top deck of a piano) is all fool and a yard wide, which is how the guests in her small drawing room like it. She chants at dinner during the week, at dinner and supper Friday and Saturday, and—as a good Greek—never on Sunday. Leisurely dance music commences at eight. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Where the gypsy caravans of Hungary have rested, though never in complete silence. After the zimbalons and fiddles have had their say, Béla Babai's band does dance music and Tibor Rakossy does ballads of importunity. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Hubble-bubble happens in the busy-bee corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where Laurie Brewis conducts, from his piano, a sort of sing-along that begins at nine-thirty every evening but Monday, and goes on and on into the night. . . . **TAMBURLAINE,** 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): The setting is Outer, or Upper, Mongolia, with touches of Upper Montclair; the dance music, which runs from eight-thirty until one-thirty, is (most of the time) insistent. Mondays, though, it is both subtle and succulent, for then Billy Rubenstein's piano embellishes it. Another improvement, operating from six to eight, Mondays through Fridays, is Allan Haig, whose piano is a thing of beauty as well as of bounty. Closed Sundays. . . . **KIPPYS,** 240 W. 52nd St. (581-4773): A higher standard for the Broadway way of life, with (in the above-stairs annex) George Taylor contributing his lush-life piano and song from nine until two every evening but Sunday. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): Unancient Rome is the hallmark of the Roman Pub, but it's a handsome Rome all the same. From nine until two, every night but Sunday and Monday, a dance threesome paced by the precise piano of Joan St. James is in action. No more than tidbits for the internally hungry. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Scratch a waiter and you'll find a tenor whose mother tongue is Italian. Closed Mondays.

### SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

**DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie when Cy Walter addresses himself to the piano that, from a gentle slope, surveys this lordly manor. This act of beneficence takes place from the cocktail hour until one every night but Sunday, when Allan Haig serves instead. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle is a put-on, all right, but a merry, gregarious, and comfortable one. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of nighttime violinists. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The same king's second retreat, likewise in a put-on mood, and circumnavigated by the fiddle of George Cardini, an incurable romanticist. He stays away Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A long-range, considered, but still extremely fond view of an eternal city from a terraced villa in Frascati. Musicians whose term of duty is seven-thirty until two take part. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The watchmen of the night along this stretch of the Via Veneto are again the ambulatory musicians under the bow and baton of Herman Honigsberg, master fiddler; the listeners are an outgoing lot. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The guitar of Rogelio Reguera, an ardent student of the Spanish canon, comes to a temporary halt on Saturday, Sept. 9. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Grand is the manner of



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PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Regency Room, where there is piano between five-thirty and twelve-thirty. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The Elegant Eighties and the Gay Nineties have more than a bowing acquaintance in a town house that makes no concessions to the ravages of modern times. In the bar, a leisurely piano dwells. No music Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): What the well-dressed bar and restaurant will wear. From five-thirty to eight, from nine to twelve-thirty someone diligently plies a piano, every night but Monday and Wednesday.

## DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining unless indicated.)

**ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Practically a closed circuit to anyone without a promissory note from the booking office. The eye of the booked beholder grows dizzy as it follows the free-form footwork of the often enchanted young champions. The Fuzzy Bunnys, the more human aspect of the noise, will be replaced, on Tuesday, Sept. 12, by the All Night Workers; a reward goes to anyone who can detect the difference. Nine until four is the rule; a slight bill of fare is offered. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The dance music, crisp and commanding, comes from storage batteries, but the people onstage (the Five Bells) are real, and rock, and roll. Dining in proper fashion. Closed Sundays. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Mid pleasures and palaces, mostly Roman Mod—in both décor and dress. It must be looked for behind an unmarked door. The eclectic music is from the grooves of Academe. It is open every night, from nine-thirty to three-thirty. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): When the rock and roll is called up yonder, the twirling boy and girl dervishes who prance in this cave of the winds will be the prize-winners there, too. The music to which they twirl is live enough to be just about livid. Eight until three is the usual schedule, but Sundays begin at three in the afternoon. Cheetah is in the temperance zone. . . . **WHEELS,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A sort of super-motor inn, whose décor is wheels (all the way from automobile to jukebox) whirling like dervishes from six until late in the morning. Since Herbert Jacoby, last of the Blue Angel, is the mad inventor thereof, the inn is a cabaret, too, though on broad, vaudeville lines. . . . **ELECTRIC CIRCUS,** upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080): This spaceship, tenuously moored to earth, is a *son et lumière* that gives one pause but also amusement. The occasional circus acts, seemingly as impromptu as the light cues, are just as entertaining. Though the lighting effects are all fermented, none of the available beverages are. The hours are eight-thirty until three or four, every night. . . . **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Certain formalities are to be gone through, such as dressing like little ladies and little gentlemen, but the music (nine until early morn) is as vibrant as any, though not at the top of any lungs. Supper, too. Closed Sundays.

## BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

**COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The principal boy is Enzo Stuarti, whose tenor and microphone often lead him into a howling wilderness; he is seconded by a funnyman of unquiet desperation, and thirded by the Copa corps de ballet, a collection of girls who are enjoying their first night in town. On Thursday, Sept. 14, two new leading men move in—Jerry Vale (song) and Pat Cooper (story). Twice a night, for time immemorial. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the bar-lounge, music starts whooping and dooping at ten, and is not likely to stop. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A view of Paris not from the Sacré Cœur or Air France but from the figments of a choreographer's imagination. *Les girls* (of varying countries) are voluminously in evidence and unvoluminously garbed; the unlikely shepherd of the flock is Jan Murray, or humor in small, easy-to-digest tablets. On Wednesday, Sept. 13, Red But-

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tons will become the humorist. Twice a night, unceasingly. Dancing for the paying guests, too.

## CABARETS

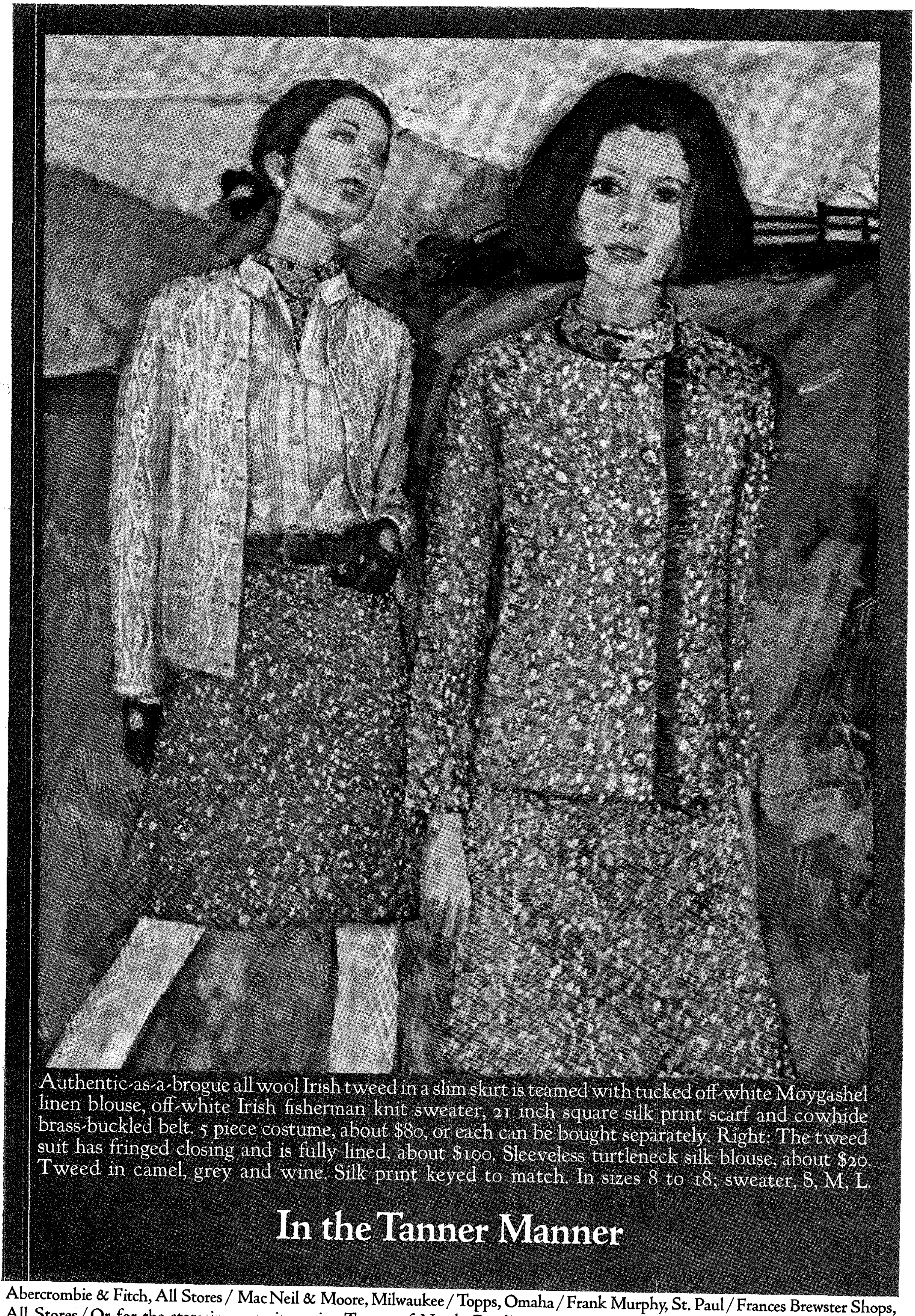
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): A fine body of men known as Los Chavales de España applies a great deal of jubilant body Spanish to its stamping, cavorting, and flirting songs; a set of ballerinas aids their cause, and a brace of bands urges the guests into quite a spate of exhibition dancing. Dining, too. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Emilio Prados, which will have you marching through Iberia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. JU 2-1244): "The Play-offs of Mixed Doubles," a bandbox revue that draws, to an extent, on the most promising words and music of its antecedent revues, is in progress. Judy Graubart is its major beguilement. Twice a night is the scheme. On Thursday, Sept. 14, the show moves one flight up, to **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, and its place will be taken by Vaughn Meader, a well-remembered wit with a new mission in life. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): A busman's holiday after the theatre for this or that Broadway player who feels he hasn't yet done a full night's work. Earlier, there is impromptu entertainment by the staff of this quite casual bar.

## MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The head of the household is Thelonious Monk, whose piano is hard-core all the time, even when it may seem that there ain't going to be no core. His quartet takes turns with George Benson's foursome. Mondays are devoted to uprisings by the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The roster is sometimes subject to rapid change, but these bookings for the lower deck of this operation have an air of probability: Symphony Sid and his Latin-American bandsmen every Monday; the rest of the time, the songs of Nina Simone, whose thoughts are far away in the mountains of the moon, plus the rumblings of Montego Joe's band. Miss Simone owns a threesome. . . . ¶ On the upper deck, Johnny Lytle's trio plays touch-and-go Mod music. Tuesdays are allotted to one-night-standers. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Clark Terry's seventeen-man army works out Friday, Saturday, and Sunday every week, and on Mondays Howard McGhee's mob, also seventeen strong, comes aboard. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's threesome walks with a springy step the length of the oval bar and brightens every inch of it. There is also interlude piano by Fran Thompson. Kickoff time is nine-fifteen. Mondays, everybody stays home. Dining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The venerable powerhouse is getting along, and with power to burn, under the guidance of such as Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown. Closed Sundays. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): The address is in the center of one of the new youth-for-joy-and-health cantons, and the slacks tide is in full flow among the customers. Tradition is likewise forsworn by the musicians. Right now, every night but Monday, the quartet of Larry Young, Jr., is the responsible party, and on Monday it is Sun Ra's outerspacemen. On Tuesday, Sept. 12, Albert Ayler's quintet takes over. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB**, 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): A novelty-and-notions shop has been set up here by a group including Elvin Jones, McCoy Tyner, and Wilbur Ware, who have important contributions to make toward the welfare of contemporary music. Nine to four is the curriculum offered, every night but Monday. . . . **THE FRAMMIS**, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160): A new hearthstone to keep the



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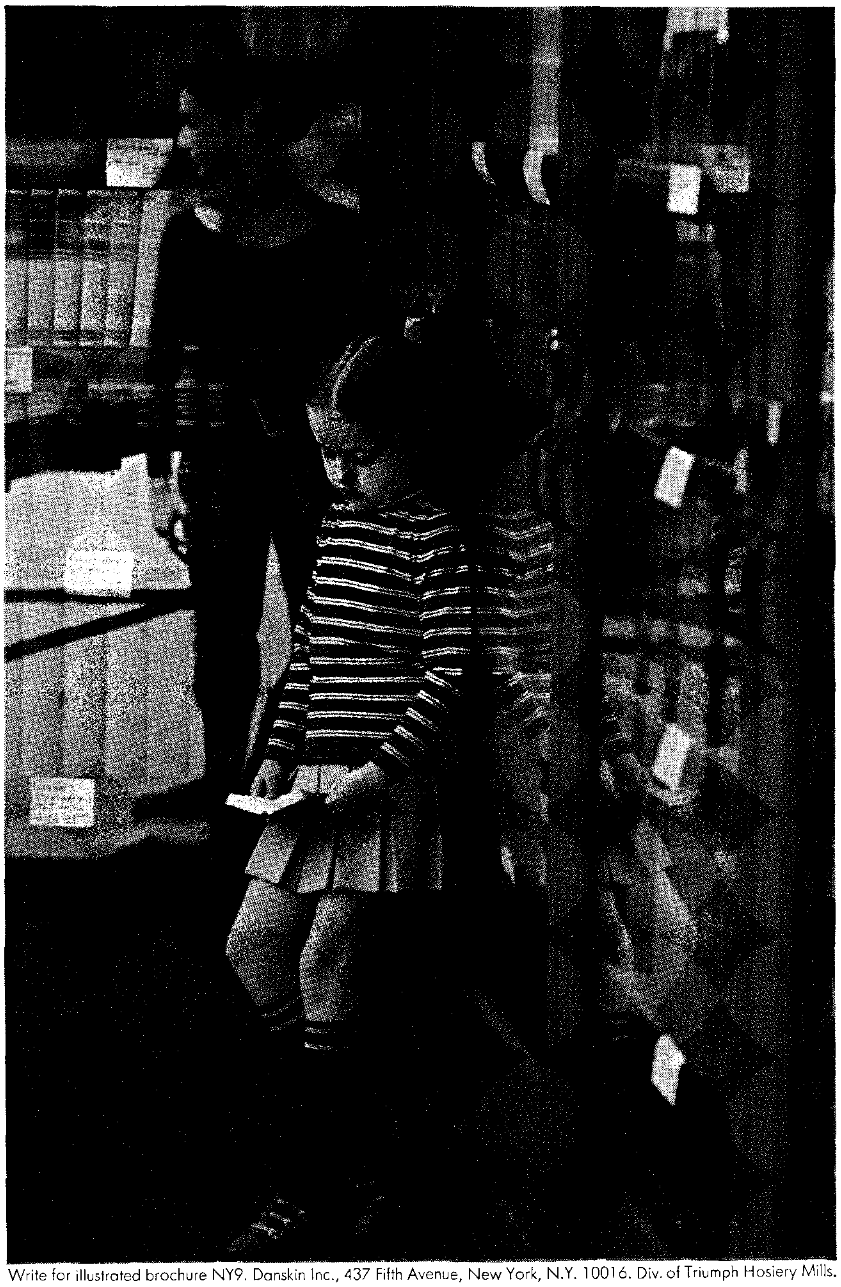


Write for illustrated brochure NY9. Danskin Inc., 437 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Div. of Triumph Hosiery Mills.

faith warm. Muriel Roberts, her piano, and her trio should be on the stand right now, every night but Sunday, from nine until late. Dinner. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The best of our Village coffee-and-ice-cream parlors is currently assigned to makers of thunder and lightning, but on Wednesday, Sept. 13, the Serendipity Singers, whose sound is more organized, return to this fold. Tuesdays are devoted to drop-ins. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—a current eternal-youth formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. Nine until two or three all week long is the program, except on Sundays, when the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band reports for duty as early as half past four in the afternoon. . . . **RED GARTER,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Museum pieces. The largest is the 1906 truck chassis in which the rataplan band plays. Chaplin and Laurel & Hardy movies occur at times; beer, peanuts, and pretzels happen continually. There are Sunday matinées, too, beginning at five.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**HENRY PFEIFFER**—Watercolors by a former student of Paul Klee and the Bauhaus who has done scientific work in problems of color; through Sept. 23. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (Closed Mondays.)

**SCULPTURES**—At the **GOLDOWSKY,** 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Pieces by Arp, Nakian, Chamberlain, Westermann, Morris, and others; through Sept. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57th St.: Large works by Lynn Chadwick, Berto Lardera, Henry Moore, and Bernard Rosenthal; through Sept. 29. (Closed Saturdays.)

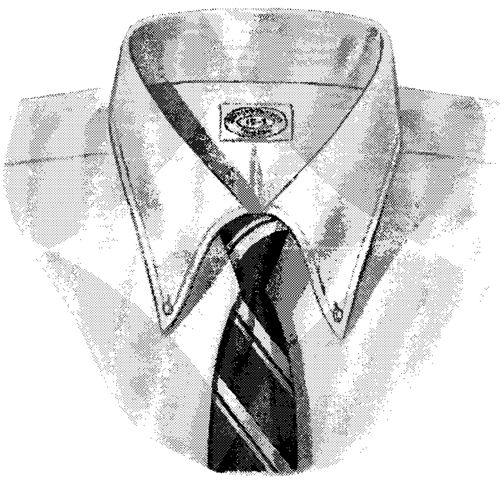
**AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the **BANFER,** 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings and drawings by the gallery artists, including Aaron Bohrod, Jared French, Maurice Grosser, and Margo Hoff; through Sept. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **BYKERT,** 15 W. 57th St.: Paintings by gallery artists, among them Ralph Humphrey, Paul Mogensen, and Robert Duran; through Oct. 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **EAST HAMPTON GALLERY,** 22 W. 56th St.: Drawings in modern modes by seven contemporaries; through Friday, Sept. 15. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures, many of them executed this summer by gallery artists like Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Waldo Peirce, Doris Rosenthal, William Thon, Robert Vickrey, and Zoltan Sepeshy; through Sept. 30.

**NOTE**—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through Sept. 17.

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Fifteen hundred years of art of Ch'ang-sha, a center in what is now the province of Hunan. It includes the Ch'u silk manuscript (the earliest known example of Chinese calligraphy and painting on silk), jade carvings, painted lacquer ware, ceramic and bronze articles, and stone and wood figures. Through Sept. 24. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.—Abstract art of the sixties, consisting of color-field, hard-edge, and optical paintings, primary constructions, and motion and light compositions; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ Twenty-four drawings and watercolors and one painting by Lyonel Feininger, all depicting a



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ruined fourteenth-century Gothic church on the Baltic coast; through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ An exhibition commemorating the thirtieth anniversary of Picasso's "Guernica," comprising thirty-eight preliminary drawings and sixteen postscripts; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Twenty-five collages and drawings by Jim Dine interpreting "A Midsummer Night's Dream;" through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings of this century from the Museum's collection—Cézanne, Kandinsky, Kline, de Kooning, and others; through Oct. 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Whitney Museum**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"American Art of the Twentieth Century," over three hundred works ranging from the realists of the early nineteen-hundreds to the advanced styles of today; through Sept. 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—Prints and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Cassatt, and other artists who lived and worked in Montmartre between 1890 and 1915; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Indians of the Plains," an amalgam of paintings, recorded songs and chants, and lifelike models in settings revealing their activities in the nineteenth century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Gallery of Modern Art**, 2 Columbus Circle—A selection of Russian paintings from the fifteenth century to the present; through Sept. 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

**Jewish Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Twenty-three mural-size canvases and two monumental painted-steel sculptures by, among others, Norman Bluhm, Giorgio Cavallon, Al Held, Alex Katz, and Fairfield Porter; through Sunday, Sept. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**Morgan Library**, 29 E. 36th St.—Illuminated manuscripts; early printed books; autograph manuscripts, letters, and documents; bookbindings; Rembrandt etchings; drawings, purchased for the Library by John P. Morgan between 1913 and 1943; through Nov. 4. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

**New York Public Library**, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Presentations of Nature in Contemporary Prints" by American, European, and Japanese artists such as Sue Fuller, Gerhard Marcks, and Shigeru Kimura; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ While you're there, you might glance at the "Dime Novels, Shilling Shockers, and Penny Dreadfuls" that enthralled readers a few generations ago; through Oct. 30. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

### MUSIC

**New York City Opera**—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 12—Thursday, Sept. 14, at 7:45: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Veronica Tyler, Donna Jeffrey, Michele Molese, Georg Schnapka, and William Metcalf. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 15, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Kay Creed, Placido Domingo, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 16, at 2:15: "Carmen," with Huguette Tourangeau, Joan Patenaude, Bernabé Marti, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 16, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Anne Elgar, Frances Bible, Maralin Niska, Norman Treigle, David Clatworthy, and Malcolm Smith. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

**João Carlos Martins**—Piano, playing Bach's "The Well-Tempered Clavier." (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Tuesday, Sept. 12, at 8:30, Book I; and Saturday, Sept. 16, at 8:30, Book II.)

**Ravi Shankar**—Sitar, with Alla Rakha, tabla, in three different programs. (Philharmonic

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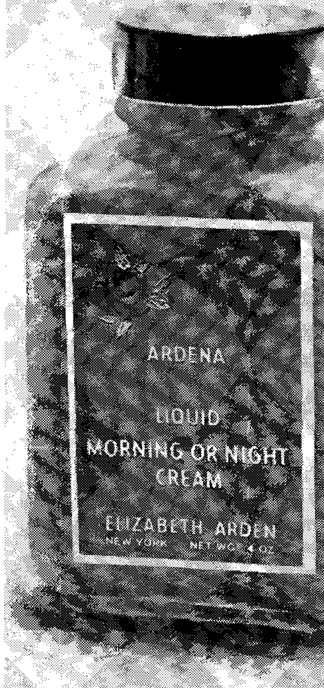

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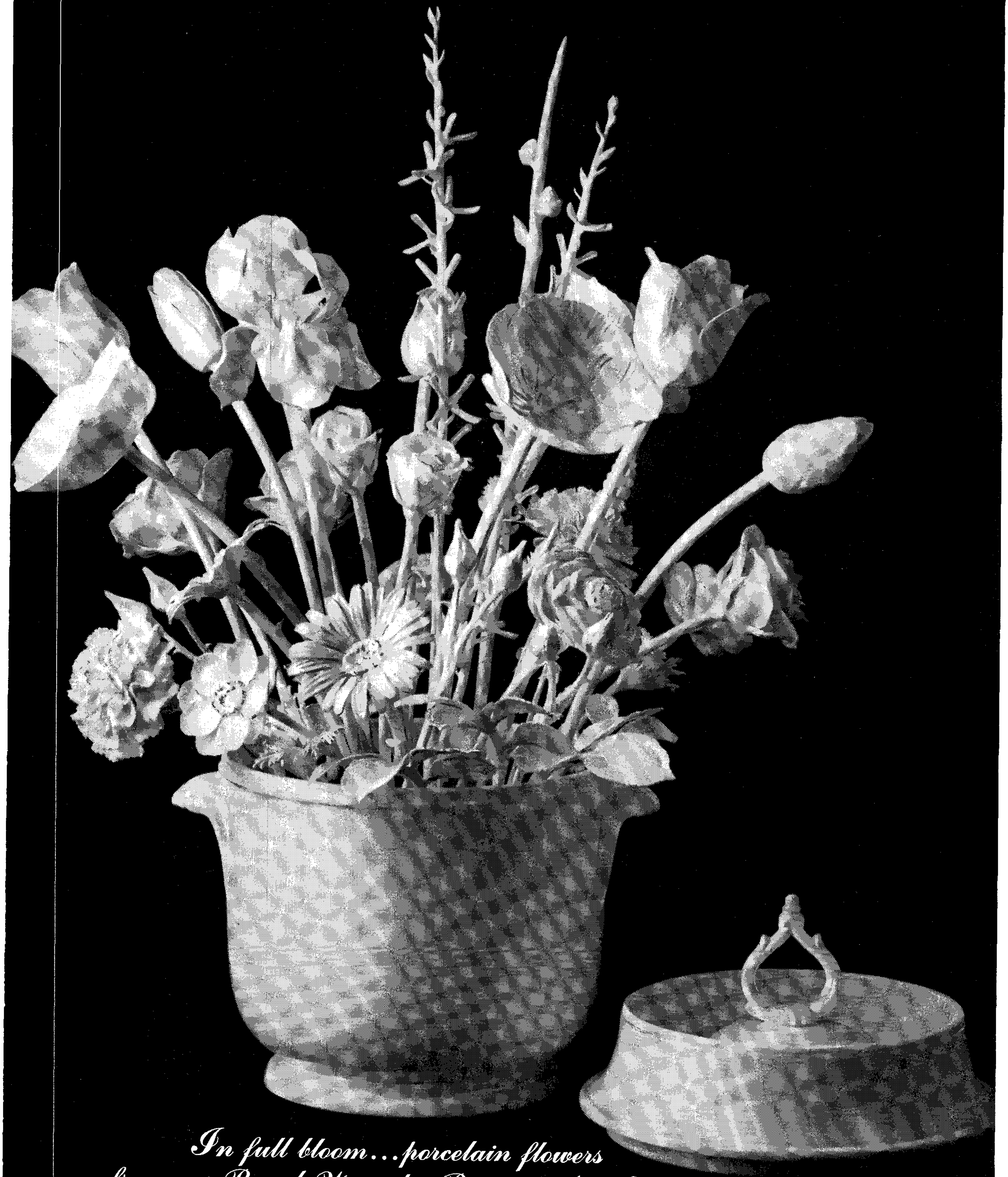

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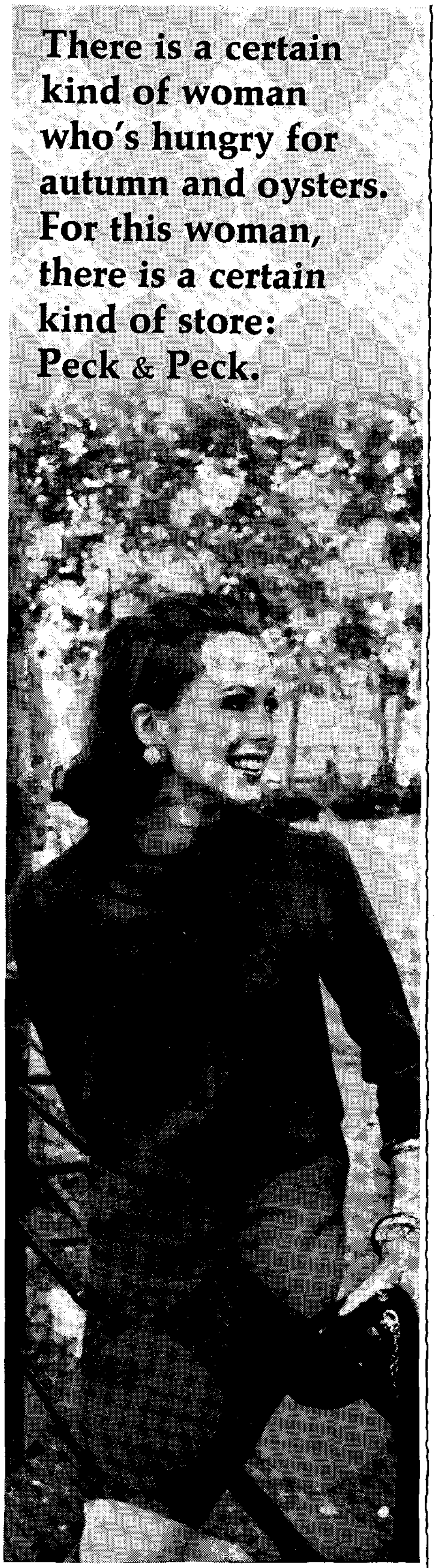

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hall. TR 4-2424. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 13-15, at 8:30.)

Jazz—Maxine Sullivan, with Cliff Jackson, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Sonny Greer, and Marshall Brown. (Town Hall. Sunday, Sept. 10, at 5:30. Tickets at the box office on the day of the concert.)

## SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium: Mets vs. St. Louis, Thursday, Sept. 7, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Cincinnati, Friday, Sept. 8, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader); Saturday, Sept. 9, at 2:15; and Sunday, Sept. 10, at 2. . . . Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. California, Tuesday, Sept. 12, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader), and Wednesday, Sept. 13, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, Sept. 15, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 16, at 7.

Dog Show—Westchester Kennel Club. (Purchase. Sunday, Sept. 10.)

Horse Shows—North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 7-10.) . . ¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 14-17.)

Hunt Racing—Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 9, and Saturday, Sept. 16.)

Motorboat Racing—Hudson River Marathon, Sunday, Sept. 10.

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1:30. The Matron, Saturday, Sept. 9; the Jerome Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 13; and the Beldame, Saturday, Sept. 16. . . . Atlantic City, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Thursday, Oct. 12. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 16.

Tennis—National Singles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. 261-2000. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 7-9, at noon, and Sunday, Sept. 10, at 1.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, Oct. 18. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:32, and Saturdays at 6:45.)

Yachting—America's Cup races. (Newport, R.I. Starting Tuesday, Sept. 12.)

## ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Film Libraries—At the Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd—Sept. 7 at 2, 5:30, and 8, and Sept. 8 at 2 and 5:30: "Winter Light" (1963), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Gunnar Björnstrand and Ingrid Thulin. . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, and Sept. 10 at 2 and 5:30: "All These Women" (1964), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Jarl Kulle. . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at 2 and 5:30: "The Cradle of Courage" (1920), with William S. Hart. . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 2 and 5:30: "When the Clouds Roll By" (1919), with Douglas Fairbanks. . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 2 and 5:30: "Doubling for Romeo" (1921), with Will Rogers. . . . Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Sept. 7: "Gigi" (1958), with Leslie Caron and Maurice Chevalier. . . . ¶ Sept. 8-10: "Go West" (1941), with the Marx Brothers. . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 12: A program of Busby Berkeley films. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 6:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4:45.) . . . Note: At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

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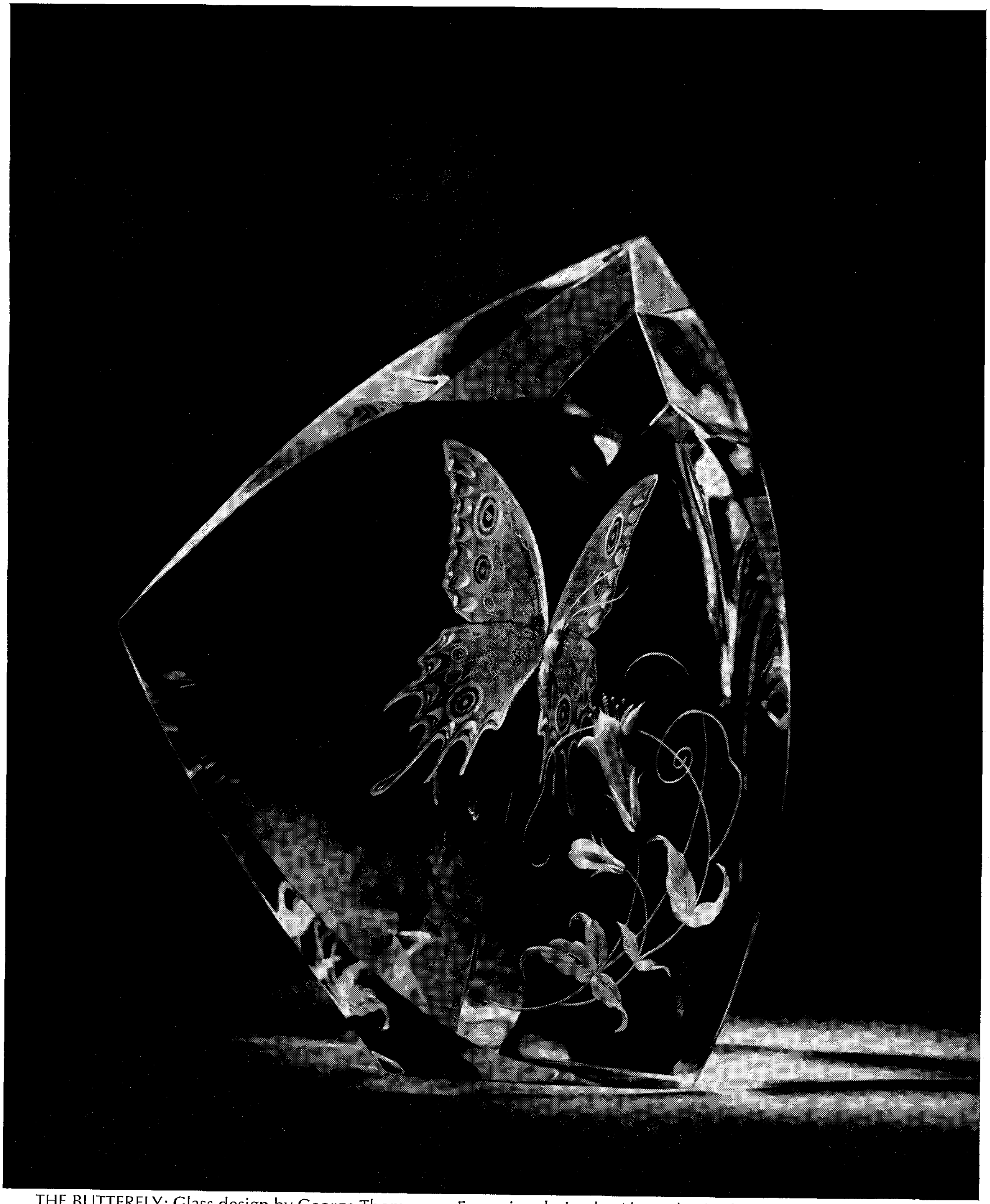

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

### FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

**Accident**—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant in a domestic melodrama made all the more exciting by being laid in the peaceful English countryside. Directed by Joseph Losey, from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

**Barefoot in the Park**—Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Mildred Natwick, and Charles Boyer in Neil Simon's funny adaptation of his funny Broadway play. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Sept. 13. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Sept. 13, tentative.)

**The Bible**—John Huston directed this great big silly picture book, and he also plays, most agreeably, the role of Noah. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 7-10, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 11-12, at 8:30; and Wednesday, Sept. 13, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

**Bonnie and Clyde**—The police used a thousand rounds of ammunition to shoot the real Bonnie and Clyde (played by Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty in Arthur Penn's film). The two had become the Depression's folk heroes, and they thought they had charmed lives. A shrewd and harrowing study of the criminal's urge to be remembered. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

**The Deadly Affair**—A welcomely serious spy story, laid in England. Produced and directed by Sidney Lumet, with a cast that includes James Mason, Simone Signoret, and Harriet Andersson. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 8-12.)

**Don't Look Back**—Donn Pennebaker's acute and attentive study of Bob Dylan on an English tour. Often very funny. "Tell it like it is;" Pennebaker does. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

**Dutchman**—Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., in a movie version of LeRoi Jones' savage, enthralling play about a kooky white girl and her Negro victim. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Sept. 13.)

**Enter Laughing**—A callow stage-struck lad is groomed by José Ferrer to appear in an unspeakable melodrama. Elaine May imparts her own real funniness to a fairly conventional comedy. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

**The Exterminating Angel**—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the members that it can't be broken up, but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

**The Family Way**—The film is about North-of-England working-class attitudes toward sex, and it is as knowing as the title. Hayley Mills' girlishness is hard to bear; John Mills as her overbearing father-in-law is pretty good. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

**Grand Prix**—John Frankenheimer's virtuoso account of what it feels like to be the driver of a tiny car that goes a hundred and eighty miles an hour. Fantastically adroit camera-work and sound recording. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166.)

**A Guide for the Married Man**—Walter Matthau dominates this mindless, amusing study of the fine art of undetected infidelity. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 8-12.)

**Hawaii**—A long, foolish account of how Christian missionaries spoiled things for the happy Polynesians. With Julie Andrews. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Sept. 12.)

**The Jokers**—Michael Crawford and Oliver Reed as a pair of young London scamps who steal the Crown Jewels not for money but for fame. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Sept. 12.)

**A Man and a Woman**—An example of a movie that really moves, directed and photographed by Claude Lelouch, who doesn't make any mistakes in his treatment of a small love story. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

**A Man for All Seasons**—The moral tug of war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, acted by a superb cast, including Paul Scofield, Robert Shaw, and Leo McKern. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30, 5:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

**Privilege**—A fiercely good piece of film-making by Peter Watkins (of "The War Game"), about an England in the near future dominated by a nervy pop idol manipulated by a near-Fascist lineup of Church and State. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

**The Taming of the Shrew**—Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton in Franco Zeffirelli's Hellzapoppin version of the old comedy. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

**The Thief of Paris**—The most densely textured political film about a period of the past since Visconti's "The Leopard," even though it appears to be about a burglar. Directed by Louis Malle with a new, and even anti, romanticism. Jean-Paul Belmondo is the desolate thief. In French. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323; through Sept. 10.)

**Thoroughly Modern Millie**—A diverting movie, which would have been a lot better at half its length. With Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore, James Fox, and Beatrice Lillie. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

**To Sir, with Love**—A glib parable about getting on with one another, with Sidney Poitier quelling a classful of East End kids in London. Directed by James Clavell. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

**Ulysses**—Joseph Strick has led an admirable cast with tact and intelligence down several of the main pathways in the Joycean labyrinth. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**The Whisperers**—Edith Evans as a very old woman living alone in the industrial North of England. The physical detail of solitude and age is nobly precise. Bryan Forbes directed; Eric Portman plays her craven quitter of a husband. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

**Woman Times Seven**—Peter Sellers appears once in mourning, Alan Arkin offers an interlude of brilliantly withdrawn comedy, and Shirley MacLaine plays seven parts with an implication of a wit that no one uses. Directed by Vittorio De Sica, in a tone that is pure Hollywood. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 12.)

**You Only Live Twice**—James Bond again, with Sean Connery and a series of numb girls in a situation with an aspiring dictator who lives in a stylishly furnished volcano. The mood of the screenplay coarsens the original cheeky style of the series. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Sept. 12.)

## REVIVALS

**À Nous la Liberté** (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 7.)

**Le Bonheur** (1966)—Agnès Varda has written a story about how to have happiness and lose it. She also directed the picture, which stars Jean-Claude Drouot and his family. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 8-11.)

**The Cousins** (1959)—Directed by Claude Chabrol, with Jean-Claude Brialy and Gérard Blain. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 7.)

**Darling** (1965)—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey in an account of contemporary London life. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 12.)

**The Diary of a Chambermaid** (1965)—Directed by Luis Buñuel, with Jeanne Moreau. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 12.)

**Doctor Zhivago** (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

**Galia** (1966)—Mireille Darc stars in this odd story of love and death in Paris. Directed by Georges Lautner. In French. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Sept. 12.)

**A Hard Day's Night** (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Sept. 12.)

**The Knack** (1965)—A comedy of sex in London, with Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 9.)

**The Lower Depths** (1936)—Directed by Jean Renoir, with Jean Gabin and Louis Jouvet. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 8.)

**Morgan!** (1966)—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about present-day London. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Sept. 13.)

**My Life to Live** (1963)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 8-11.)

**The Naked Night** (1956)—Early Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and other members of the Bergman repertory group. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 12.)

**The Pawnbroker** (1965)—Rod Steiger plays the title role in this story of a corner of hell in Harlem. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Sept. 13.)

**Shakespeare Wallah** (1966)—A tale of a troupe of English actors down on their luck in India. Directed by James Ivory and with a cast of English and Indian actors. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Sept. 13.)

**Strangers on a Train** (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 11.)

**Tom Jones** (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Sept. 13.)

**Tomorrow Is My Turn** (1962)—A picture about the Second World War, starring Charles Aznavour and Georges Rivière. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 7.)

**The Umbrellas of Cherbourg** (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Sept. 13.)

**The White Sheik** (1956)—Directed by Federico Fellini, with Alberto Sordi. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 7.)

**A Woman Is a Woman** (1964)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina and Jean-Paul Belmondo. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 8-11.)

**Film Libraries**—See listing under "Et Alia," page 14.

# THE MOVIE HOUSES

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
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|  |  |  |  | 7 | 8 | 9 |
| 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 |  |  |  |

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

## THE BROADWAY AREA

**Astor,** B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
**HAWAII.**

**Capitol,** B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

**Criterion,** B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
**THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.**

**DeMille,** 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Emily," revival, James Garner, Julie Andrews.

**Forum,** B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
**BONNIE AND CLYDE.**

**Music Hall,** 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Up the Down Staircase," Sandy Dennis.

**New Embassy,** B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
**THE FAMILY WAY.**

**Rivoli,** B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Trip," Peter Fonda, Susan Strasberg.

**State,** B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
**THE BIBLE.**

**Trans-Lux West,** B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
"Beach Red," Cornel Wilde, Rip Torn.

**Victoria,** B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Love-Ins," Richard Todd, James MacArthur.

**Warner,** B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"The Flim-Flam Man," George C. Scott.

## EAST SIDE

**Art,** 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
**TO SIR, WITH LOVE.**

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson; and "Night Games" (in Swedish), Ingrid Thulin.

**Charles,** Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Sept. 12: **THE JOKERS**; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival.
From Sept. 13: **THE PAWNBROKER**, revival; and **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival.

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 12: **YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.**
From Sept. 13: "Two for the Road," Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney.

**Kips Bay,** 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Sept. 12: **GALIA** (in French), revival; and "The Rape" (in Greek), revival.
From Sept. 13 (tentative): **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK.**

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
**BONNIE AND CLYDE.**

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
**DON'T LOOK BACK.**

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
**PRIVILEGE.**

**Trans-Lux East,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK.**

**Fine Arts,** 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
**A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.**

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Flim-Flam Man," George C. Scott.

**Baronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
**THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.**

**Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Emily," revival, James Garner, Julie Andrews.

**Cinema I,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
**ENTER LAUGHING.**

**Cinema II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
**ACCIDENT.**

**York Cinema,** 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Sept. 12: **A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN**; and **THE DEADLY AFFAIR.**
From Sept. 13: **TOM JONES**, revival; and **MORGAN!**, revival.

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
**TO SIR, WITH LOVE.**

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Sept. 12: **HAWAII.**
From Sept. 13: To be announced.

**Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Birds, the Bees and the Italians" (in Italian), Virna Lisi.

**72nd St. Playhouse,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"The Trip," Peter Fonda, Susan Strasberg.

**Trans-Lux 85th St.,** Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
**ULYSSES.**

**R.K.O. 86th St.,** Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 12: **WOMAN TIMES SEVEN**; and "Where the Bullets Fly," Tom Adams.
From Sept. 13: "Born Losers," Tom Laughlin; and "Thunder Alley," Annette Funicello, Fabian.

**Orpheum,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
**GRAND PRIX.**

**86th St. East,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

## WEST SIDE

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Sept. 7: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival; and **THE WHITE SHEIK** (in Italian), revival.
Sept. 8-11: **LE BONHEUR, MY LIFE TO LIVE,** and **A WOMAN IS A WOMAN** (all in French and all revivals).
From Sept. 12: **THE DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID** (in French), revival; and **THE NAKED NIGHT** (in Swedish), revival.

**Waverly,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 12: **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK.**
From Sept. 13: To be announced.

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
**ACCIDENT.**

**5th Ave. Cinema,** 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Hawks and the Sparrows" (in Italian), Totò.

**Sheridan,** 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
**GRAND PRIX.**

**Greenwich,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Sept. 7: **YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE**; and "Deadlier Than the Male," Richard Johnson, Elke Sommer.
Sept. 8-12: **A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN**; and **THE DEADLY AFFAIR.**
From Sept. 13: **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK**; and "Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad," Rosalind Russell, Robert Morse.

**R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema,** 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Sept. 12: **WOMAN TIMES SEVEN**; and "Where the Bullets Fly," Tom Adams.
From Sept. 13: "Born Losers," Tom Laughlin; and "Thunder Alley," Annette Funicello, Fabian.

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
**DOCTOR ZHIVAGO**, revival.

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Through Sept. 10: **THE THIEF OF PARIS** (in French).
From Sept. 11: "The Climax," Ugo Tognazzi.

**Cinema Rendezvous,** 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
**TO SIR, WITH LOVE.**

**Little Carnegie,** 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
**THE WHISPERERS.**

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
**THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL** (in Spanish).

**Lincoln Art,** 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
**WOMAN TIMES SEVEN.**

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
**A MAN AND A WOMAN** (in French).

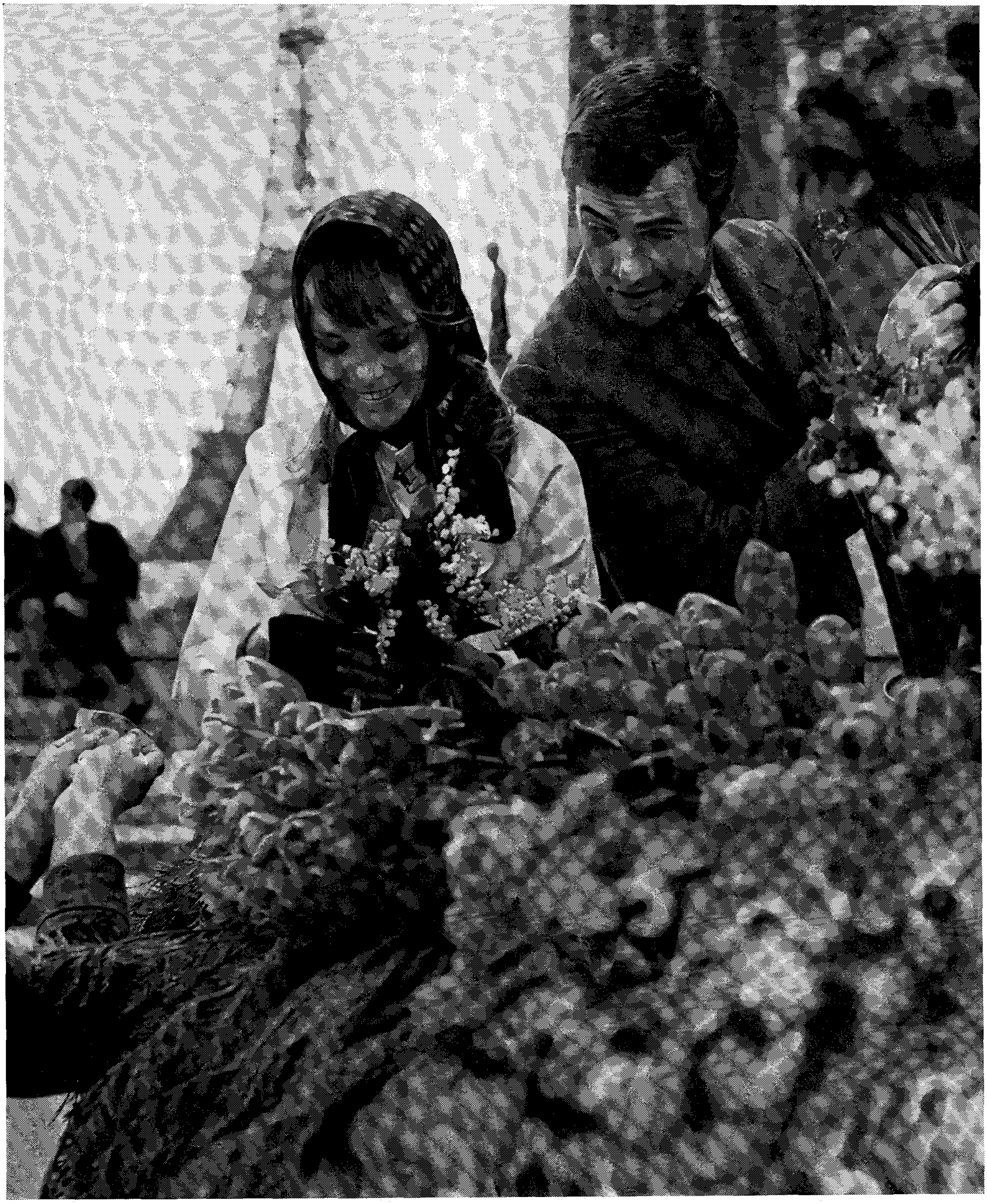
**New Yorker,** B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Sept. 13: **DUTCHMAN**; and **SHAKESPEARE WALLAH**, revival.

**Symphony,** B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 12: **WOMAN TIMES SEVEN**; and another feature, to be announced.
From Sept. 13: To be announced.

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 7: **TOMORROW IS MY TURN** and **THE COUSINS** (both in French and both revivals).
Sept. 8: **THE LOWER DEPTHS** (in French), revival; and "Gervaise" (in French), revival, Maria Schell, François Périer.
Sept. 9: **THE KNACK**, revival; and "No Exit," revival, Viveca Lindfors, Rita Gam.
Sept. 10: "Boris Godunov" (in Russian), revival; and "The Beggar's Opera," revival, Laurence Olivier.
Sept. 11: **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**, revival; and "Psycho," revival, Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles.
Sept. 12: **DARLING**, revival; and "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), revival, Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.
Sept. 13: "The Captain from Koepenick" (in German), revival, Heinz Ruehmann; and "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), revival, Horst Buchholz.

**Midtown,** B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
**TO SIR, WITH LOVE.**

1893
THE
DAILY INDEPENDENT



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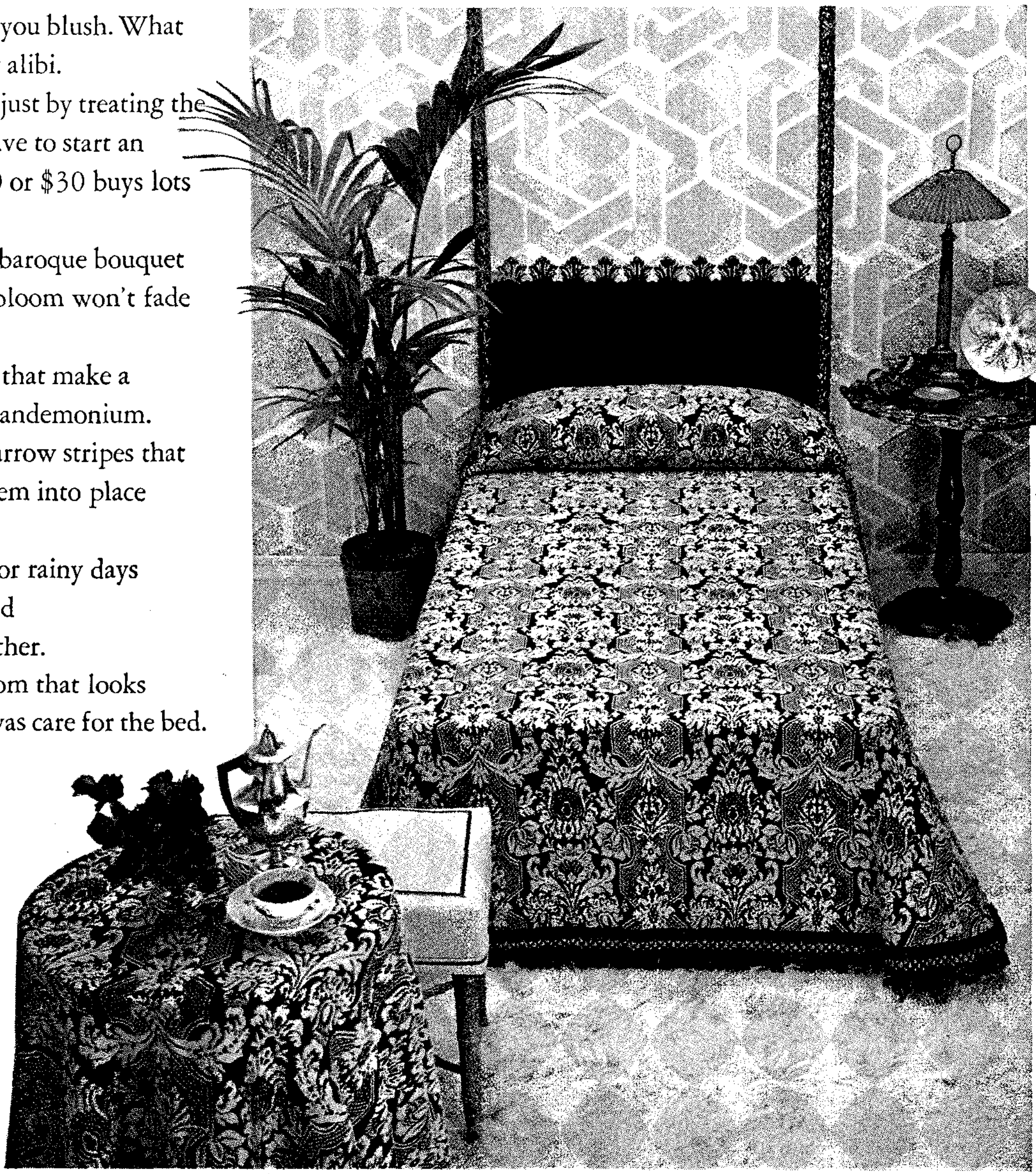

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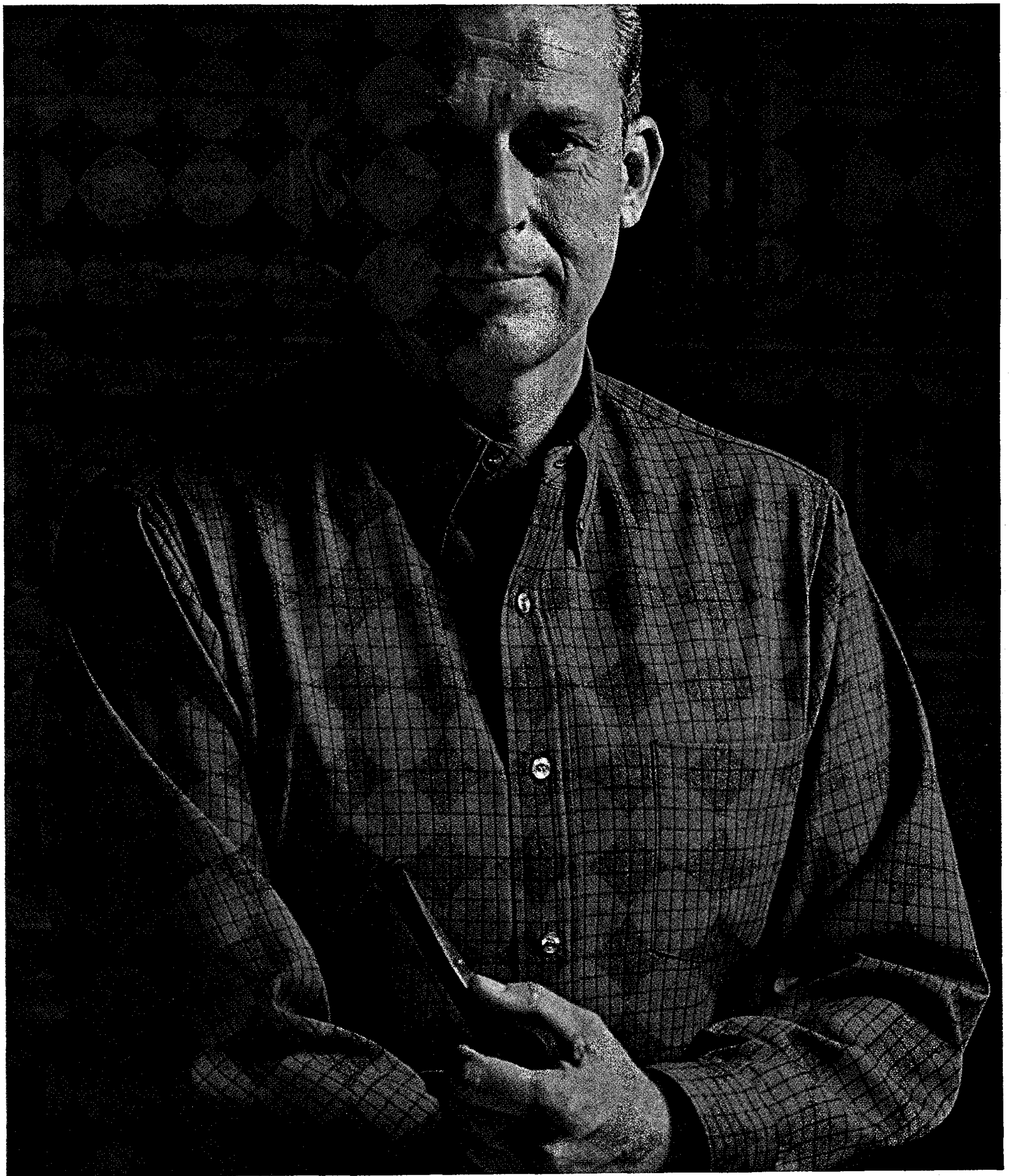

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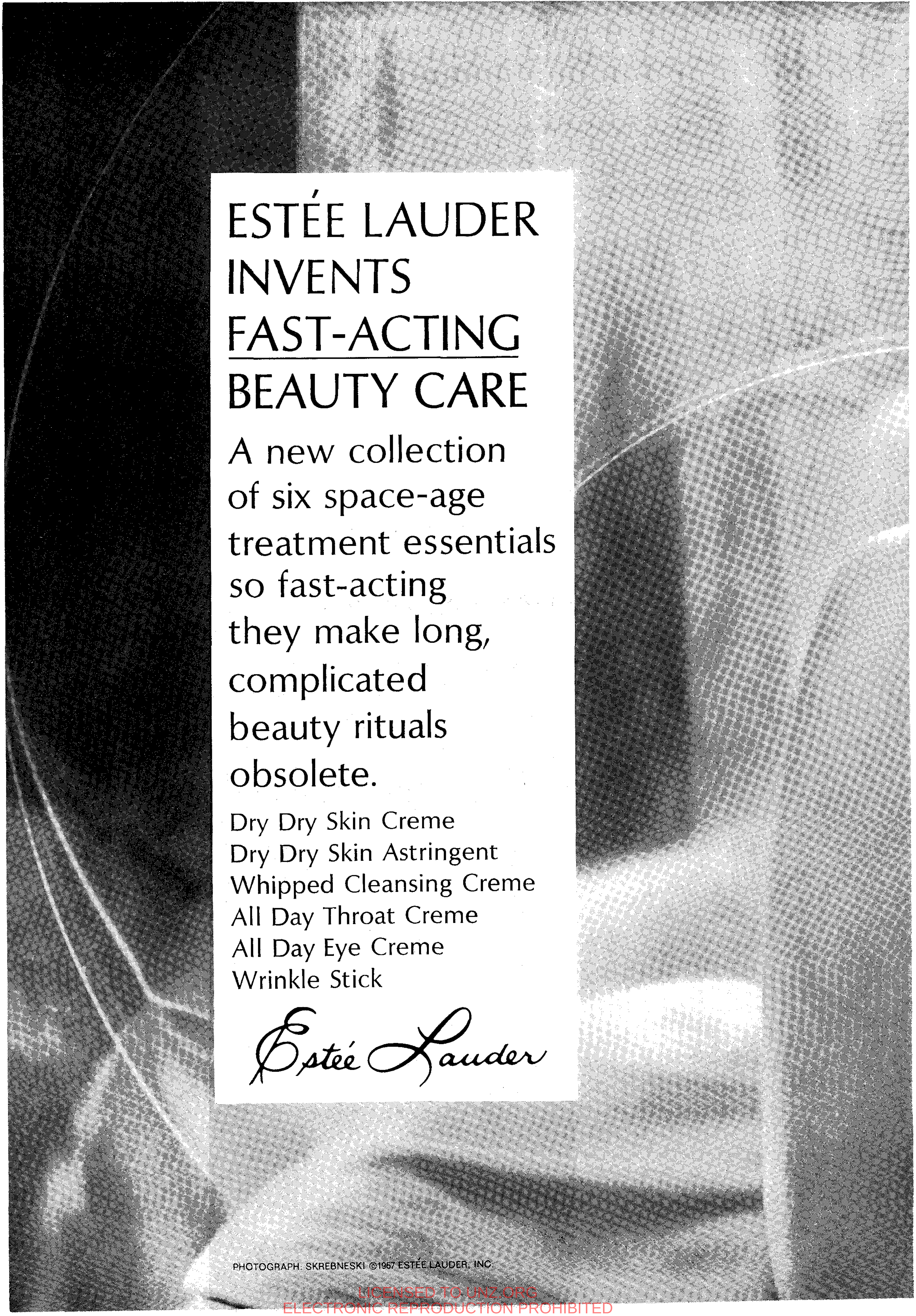

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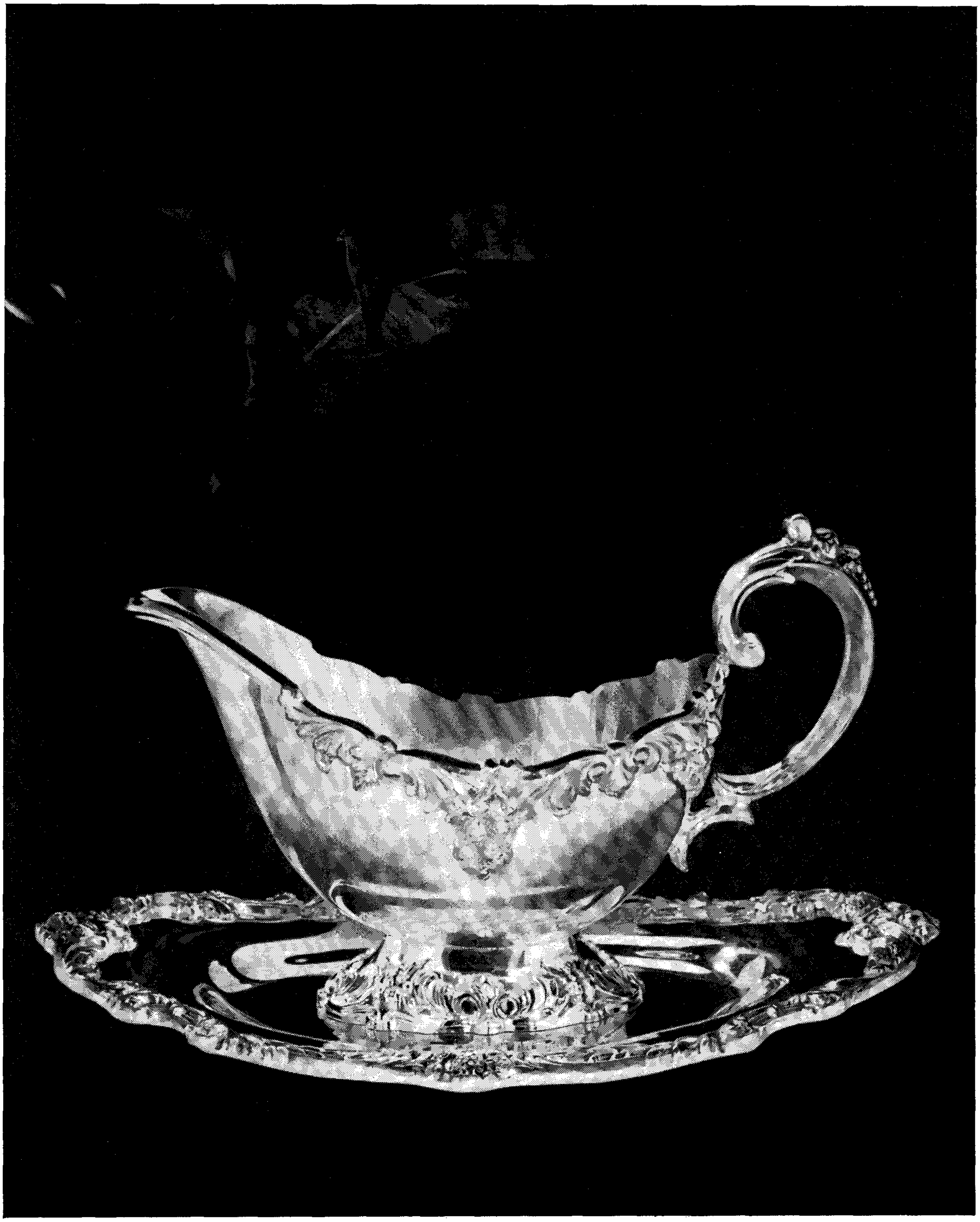

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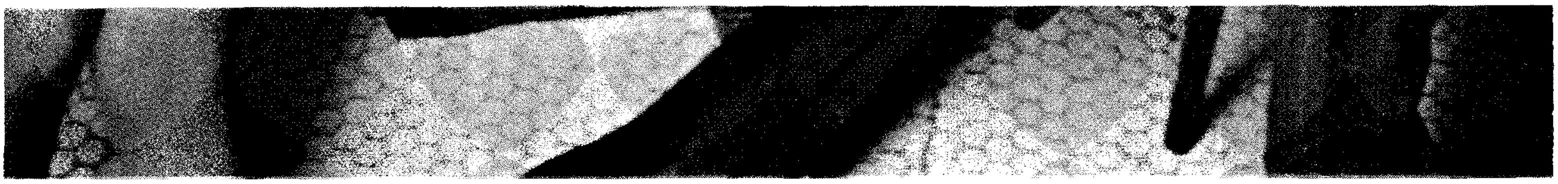

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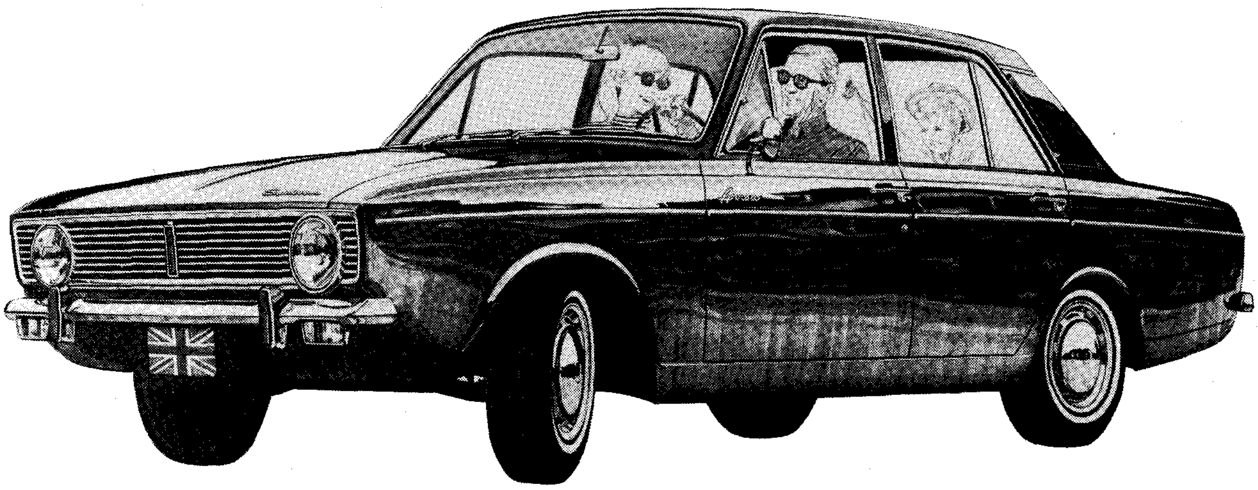
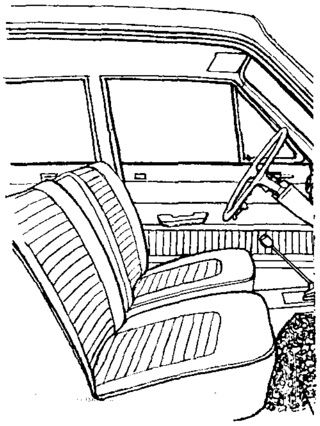
what happens is pretty exotic. And practical.



Arrow could happen only in Britain—where elegance isn't measured by size, and even limousines must be a little nimble.

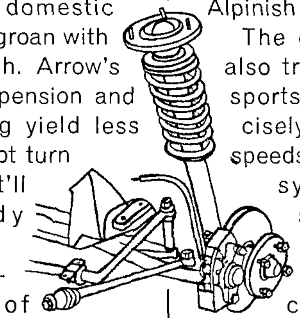
Now Chrysler Motors Corp. brings it smack into the compact car price range—complete with a 5-year/50,000-mile power train warranty which *other* American car makers have somehow neglected to apply to *their* imports.

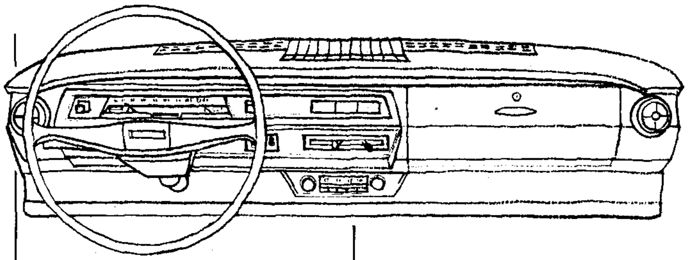


For $2197†, Arrow gives you a baby limousine with luxuries that $2197 cars do not provide. Front buckets with reclining backs. A console between them, and 4-on-the-floor to go with. Adult-sized room in back. Curved glass windows. And a flow-through ventilation system some $3000 American cars would love to have.

**On the other hand . . .**

For $2197, Arrow is a sports sedan that tools through turns which domestic "sports cars" groan with effort to match. Arrow's new strut suspension and quick steering yield less than a 33½ foot turn circle—and it'll ride steady through it all.





Engine performance, of course, is likely to be equally important to you. So you'll be glad to hear Arrow's is a 73 hp version of the 1725 cc engine which revs up our Alpine sports car. The OHV design still works for you; compression and horsepower are simply toned down. Result: rather spectacular economy along with Alpinish zip through gears.

The gearbox itself is also transplanted from sports cars. Four precisely-ratioed forward speeds, with a powerful synchromesh to smooth things along.

So. If a sports car is now a bit impractical as your next car, see your Sunbeam dealer about Arrow. It's the sports sedan no one else could build. And warrant this way:

*HERE'S HOW THE SUNBEAM ARROW 5-YEAR OR 50,000-MILE ENGINE AND DRIVE TRAIN WARRANTY PROTECTS YOU: Chrysler Motors Corporation warrants all of the following vital parts of Sunbeam Arrow cars imported by Chrysler for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, during which time any such parts that prove defective in material or workmanship will be replaced or repaired at an Authorized Sunbeam Dealer's place of business without charge for such parts or labor: engine block, head and internal parts, water pump, intake manifold, transmission case and internal parts (excluding manual clutch), drive shaft, universal joints, rear axle and differential, and rear wheel bearings. HERE'S ALL YOU MUST DO: Give your car this normal care—change engine oil every 3 months, or 4,000 miles, whichever comes first; replace engine oil filter every second oil change; clean carburetor air filter every 6 months and replace it every 2 years; clean crankcase ventilator valve, and change transmission and axle lubricant every 6 months or 8,000 miles, whichever comes first; *and* every 6 months furnish evidence of this required service to a Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer and request him to certify receipt of such evidence and your car's mileage. This warranty shall *not* apply to cars subjected to racing or other sustained high speed use, acceleration trials or wide-open throttle operation, etc.

†Mfr's suggested retail price, East Coast P.O.E., state and local taxes, destination charges and options extra. West Coast slightly higher. FOR MONEY-SAVING EUROPEAN DELIVERY, ask your dealer about Sunbeam's Overseas Delivery Plan.

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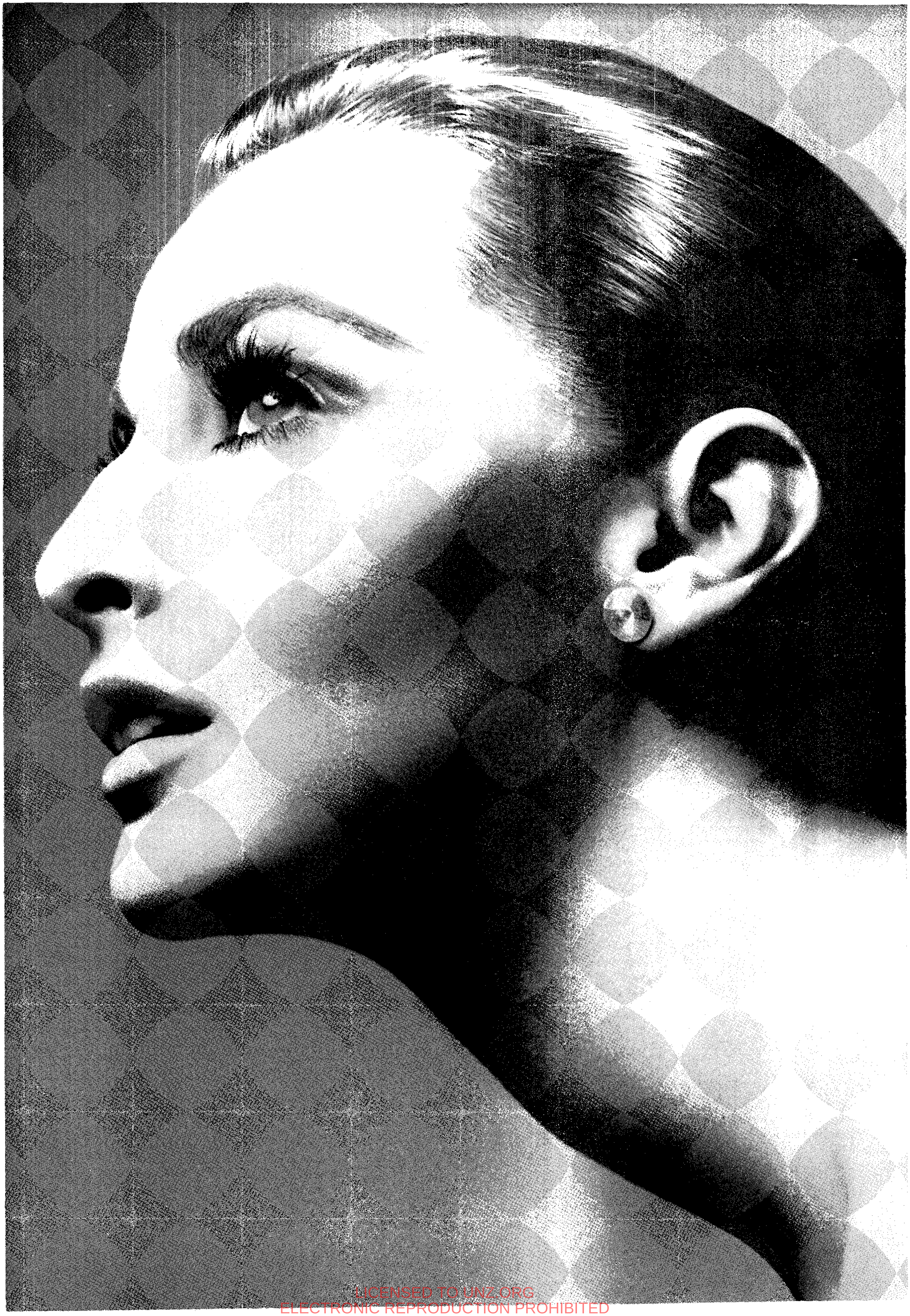

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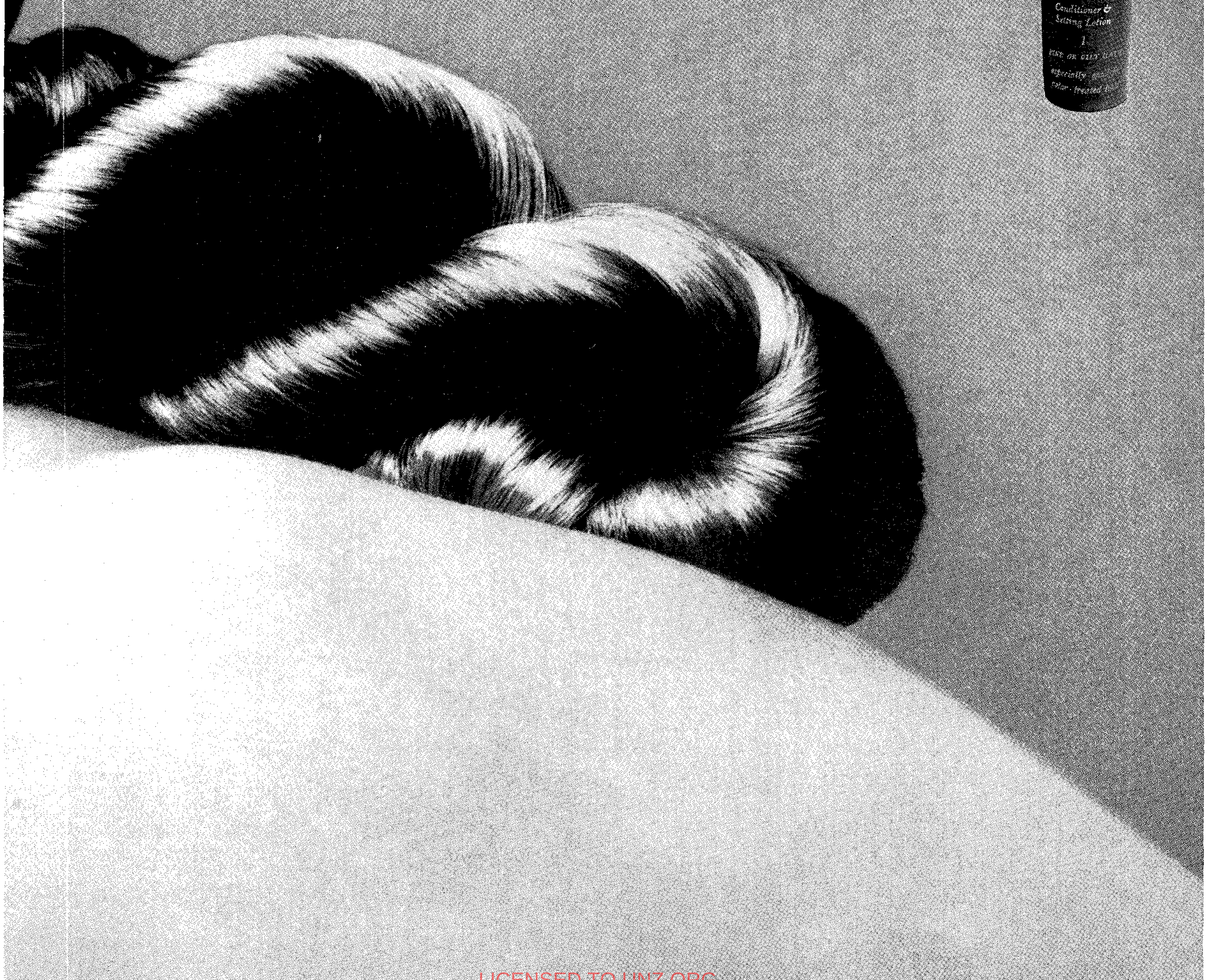

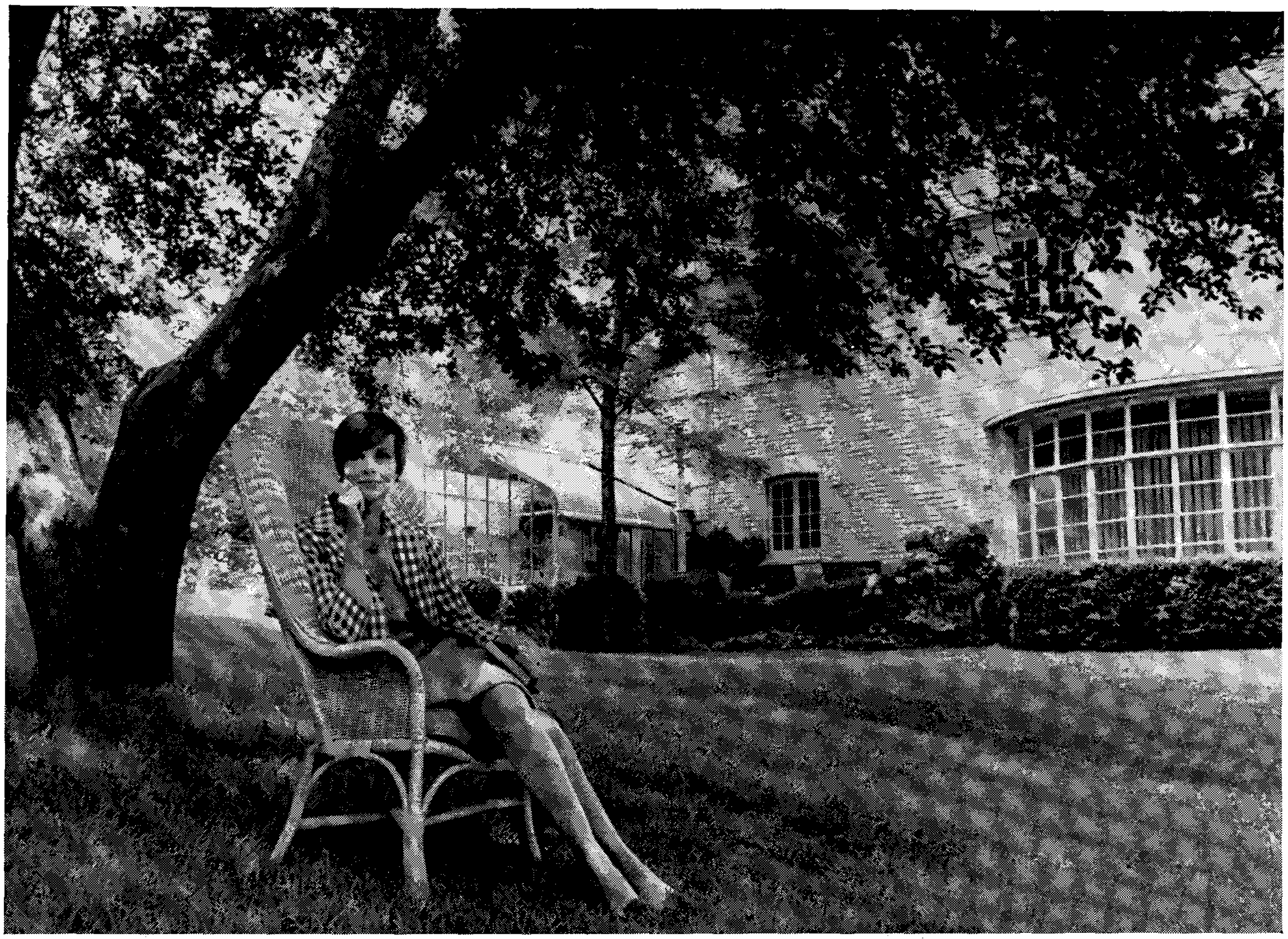

**Paris says suits are back. In King's Point they were never out.**

At Doncaster, no fashion is out of style as long as it's functional, flattering and women like it. That's one of the reasons so many women find it a refreshing experience to see our collection every season. From the Doncaster representative who shows it, to the remarkable range of colors, fabrics and styles, it's characterized by individuality and personal service. For example, if you were to order the three piece weskit suit of imported wool shown here, you could choose from 18 fabrics and 100 colors. Then, a pattern is cut based on your specific measurements. Prices range from $50 to $200 depending on style and fabric. Sizes are 8 to 20.

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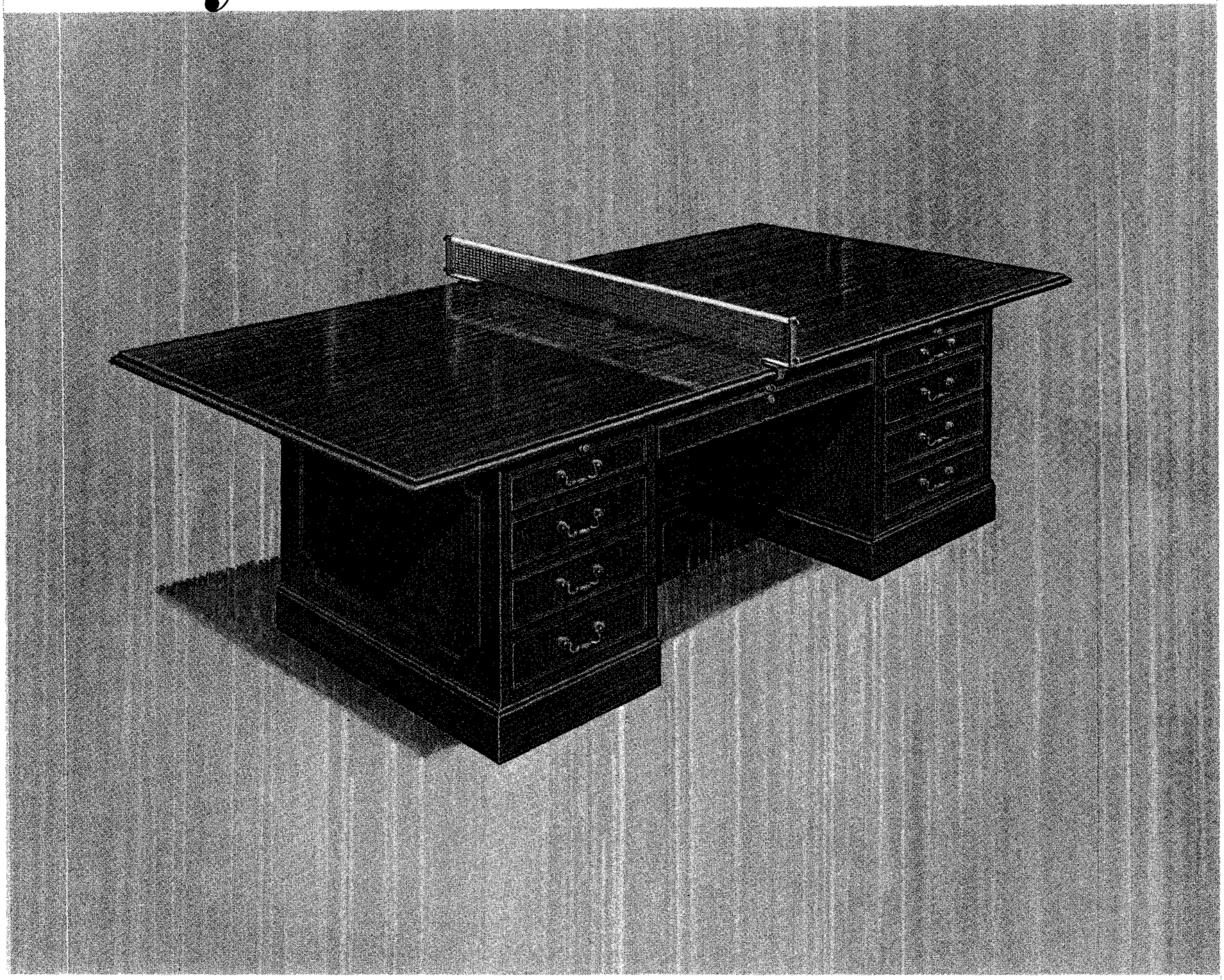
# Playroom



Myrtle's 766-82F Executive Desk measures 82″ x 44″. That's a lot of room to play with. No matter what your game is. And the playing field is available in either genuine mahogany or with gold tooled leather inlays.

But since you can't buy just the top, here are some other things you get with it: Authentic Chippendale design. English antique brass drawer pulls. Expert craftsmanship. And a certain indefinable pride that you yourself can best describe when you team up with the prestige of a Myrtle Desk. So why don't you?

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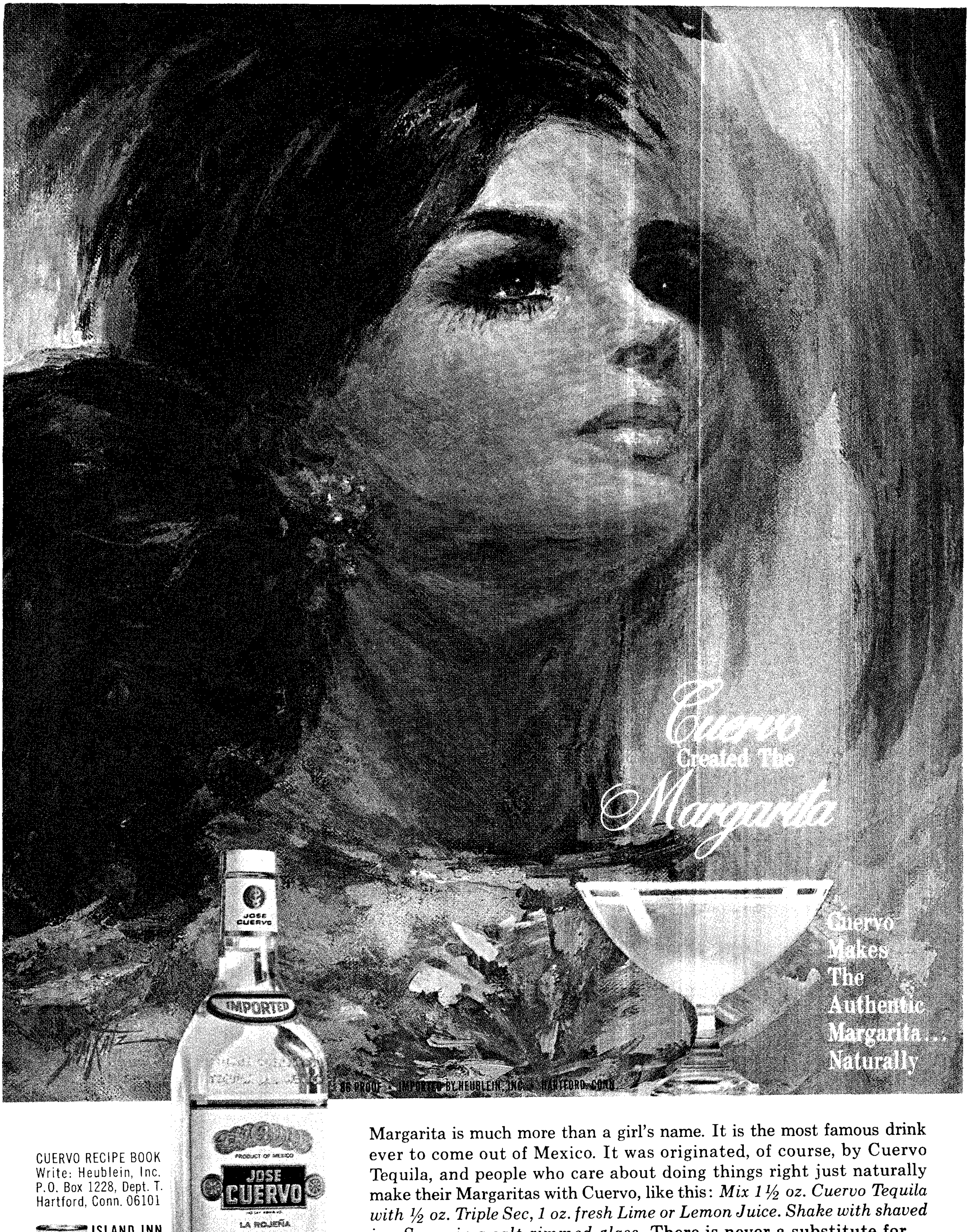
**MYRTLE DESK!**

*Pictured here, the 974F Executive Desk from the 900 Series. Write for catalog and name of nearest office furniture dealer, or see your interior designer. Myrtle Desk Company, Dept. F., High Point, N.C. 27261*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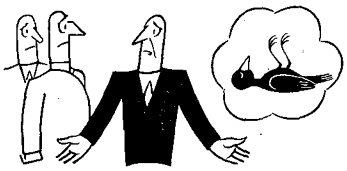
THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

WE feel a kind of sympathy for Governor Warren Hearnes, of Missouri, uneasily shouldering the guilt for the shooting of two thousand purple martins a couple of weeks ago. For one thing, according to the *Times*, he did not really mean the massacre at all; it was a group of helpful state employees who, interpreting an offhand "Let's try to do something about these birds" as a lordly "Will no one rid me of these troublesome creatures?," stole up to the trees around the Governor's mansion and ambushed the sleeping martins. For another, both the Governor and his employees had mistaken the flutter and noise of the useful, insect-devouring swallows for the flutter and noise of ordinary, shiftless starlings, and the assumption was that their demise would grieve no one. It was only the day after the raid that the Governor learned the difference between a starling and a purple martin, as loud protests arose from purple-martin-loving citizens and the National Audubon Society. "It's a sad story," a spokesman for the Governor is reported to have said. "I just wish to hell we could redo the whole thing. We made a mistake and we're sorry." We're sorry, too. In the canon of ornithological utility and charm, purple martins rank high and starlings (though their wheeling sunset flight can be lovely) low, along with the city pigeon and the house sparrow—both hardened city dwellers, like us. There was something distinctly unsporting about the whole venture, however, and we regret that more. The tale has the rueful, gritty quality of a parable—the order too hastily given, or too hastily interpreted, the wrong thing done in the wrong way. Unluckily for the Governor, purple martins have rights; they are protected by state, federal, and international laws—they are, in short, friendly—while the starlings that so resemble them, at least in size and color, have no such rights. They are unfriendly. If the birds roosting in the Governor's trees had actually been enemy starlings, the *Times* would have had no story. Since they were purple martins (that is, "good" birds), a whole drama of apology, explanation, and reparation must be acted out. The birds, though, are just as dead as they would have been had they been starlings. The *Times* story contains one delicately ambiguous sentence: "In defense of Governor Hearnes's good intentions, the aide said that there were 'several martin houses at the mansion.' " All the more reason for the Governor and the Governor's men to have realized what kind of bird was being considered for extermination. Though it may sound frivolous to recommend the study of birds to a busy chief executive, we feel that it is a good idea to know what you are shooting at. Or, better yet, not to shoot at all.

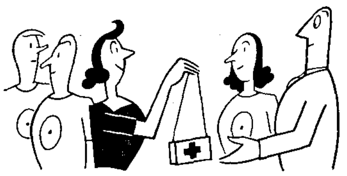


## *Bike Patrol*

UPON being invited to ride out with the recently formed New York City Bike Patrol, we pumped up the tires of our ancient Raleigh and reported to the Arsenal, the headquarters of the Department of Parks, at seven o'clock one evening. It had been a sultry day, and we made it into the basement of the Arsenal just as a tempestuous thunderstorm began pelting down. Inside, we found Miss Anne Hebald, a young Radcliffe graduate, who was coördinating the Patrol. She told us that the Parks Department's program of opening the roadways in Central Park exclusively to cyclists on weekends and Tuesday evenings had resulted in such a milling throng of cyclists, and so many flat tires, broken spokes, and scraped knees, that the Mayor and the Commissioner of Parks, cyclists both, had decided it was time for a little gentle regulation. Hence the Bike Patrol. Miss Hebald handed us a green leaflet—it was Parks Department green, she said—explaining to cyclists the purpose of the Bike Patrol:

1. To aid in simple bike repairs.
2. To help you with first aid.
3. To remind their fellow-bicyclists of the easy-to-remember bike-traffic rules.

The main rule is to follow bicycle traffic, which proceeds counterclockwise around the Park. Members of the Patrol cannot make arrests, except in the sense of stopping cyclists who are going in the wrong direction, and encouraging them to turn around. "The Patrol emphasizes politeness, niceness, and friendliness," Miss Hebald said. Accordingly, she outfitted us with a first-aid kit. Inside were two rolls of gauze, one roll of adhesive tape, two gauze pads, two ammonia inhalants, a tube of antiseptic cream, and a dozen Band-Aids. "All we're allowed to fix are scraped knees," she cautioned. The kit, we said, should do the trick.



By this time, about a dozen young men and women—most of them were in their late teens or early twenties—had gathered at the Arsenal. As members of the Patrol, they wore bright-red turtleneck T-shirts with a big black bicycle wheel printed on the front. Miss Hebald, who was wearing a blue dress, because, having hurt her foot, she couldn't go on patrol, handed us a red T-shirt to put on and turned us

*"Forgive me, but I fail to see why the mere fact of some senator going down a river in a kayak should throw you into a rage."*

• •

over to one of her lieutenants—Philip Heckscher, a son of Parks Commissioner August Heckscher. The younger Heckscher told us he had just graduated from Harvard and was about to take up the study of public affairs at the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs, in Princeton. A lanky, light-haired young man, he looks very much like his father and talks in the same staccato way.

Outside, the rain had stopped, but the trees were dripping and the ground was awash with puddles. The Patrol mounted its machines and cycled, in sections, onto the Park's East Drive. Philip's section had five members, including us. One was Timothy Carden, a blond, curly-haired lad who will be a freshman at Harvard this fall, and the others were two girls, who fell out before long, because of the gruelling pace. Philip had thought the storm might keep many cyclists home, but now cyclists seemed to be springing up from everywhere, like newts after a rain. They were going in the right direction—all except a man in a yellow poncho, and Timothy stopped him and tactfully suggested that he turn around. The man's face expressed bewilderment and belligerence in about equal parts. "It's for your own good," Timothy pleaded. With a shrug, the man made a big U turn and pedalled sedately away. When Timothy caught up with the rest of the section, which was waiting by a playground near East Seventy-second Street, he was roundly congratulated. Timothy beamed. The Patrol started off again, passing a horse-drawn carriage that was turning into the Seventy-second Street exit of the Park. Unknown to the driver and the passengers, a small boy hung on its rear, as boys sometimes cling to the backs of buses.

Our Patrol section pedalled along slowly, keeping an eye out for trouble. Happily, there was none. At 104th Street, we all turned left and rode across the Park on the cutoff road, coasting down through a pretty valley in which mist hung on the trees. Steam rose from the pavement where it had been cooled by the rain. Timothy's and Philip's bicycles sprayed water as they sloshed through a deep puddle. The brakes were wet, and they had a hard time slowing down for the turn onto the West Drive. Near the Delacorte Theatre, Timothy shouted to a lanky youth on a lean golden racing bicycle that he was going the wrong way and should turn around. "Buzz off!" the youth shouted over his shoulder, and followed his own advice by streaking off out of sight amidst a clicking of gears. Philip and Timothy pedalled on in silence, seemingly disheartened by their first setback. Near the Tavern-on-the-Green, a young Puerto Rican girl pedestrian spotted the red T-shirts and fell on her knees. "O Bike Patrol!" she cried in a mock-wheedling tone. "Give me a Band-Aid! Please!" Overhead, the stars were beginning to take their places through rifts in the clouds.

We passed the buildings of Central Park South and were on the East Drive again. At the Loeb Memorial Boathouse, we decided to drop out of the Patrol temporarily, to test a theory we'd formed that we would have a better chance of seeing cyclists if we stayed put while they rode by. Philip and Timothy said they would pick us up on the next circuit. Night had fallen. The street lights glimmered milky white on the mist. Raindrops from leaves smacked wetly onto the earth. A troop of about twenty girls cycled past, their lights shining prettily and their bells tinkling back and forth to each other. Two Bike Patrolmen from another section, on slick racing machines, stopped to talk. They were a little out of breath. When we asked if they had had any adventures, they said they had. "We were chased by three men on bicycles who began calling us names. They were real Kabukis—real rowdy cats," one of them said. Glancing over his shoulder, he cried, "Look out! Here they come again!" The two hopped onto their bikes and tore away, heading against the traffic. The three Kabukis, like dark shadows, turned and shot down a hill at Seventy-ninth Street and, yelling for clearance, streaked in pursuit. They were on racers, too, and were going easily forty miles an hour. We decided to remain at our post.

Before long, Philip and Timothy returned, and shortly afterward the three Kabukis did, too. The Bike Patrolmen they had been chasing had got away, and the three Kabukis, who, upon closer inspection, did not seem particularly menacing, cycled around to see if they would come back. They gave Philip some helpful but unasked-for advice about his technique of stopping offending cyclists, and they snickered when two girls came by going in the wrong direction and, in spite of Philip's urgings, continued on their erroneous course. Apparently undaunted by this breakdown of authority, Philip led his section, once again including us, on a final round of the Park.

The road was deserted now. The only sound was the swish of the Patrol's tires on the pavement. A bank of clouds was beginning to blot out the stars. On the West Drive, at 101st Street, Timothy, who had a camera, snapped a picture of the Pond, eerie with wisps of mist encircling the bright lamps, like a photograph of a starry nebula. Since our section hadn't encountered a single cyclist on this round, Philip considered his mission at an end. We said good night, and half an hour later, just as we got home, it began to rain again.

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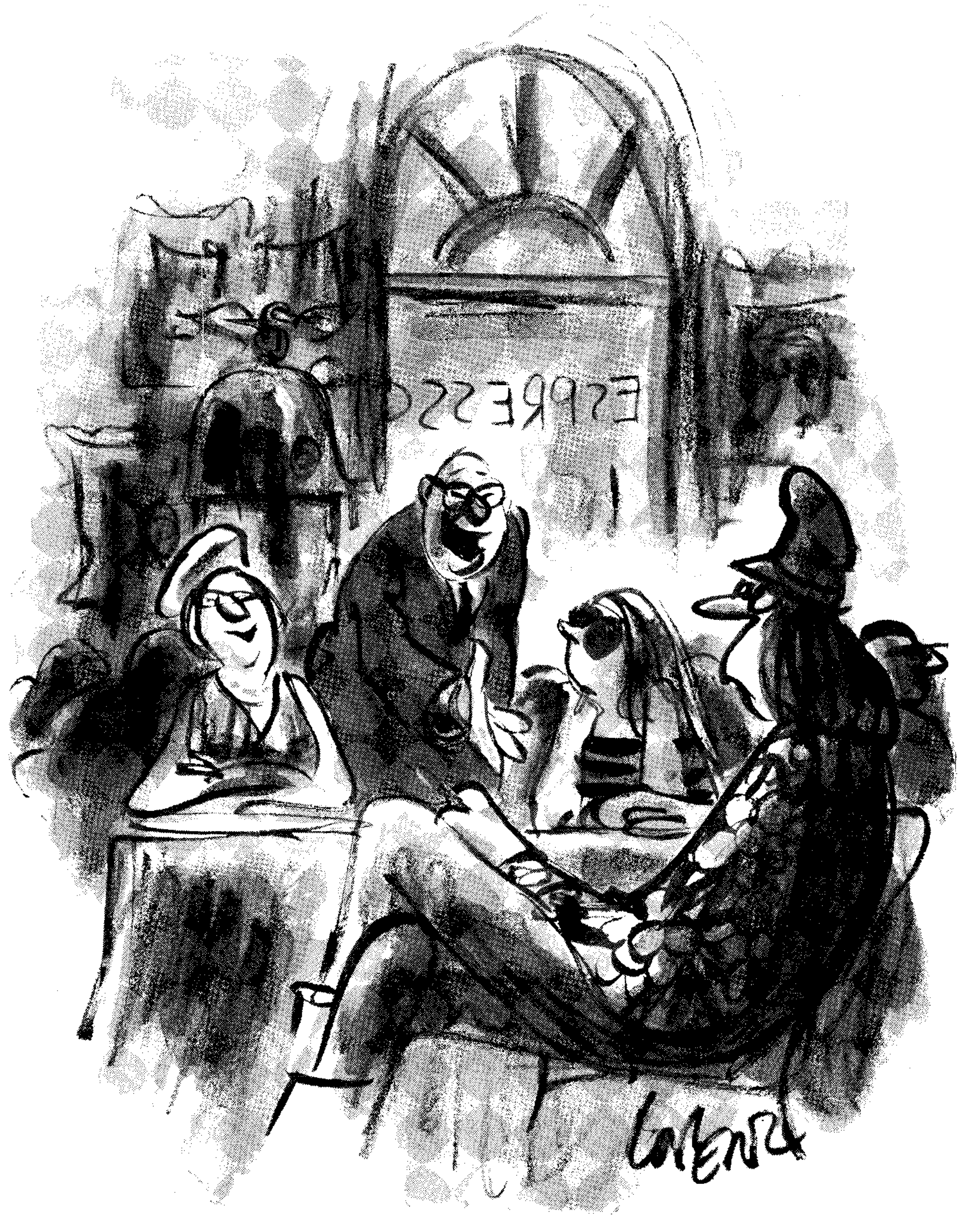
THIS year, one of the displays in the Arkansas State Festival of the Arts was an exhibit of guided missiles and jet bombers at the Little Rock Air Force Base.

## *Tallest*

ONE smoggy morning not long ago, we went down to lower Broadway to take a last look at the Singer Building, an ornate Beaux-Arts landmark that is being torn down to make way for a modern fifty-story office building. Entering by the Liberty Street side door, which is ornamented with one of the fiercest stone lion masks in the city, we immediately came upon two large red signs announcing the presence of our old acquaintances the Lipsett demolition company's workmen, who within the last three years have eliminated, among other things, Pennsylvania Station, the Savoy-Plaza, and the Park Lane Hotel. The demolition superintendent, Mr. Harry Glick, greeted us by pushing back his helmet and giving a short sigh. He is a courteous, circumspect, and soft-spoken man who looks quietly harassed, as if he had his mind on ten things at once, and he usually has. "This is the tallest building to come down yet," he said. "Anywhere in the world." He told us he had some business to attend to but would return shortly and take us through the building. "Meanwhile, look at the lobby," he said. "You'll think you're in a small cathedral." The lobby was rectangular and lined by sixteen large piers faced with panels of white Pavonazzo and silver-gray Montarenti Sienna marble, each pier edged with beaded bronze and topped with bronze medallions bearing the Singer Company's monogram. High overhead was a vaulted-and-domed ceiling embellished with rosettes and floral details, and on either side were intricate bronze balcony railings and handsome bronze elevator doors.

The Singer Building was built in several stages, beginning in 1897 and ending in 1908, amid a flurry of ceremony and publicity and enthusiastic turn-of-the-century optimism that would be hard to match today. Its designer was Ernest Flagg, one of a group of American architects who studied in Paris at the École des Beaux-Arts and adapted to New York purposes their knowledge of classical architecture. The building rises fourteen stories to an unusually large mansard roof (reflecting Flagg's preference for French Renaissance design), then shoots upward in the form of a thirty-story tower, which is topped by another giant mansard and a tall ornamental lantern. The basic construction is red brick on a steel frame, but the exterior of the building is adorned with a wealth of detail: consoles, pediments, cornices, balconies, cartouches, masks, scrolled iron railings, and Singer monograms carved in stone. Years ago, the tower used to be brilliantly floodlighted at night, and during the day a great white pennant, thirty feet long and spelling out "Singer" in red letters, would fly from a flagpole atop the lantern. Whenever a Singer executive arrived or departed by ship, the pennant was hauled down and replaced with signal flags saying "Bon Voyage" or "Welcome Home."

As we were wandering about the lobby, stepping around piles of wooden doors and dusty rugs removed from upper offices, we were joined by Mr. James F. McConkey, the building manager, a man with sad blue eyes and a relish for mechanical facts. "This building and the one next door—the



*"Larned Blenford's the name. Cost-system analysis is my thing."*

City Investing Company Building, which will also be torn down—were equipped from the start with their own power plants, generating light, heat, and power for elevators, fans, and so forth," he said. "There are only four or five buildings left in New York capable of generating their own power now. The Singer also had a vacuum-cleaner system; that is, a system of vacuum pipes throughout the building, used for cleaning offices. Did you know that the executive offices even had special pipes in the walls for cleaning silk hats?" Mr. McConkey offered to take us to the basement to see the vaults of the Safe Deposit Company of New York, the oldest safe-deposit firm in the world, which has now moved to 120 Broadway. (Singer headquarters is now at 30 Rockefeller Plaza.) The vaults, where liveried attendants once waited on depositors in carpeted "coupon rooms" furnished with telephones and ticker-tape machines, were bare and dishevelled, with empty deposit boxes lying here and there on the floor. Mr. McConkey smiled as he led us to the oldest vault, built in 1897. "Here's an antique for you," he said, pointing to its huge round door set in a steel frame adorned with acid-etched flowers and arabesques.

A few minutes later, we went upstairs, and found Mr. Glick waiting to take us up into the tower. As we rose—slowly, for the elevator's speed had been reduced to make it safe for workmen bringing down heavy loads—Mr. Glick remarked, "There's supposed to be a silver brick somewhere in the top of the tower. It was put there to celebrate the fact that the building was the tallest in the world when it was finished—six hundred and twelve feet."

We said that, as we recalled it, the height record was held for only eighteen months, being outdistanced late in 1909 by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Tower, on Madison Square, which rose to seven hundred feet, and which was itself outdistanced in 1913 by the Woolworth Building, leaping upward seven hundred and ninety-two feet.

Mr. Glick laughed. "History moves fast," he said. "I've been in demolition work for nearly forty years—on jobs ranging from chicken coops to skyscrapers. My father was a demolition man. He and his partner in the Louis J. Cohen Wrecking Company took down the old riding academy at Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue to make room for the Savoy-Plaza, and now *we've* taken down the Savoy-Plaza to make room for General Motors. History moves fast."

At the thirty-fourth floor, we got out to inspect the directors' room. It looked, unbelievably, exactly the way it looks in its 1908 photographs; its black-and-green marble fireplace and wainscotting, its gold-leaf ceiling, and its large gold-framed wall mirror were all intact. The furnishings, however, were gone, except for an old-fashioned, gold-trimmed black Remington & Sherman Co. floor safe and several large mahogany leaves from the directors' table. Returning to the elevator, we rose to the thirty-ninth floor and then climbed a narrow circular iron staircase to a small observation platform at the top of the tower. The wind whipped about us as we stepped outside, but the view was spectacular, in spite of the murkiness of the day. After we had taken it in, we slowly descended to the lobby, wondering on the way down what Flagg, who died in 1947, would say about the demise of the building, which he had called "as solid and lasting as the Pyramids."

•

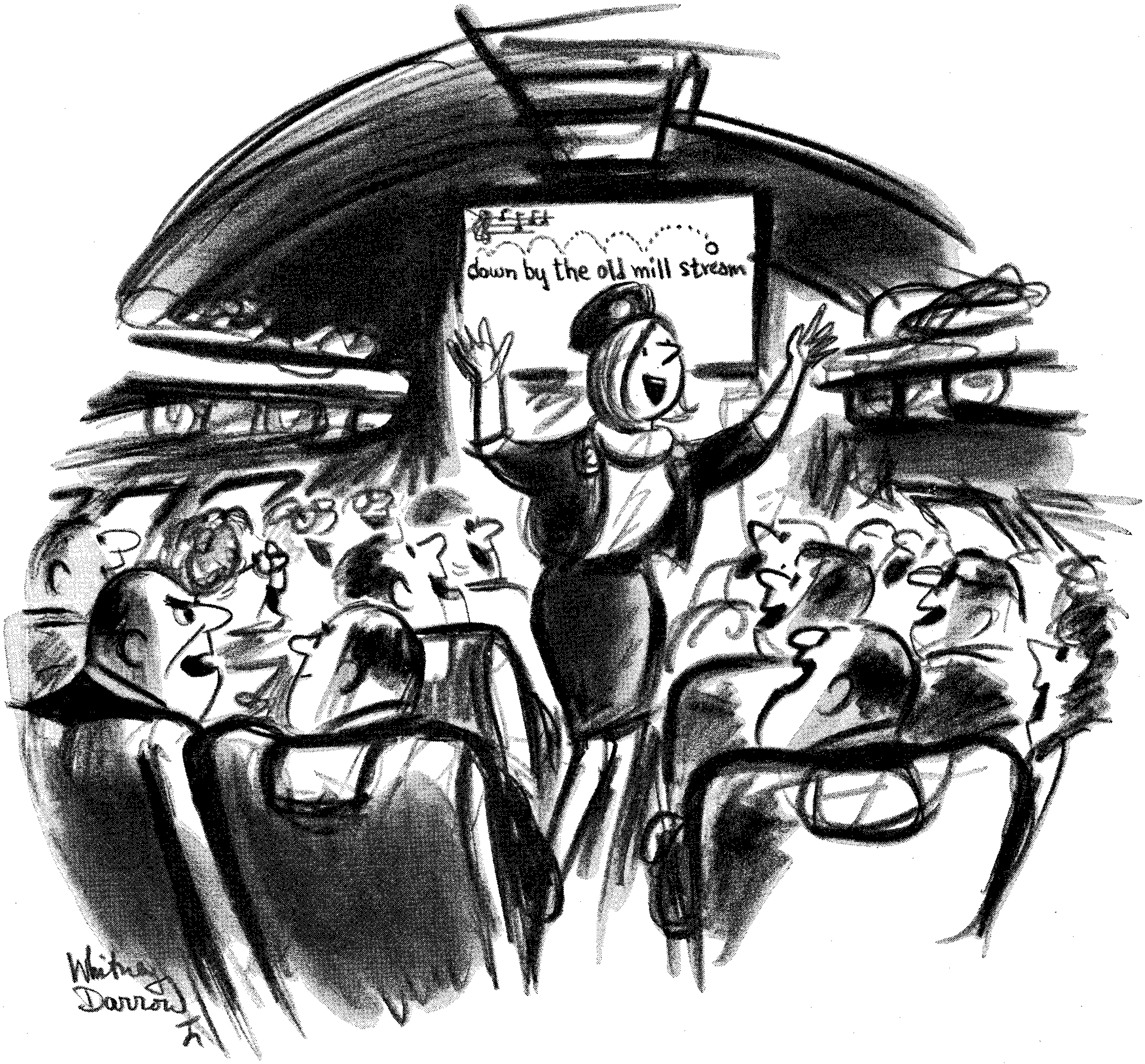
OVERHEARD in Brentano's, one salesgirl to another: "I'm not certain what the word means, but I know I'm using it correctly when I tell you that we're living in an apocalyptic age."

## *Ties*

CHARITY is said to begin at home, and so, on occasion, does journalism. We have a story to tell you about the Arcade Barber Shop, here in the lobby of our building, on West Forty-third Street. The shop is a pleasant, convivial spot, with a clientele more varied and distinguished than its modest setting would suggest (among the regular patrons are Alec Waugh, Vincent Sardi, Jr., State Senator Jack E. Bronston, and Johnny Carson), but what chiefly interests us about it is the fact that of its seven barbers no fewer than four come from the same small town in Sicily. The majority of the barbers in the city are Italians, and of this majority a large fraction are Sicilians, who have been famous over the centuries for the close ties to family and place of origin that they are able to maintain, however formidable the barriers of time and distance, and thus it happens—no doubt to the bewilderment of a new customer—that the ordinary round of events in a remote and impoverished little town in the mountains of Sicily daily becomes the subject of animated discussion from chair to chair in this barber shop in midtown Manhattan.

The name of the town is Licodia Eubea, and it stands at an elevation of some two thousand feet, thirty-five miles inland from the port city of Catania. It is a pretty town, the barbers say, with narrow, winding streets, stone houses roofed with red tiles, and, at its highest point, the partly habitable ruins of an ancient fortified castle, tumbled long ago not by warfare but by earthquake; from time to time, diggers into the ruins have exposed whole rooms of the castle, still furnished as they were when the earthquake struck. The main products of the countryside around Licodia Eubea are wheat, oranges, lemons, grapes, and olives; in the old feudal fashion, the farmers live in the town and have to spend a considerable part of every day getting to and from their fields and orchards. The town used to be prosperous, but the farms are no longer profitable, and for decades the young people have been moving away, not only to the United States but also to northern Italy and to Switzerland, Germany, and Australia.

The first of the barbers in the Arcade shop to leave Licodia Eubea was one of its two owners, Pat—short for Pasquale—Spagnuolo. (The other owner, Angelo Copertino, comes from Bari, on the Adriatic, but he says that in the twenty-two years he and Pat have owned the Arcade he has come to feel like a native of Licodia and sometimes hears himself using words of Licodian dialect.) Pat, who was born in Licodia in 1911, came to this country, with his parents, in 1920; having


down by the old mill stream

*"Now I've seen everything!"*

• •

married the daughter of a Licodian, he returned to Licodia with her, and with his parents, in 1933, expecting to run the family farm there. Mussolini's sword-rattling caused the Spagnuolos to fear that war was imminent, however, so after only a year they came back to New York. Pat held on to the farm in Licodia until last year, and then sold it only because he had come to realize that the longer he owned it the less it would be worth. Felice Guglielmino, known in the shop as Phil, was born in Licodia in 1929 and left it in 1948. When, at the outbreak of the Second World War, the Licodia barbers were drafted, little Felice boldly took up barbering, learning the trade from an uncle and practicing it with the help of a large wooden box to stand on. Having left Licodia, Phil nevertheless took care to marry a Licodian girl; so did Rosario—nicknamed Sal—Aliotta, who was born in Licodia in 1931, came here in 1955, and, in 1959, made a trip to Licodia expressly to acquire a bride. The fourth Arcade barber from Licodia is Vito Nobile, who was born there in 1946, moved to this country, with his parents, in 1959, and married a Licodian girl back in Licodia in 1965.

Pat, Phil, Sal, and Vito keep in close touch with Licodia and, like all Licodians, sometimes speculate about going back there to live when they are old. "I think maybe I would have been as happy there as here," Pat says. "It is hard to believe how different the life there is. My father and mother had seen each other in the streets and had managed to pass notes back and forth, but the first time they were alone together was one evening when he happened to pass her door and found her standing there. He said, 'Do you want to elope?' He was a burly man, and she had been afraid he would have a loud, harsh voice, but no, his voice was soft and gentle, and she said to him, 'All right,' and off they ran."

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BULLETIN: Word has just been flashed to us over the hot line from Dunedin, Florida, that one of the local drugstores has broken out its annual display of Christmas decorations.

# FROG WEEK AT THE 7-11, NEAR WEST HOLLYWOOD

FROM time to time, here in Cos Cob, I receive correspondence from a young Hollywood actor-*philosophe* who would probably be tempted to become a dropout from life were it not for the fact that he has never really dropped in. Here is his latest letter:

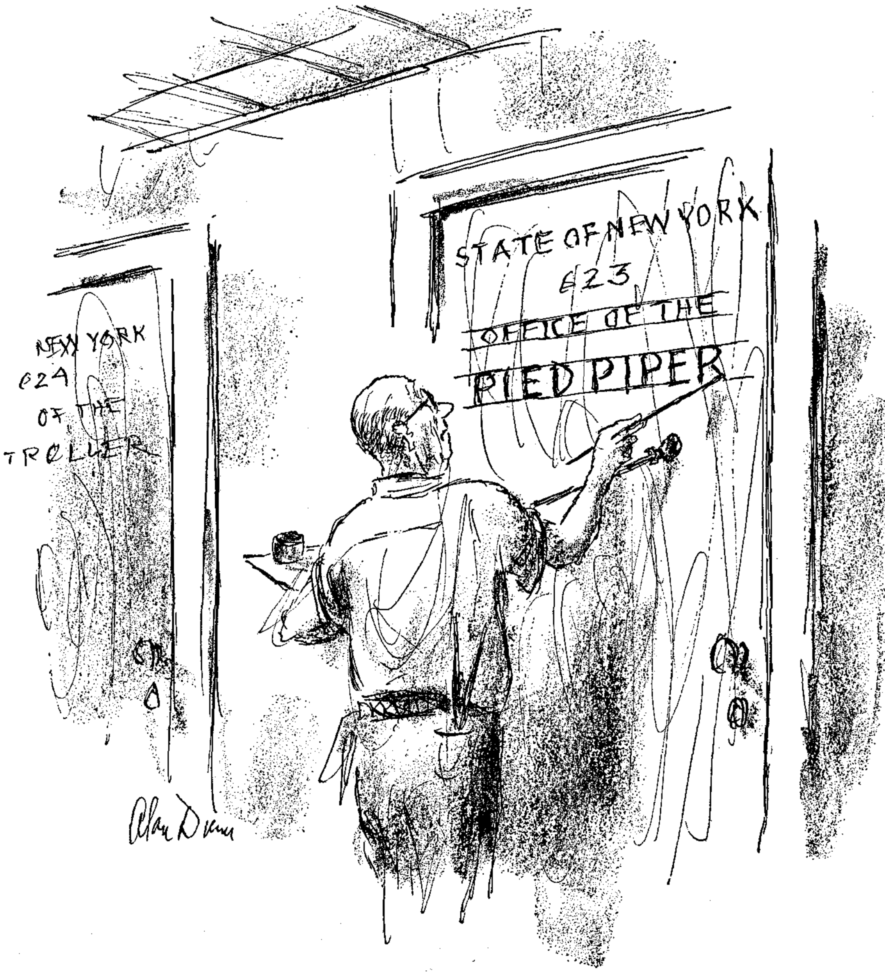
DEAR FRANK:

Enclosed is twenty-five bills in partial payment of what I owe you, so that the good old edge of husbandry won't be dulled too much. So far it's been, if not a long cool summer, at least a cool one, except for a few things I'll tell you about later. Bibi has been playing summer stock in Laguna Beach. They're doing "Trelawny of the Wells," but she makes it up here all the time on her Yamaha, and we've been grooving pretty good. I fell by this peace march out in West L.A. protesting Vietnam, or what is known as the Thirty Years' War, and all I want to say is I have never seen such an undisciplined, howling mob—we can't allow police to congregate in such numbers without control. Maybe you saw me on TV. I had this placard reading, "How Many Vietnamese Fought at Gettysburg?," which was probably too much for the fuzzies and lip-movers to dig. Muhammad Ali was there but he didn't march. As it turned out, we could have used him. The trouble with marches is you have to come back the next day to protest police brutality. Then you have to make it to all the different courts all over town, where the cats who got busted are being arraigned, to protest. Then if the city council won't investigate you have to picket *them*. Then if you get pushed around in the picket line you have to organize another demo to protest that. This leaves you very little time to do anything else but fall in bed and crash.

On top of that, you get hooked on the protest press. The *Free Press* out here says dig the *Oracle*, because they're rapping about something this week that's really the straight gouge. The *Oracle* says don't miss *Open City*. *Open City* says Krassner has really blown his mind and don't miss the *Realist*, whereupon Krassner says fall by and lay on to the *Berkeley Barb*, they're really rapping from the heart. So now you don't even have crash time.

Saturday, I saw Warhol's "Chelsea Girls." This little micro-bopper who lives next door asked me how I liked it and I said, "Which side of the screen?" Oh, one more thing. My Chinese buddy Roscoe Yi just came back from Haight-Ashbury, where Haight is love. Roscoe is pure Baroque; *everybody* else is "Whitey" to him. He claims he's designing a sports car, using the "Quotations of Chairman Mao" as a blueprint, but you never know—he's pretty good with the put-on. When he needs bread he gets fifty *Free Presses* for a nickel each and then sells them for fifteen cents, making a fast fiver. I tried to talk him into getting a regular job through the Hippy Job Co-op. "People like you are in, man," I said. "Climb on, cash in, and cop out." But he thinks regular work is a bummer. One day he went down to the small Bourbon duchy of Santa Ana to sell his papers, and got busted for no license or some crazy thing. If it wasn't that, they'd make up something. They put him in the slammer overnight, but the Diggers Creative Society on Highland made bail for him. The Diggers are a group that believe the root of all money is evil. I picked up Roscoe and pointed out to him that Flower Power doesn't go over so big in some of these outlying burbs, where they still think that morning glories are to *look* at. Also, I'm sure they didn't dig his "Home Rule for Wales" sweatshirt. Anyway, I told him the grass always looks more golden on the other side of the fence. Now he's got a job in one of the head shops, and he swears he's never going to step outside Fairfax Village again.

The reason I can partly pay you back is I got a little break. (As Walter Matthau says, all you need in show business is twenty-seven good breaks.) First I got a bit in one of those movies made especially for TV. I did this battle scene, and I'm here to say that few men die well who die in battle scenes. I think these movies made for TV are great. That way, you can turn off two hours at once. Next I got a part in what you might call an "overground" movie—huge budget and lots of stars. Except you can't recognize any of them. It's called "Planet of the Frog Men," and it's being shot out at the Fox Ranch. Just about everybody has to be made up to look like space-amphibians, and the makeup geniuses have this sort of plastic gunk they lay on you so you can smile and eat and



everything, just like Earthlings. They got about two hundred makeup men on the job, and it takes two and a half hours to make you up and one and a half hours to take it off, which you can see doesn't leave much time for filmmaking. One night when we've wrapped it up it occurs to me that there's got to be something better than this. So I just leave the damn makeup on, slip out of there, and hop on my bike. I look like Toad on wheels. I've got this helmet with a plastic visor, so I figure that will cover my face. I needn't have worried. In the L.A. rush hour I could have been a pink platypus and no one would have tumbled. The only sin you can commit out here at that time of day is to go too slow or be indecisive with your turn indicator.

Well, that night I had to go to this bash on Stone Canyon Road, but that was no problem. It was mostly these cats down from Topanga Canyon, some of the wildest tripped-out studs and girls. They're sort of mountain longhairs. There was this girl there who wore nothing but body makeup, but I'm sorry to say I really upstaged her. I was *it*, man—a suave batrachian figure in a Gustav Mahler sweatshirt and Foster Grant shades. I received seventeen invitations and three propositions. It was a nice clean party, too. If anybody wanted to get stoned the guy who owned the pad made them go up on the roof. Juice-heads drank Red Mountain, and we sort of did the I Ching thing, getting a Jeane Dixon at our futures through a system of inscrutable hexagrams. According to the Kun Hexagram, there will be advantage for me in appointing feudal princes, but I should not follow deer without the guidance of a forester. We also sat in the full Lotus and laid on a little Tao, breathing in hate and breathing out love. I also learned that the Tao that can be spoken is not the true Tao. The Tao that can be Taoed is not the true Tao, either. Then we got to rapping about the death bag, and some cat pointed out that death is common only to the higher forms of life, beginning with multicellular protozoa. Kind of makes you proud to be mortal.

"*I bought dear and sold cheap.*"

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THE next morning—in that jingle-jangle morning—it was quite a shock when I looked in the mirror. I'd forgot about that damned frog makeup. For a brief panicky moment I thought there had been an impurity in my philtre and I was regressing like Hyde. Like, I've had bum trips, but this was too much. Then I started to shave, only to find that Norelco twin rotors don't work on frog chins. I took my time leaving, because I was really one up on those poor schlucks who had to be remade that morning at the lot. Going down the stairs I ran into the nice lady who manages the place, and what I mean she really spooked and was long gone. I said, "Everybody out of the pool," but she was beyond levity. Best make tracks, I figured, and fill her in later, before she arrives with the heat. As I kicked the starter on my bike I realized I'd forgot my helmet. No time. I headed over Laurel Canyon to the lot, puffing on a Lark and occasionally crying "Love!" over the roar of the greasepaint. None of the commuters got too up tight. Probably figured I was a freaker left over from the night before. It was really a gas.

Then, on Ventura Blvd., the gas ended. I mean, I ran out. Kapoom. I walked to this station about a hundred yards up, and the attendant is sitting in the office. As I come in he confronts me with this huge cannon and yells, "Oh, no you don't! Not again!" At that point my general adaptation syndrome took over, and I remembered that holdup men out here like to get themselves up in Halloween raiment. I backed slowly out the door and then ran like the clappers, with my frog toes kicking dust spots on the green. A moving target is almost impossible to zap with a revolver—just don't get too close to the barrel. How was I to know, as I later found out, that this cat had been hit three times in one month? (All I can remember running through my mind at the time was, What would Gypsy Boots have done?) Then I dodged into a liquor store. Any ninety-eight-cent port in a storm. The resident djinn there pulls a Mike Hammer heater from under the counter and says (I'll swear), "Oh, no you don't! Not again!" So just take the preceding escape footage and print it again.

Now I'm beginning to panic. Accidental death and disfiguration while in frog drag is not in my plans. It was then I spotted this beer place, the 7-11 Club, where I know the day bartender. His name is Angel. As I open the door and take one step forward I can see Angel, one eye on me, grabbing for something beneath the bar. Not again, I think. I yelled, "Hey, Angel! It's me, man! Race!"

He stares at me about thirty, forty seconds without changing expression, the way Newman and Brando do when they don't know what else to do. Then he says, "Where were you born?"

"Sioux Falls," I told him.

"What's your girl's name?"

"Bibi," I told him.

He says what's the big idea, and I tell him.

He says, "Get that junk off your face, man—this place is already on probation with ABC."

I told him I couldn't get it off without taking half my face with it. (*You have to have* some special solvent glop.) I said, "Look, you go down and get my bike. Get a half gallon of gas at the station on the way. I'll stay here and tend bar."

Well, it's early morning and you'd figure there'd be no trade, but that doesn't mean a thing in the 7-11 bars of the world. You know the place: dusty neon sign in window with one letter out, fake beer bottles with cobwebs along the bottom, dead moths, and a sign tacked on the door reading, "You Must Be 21 and Able to Prove It." Beer-Nuts on the counter shelf, a Rorschach-test pattern of cigarette burns on the bar, and a pool table that takes two quarters. Anyway, directly in comes this old juice-head and he says, "Draw one," without so much as a double take—or even a single. Knocks it heel-tap back and orders another. I guess he figured it was Frog Week at the 7-11, and why should he look for trouble. Pretty soon there's five of them sitting there, and while I can't exactly say it's a love-in, neither did I hear one word to indicate that I was born different from other men. I chalked this up to their inborn humanity and tact. You won't find much jesting at scars among the morning walking wounded. But then these two piano lifters from Bekins Moving & Storage came in off a bad trip and were not amused. They began making *remarks*. I tried to change the mood by singing a few bars of "A Frog He Would A-Wooing Go," but just when I got to ". . . with a roley, poley, gammon and spinach, 'Heigh-ho!' says Anthony Roley," they hopped over the bar and put an armlock on me. They shoved my head under the beer-pull and were about to drown me in Budweiser. I had a picture of making one of those freak death items in the prints ("BARTENDER DROWNED IN BEER"), when Angel arrived and got them off my back by telling them I was very big in pictures and they would recognize my face if they could only see it, and then promising them unlimited suds.

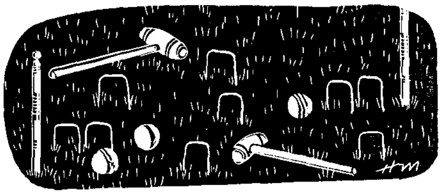
Angel lent me this old Wehrmacht helmet from over the counter, and this sort of helped disguise my amphibian features. I bugged out on my machine. All I needed was one of those big choppers with the high-rise handle-bars the bike freaks ride, and you would have sworn I was a charter member of Satan's Slaves or the Coffin Cheaters.

At the lot, I found shooting was scrubbed for the day. Technical difficulties. With one of the male stars, I think. I mean, how would *you* like to be thirty-eight years old, getting thick in the neck, six years with Stella Adler behind you, and wake up to remember you're due on the lot in an hour to play Prince Bufo emerging from under a gigantic outer-space lily pad? So all I had to do was peel this stuff off my face and make for Santa Monica and lie on the sand and study my sides in the script. Going out the studio gate, this guy I knew from the Player's Ring in Santa Monica falls in beside me and says, "Four hours a day in makeup. Man, why don't we just leave the stuff on?"

"It's been done," I said.

Straight ahead!
Race

—F. P. Tullius



## THE WEATHER OF SIX MORNINGS

I

Sunlight lies along my table
like abandoned pages.

I try to speak
of what is so hard for me—

this clutter of a life—
puritanical signature!

In the prolonged heat insects,
pine needles, birch leaves

make a ground bass of silence
that never quite dies.

II

Treetops are shuddering
in uneasy clusters

like rocking water
whirlpooled before a storm.

Words knock at my breast,
heave and struggle to get out.

A black-capped bird
pecks on, unafraid.

Yield then, yield
to the invading rustle of the rain.

III

All is closed in
by an air so rain-drenched

the distant barking of tied-up dogs
ripples to the heart of the woods.

Only a man's voice
refuses to be absorbed.

Hearing of your death
by a distant roadside

I wanted to erect some marker
though your ashes float out to sea.

IV

If the weather breaks
I can speak of your dying,

if the weather breaks,
if the crows stop calling

and flying low
(again today there is thunder

outlying . . .),
I can speak of your living,

the lightning-flash of meeting,
the green leaves waving at our windows.

V

Yesterday a letter
spoke of our parting—

a kind of dissolution
so unlike this sudden stoppage.

Now all the years in between
flutter away like lost poems.

And the morning light is so delicate,
so utterly empty . . .

at high altitude, after long illness,
breathing in mote by mote a vanished world. . . .

VI

Rest.
A violin bow, a breeze

just touches the birches.
Cheep—a new flute

tunes up in a birch top.
A chipmunk's warning skirrs. . . .

Whose foot disturbs these twigs?
To the sea of received silence

why should I sign
my name?

—Jane Cooper

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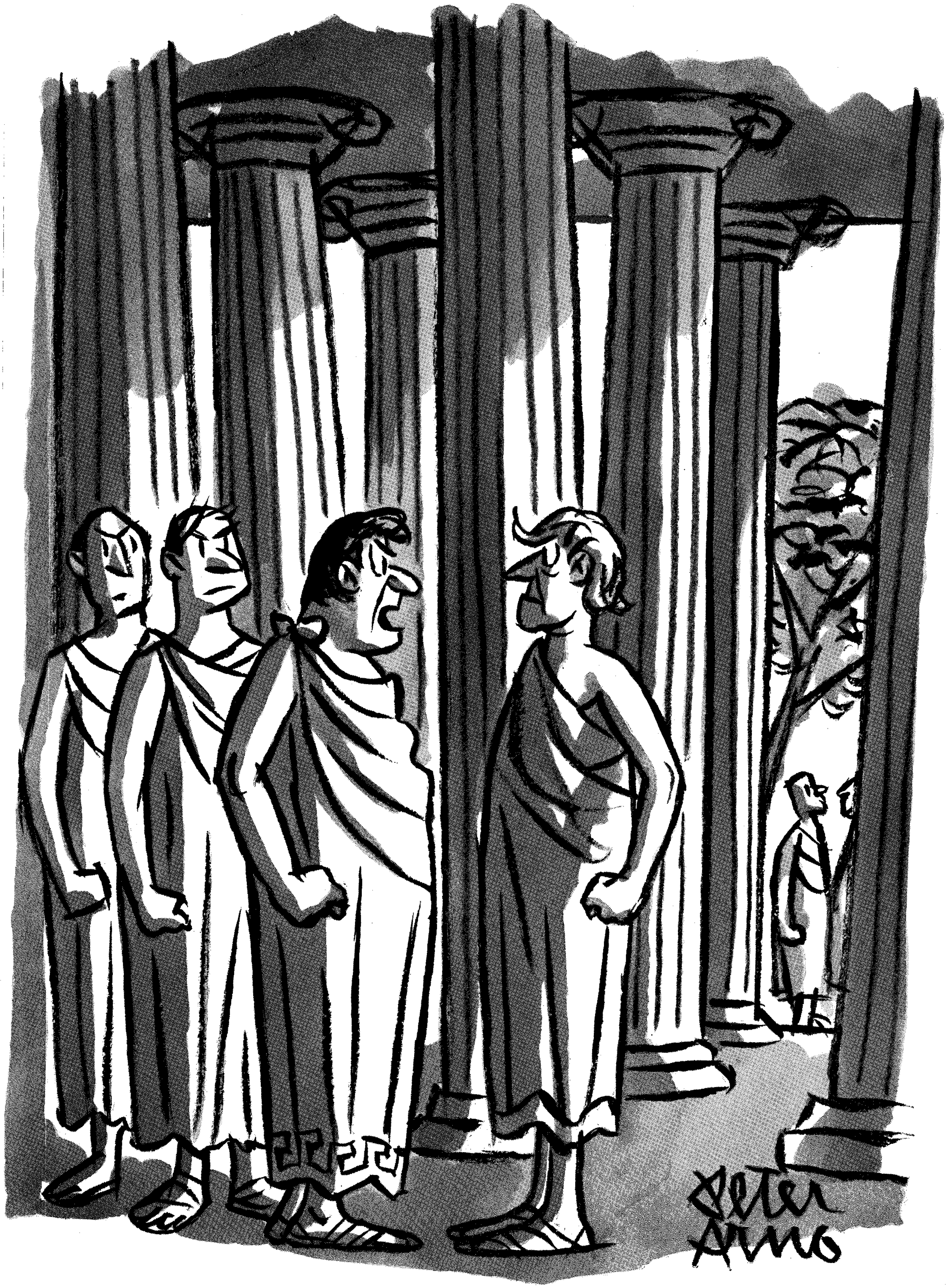


*"Would you care to step outside the Parthenon and say that?"*

# ON THIS DAY

FOR a long time he hadn't touched the rifle. He had hardly been able to look at it. It lay on a bearskin rug on top of the player piano, dust gathering along its length, dulling the blue gleam of its barrel. Yet he thought about it all the time and was so conscious of its presence that when he and his wife sat in the cabin at night, reading or watching the fire, it was as if a third person was in the room with them. Now he got up from the couch where he had been lying, resting because of a headache, and went across the room to the piano and took the rifle off its top. He slid open the doors at the front of the piano, reached into the opening where the rolls of music went, and took a box of shells out of the niche he kept them hidden in. From his wife and visitors. From himself. He counted out five shells, loaded them in the rifle, set the box back inside the piano, and slid the doors shut.

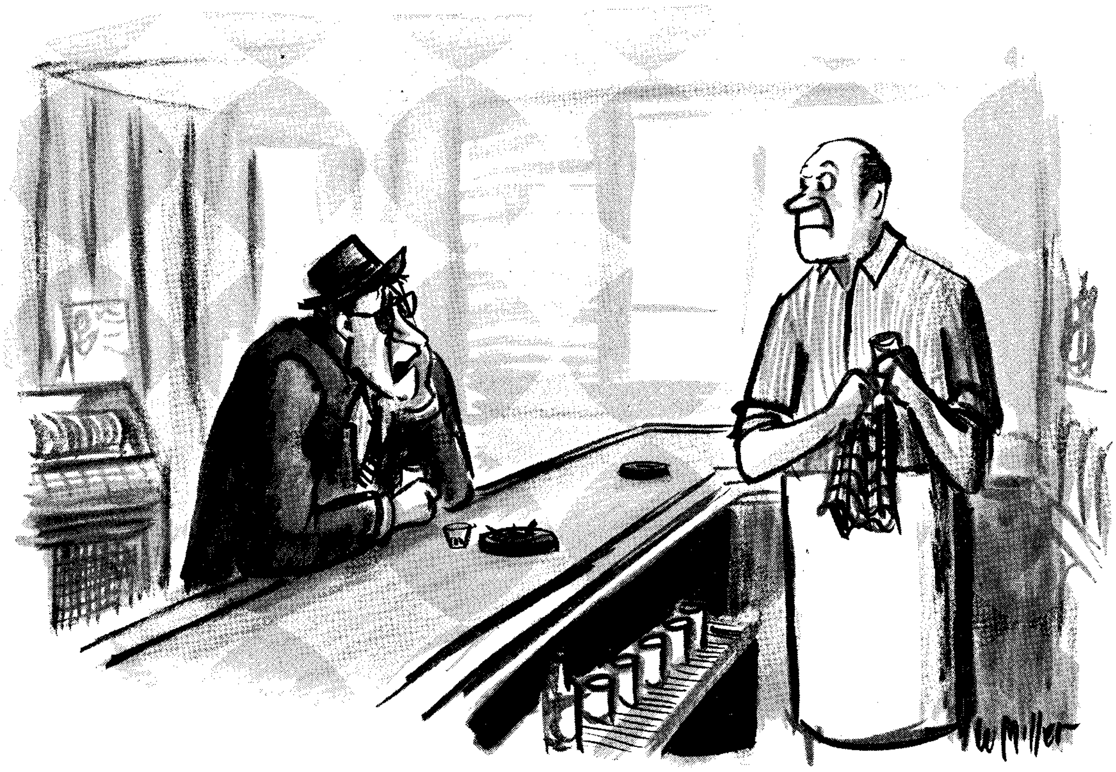
Then he stood staring at the piano keys, motionless and dazed, as though these actions had not been performed by him and he was trying to decide what to do about them. The pain in his head—a shaft running from above his right eyebrow deep into the coils of his brain—greatly increased. He placed his hand on the piano and rested his weight on it. His nails needed cleaning. Along the upper joints of his fingers, in the straight hair that grew between his knuckles, there were glittering pinpoints of perspiration. He felt dirty. He knew that his hair, dark, untrimmed, receding back from his broad forehead, was oily and tousled; that his face was pale its whole length, the black sideburns emphasizing its whiteness and long lines, drawing attention to his feminine lips (which began to quiver); and that there was a shine of exuded oil on his high cheekbones, on the convex knobs of his forehead, on his nose, and in the gray depressions under his eyes, goddammit!

And his eyes would be wide, rounder and more pale-looking, with all the unresolved experience of his twenty-nine years shining behind them like fear, making him seem smaller than he was, five feet instead of six, a lightweight, an easy prey to attack, hesitant, defenseless, mistrustful, and scared. Suddenly it was as if the black and white piano keys that stretched from one edge of his vision to the other and seemed an extension of the antipathies he felt in himself had been hit by a fist. His head swelled with discord and pain, and he stepped back from the instrument. There was the weight of the rifle in his hands.

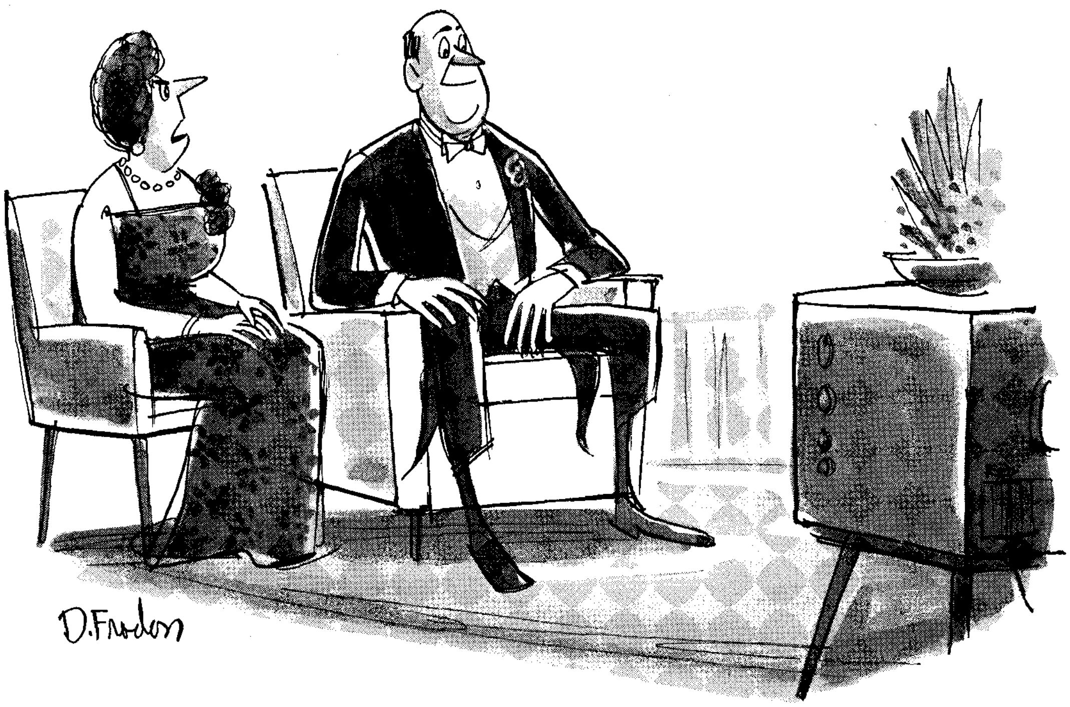
He turned away, went across the room to the front door, and stepped outside, stopping at the edge of the cement landing. The afternoon was dark and overcast, and the wind was blowing strongly through the leaves of the trees, tearing loose some of the brown-edged ones and lifting them off in flight. The air was cold, but it carried a moist, verdant smell. It seemed to him more like spring than the beginning of fall. He looked through the trunks of the trees to where he could see, far below, several hundred feet down from the bluff the cabin stood on, the blue of Lake Michigan. A haze hung over it, dulling its color. Off to the side of the yard, between the cabin and the edge of the bluff, his wife was kneeling in the grass, bent over something, her head obscured by the trunk of a birch. He went toward her down one of the paths that led through the tall grass, his advance rendered soundless by the wind blowing in from the lake, and stopped next to the birch, just behind her.

The dog lay in front of her knees, flattened into a curly mass, shapeless, unmoving, like a rug she had spread on the grass to dry. She was lifting up thick strands of tan hair that hung damp and lifeless from its flank and was running her pocket comb through them. Her hands and fingers moved precisely but with reserve, almost with aversion, as though they were moving over the surface of something she was reluctant to touch but whose presence she liked to tempt. She smoked in the same manner. She cooked and ate that way. The manner aroused and irritated him at the same time; either it exposed—without her knowing it—her whole being, or it hinted at a part of her he knew nothing about. She was hoarding yet generous, serene but passionate, analytical and warm—a maze of contradictions, her behavior eruptive but always under control.

A gust of wind came up over the bluff, agitating the leaves above them, and her jacket (his Army fatigue jacket with the sleeves rolled up) billowed out like a sail, and her hair streamed straight back from her face. She eased her weight onto her haunches, placed her hands on her thighs, and her chest heaved. The wind eased, her hair settled down lightly over her shoulders, and he could see her profile,



*"The polar ice cap is melting, filling the seas; the seas will overflow the land. In a million years all will be as it was in the beginning."*



*"I certainly hope this new fall première is worth all the fuss."*

• •

her small brow, her straight nose and strong chin, her lips, her sparse gold eyelashes lying along the curve of her cheek. A few feet ahead, in a ring of spaded earth, stood a seedling she had planted a few weeks before—a young maple with two opposed leaves sprouting from the tip of its stem. She seemed to be studying it. Just then a gust of wind hit and the two leaves went back like sprung umbrellas, blown into conelike shapes, wavering with the strength of the wind, their ribs showing. She watched with interest while she patted the dog. He watched her.

To anybody but him she might seem easy to divert, flighty, rootless—simple to assail. She wasn't. In spite of the contradictions in her, she never became confused or distraught, as he did, never lost her presence of mind or questioned what happened to her. All she ever questioned was herself. If the seedling died, it would reflect a failing in her, not in the seedling or in Nature, and she would take full blame for it. But it wouldn't depress her. She would remove it from her sight, do away with it, return it to the natural order of things, and get another. On the other hand, if she found him in one of his black moods, it was enough to make tears come to her eyes and start down her cheeks; then again, at other times, like now, when he felt defeated beyond hope, she would ignore him, or else come up suddenly and take him by the hand—her green eyes widening with the intensity of her belief—and say, "It'll work out because we love each other!"

She was combing the dog again, her fingers moving in that reserved, limp, irritating manner. He could not fathom it. It held him apart from her. A mild, satisfied expression came over her face, causing the corner of her lips to lift. He made an involuntary movement, as though to see better or to touch her, and then drew back, realizing he liked her best when he caught her this way, in an unguarded moment, absorbed in what she was doing, unaware that she was being watched.

"I think he does it on purpose," she said, without looking up. Her voice startled him.

"What's that?"

"I think he goes into the woods on purpose. To where these are." She held an elongated seed, the color and shape of a short porcupine quill, in front of her eyes, studied it, then tossed it into the grass. She ran the comb halfway through a curl and paused. "You're getting perverse, aren't you, Winston?" she said.

The dog lay motionless, without lifting its head or even pricking up its ears at the mention of its name.

"He loves doing things he shouldn't do," she said, and the mild expression returned to her face. "Well, it's all he has left. He's getting so old."

"Old?"

It was the first time she had admitted this.

"Well. Less lively than before."

"Less lively!"

"Tired."

She looked up and the expression of her face changed. "Oh," she said. "You're going hunting."

The island of Manitou, hardly visible through the haze that hung over the lake, was lying long and low and dark along the horizon. For as far out as he could see, the irregular lines of high whitecaps came following one after the other, and even from the height of the bluff he could hear, above the sound of the wind in the leaves, the deeper sound of waves breaking on the beach. He had never seen the lake in such turbulence.

She stood up. "I thought you were going to leave without ever going hunting," she said. "We have so few days left. Two, in fact."

He turned to her, his eyes dull and bewildered, and asked, "How long have we been here?"

"You know!" she said. "Over a month now."

Her words didn't come through to him until a few seconds after she spoke, so watching her face and lips was like watching a film that was out of sync. "I'm not going hunting," he said. "Just down to the beach."

"Why the rifle?"

He glanced at it, gently raised and lowered it in his hands as though to gauge its weight, gave her a look that was plaintive and confused, and then, as though ashamed of it, shrugged his shoulders and started toward the trail that led from the bluff to the beach.

"Why don't you take Winston with you?" she called.

"Let the poor thing be."

"You'll be up in time for dinner," she said. "Right?"

He stopped at the edge of the bluff, and stared at an apple that had dropped from a tree onto the trodden dirt at the head of the trail. The apple was bright green, with crimson streaks crowning its top. There were brown wormholes in it. For a week he'd felt physically and mentally exhausted, and everything outside him—her, the scenery, objects, his own limbs—everything he focussed on (now the apple) commanded his complete attention. It was as if this period of rest were narrowing all his faculties instead of restoring and broadening them. He had brought along some work, a briefcase full of it, which he intended to do, and was expected to do, but he hadn't even opened the briefcase. Soon they would be going back to the city and he had nothing to show for the month he had been away. His job was threatened—he knew that—but the knowledge no longer bothered him. He felt her hand on his forearm.

“Chris?”

“Pardon?”

“I asked if you'll be up in time for dinner. Or do you want me to not make it till later?”

He stared at her for a long time, as though he hadn't heard her question and was about to say something striking and decisive. Then he lowered his eyes. “No,” he said. “No, I just want to see the waves. Walk. I won't be long.”

“It feels like it's going to rain, anyway.”

“It already is,” he said, and pointed across the lake. Far out, above the island, there was a dark cloud with streaks of rain slanting down from it.

“Should you go, then?” she asked.

“There have to be more clouds and bigger clouds than that to make a real rain,” he said, his voice suddenly sharp, as though the words came from a great residue of anger, an unspoken grievance. Then he became confused again, and apologetic. “I'm sorry. I mean, I don't think it'll rain here, not hard anyway, because, look, the haze is lifting from the lake. You can feel the sun. See? It's warmer. Feel?”

“What is it?” she asked.

“Nothing.”

“Tell me.”

“Nothing.” He kissed her on the cheek.

“Do you still feel upset?”

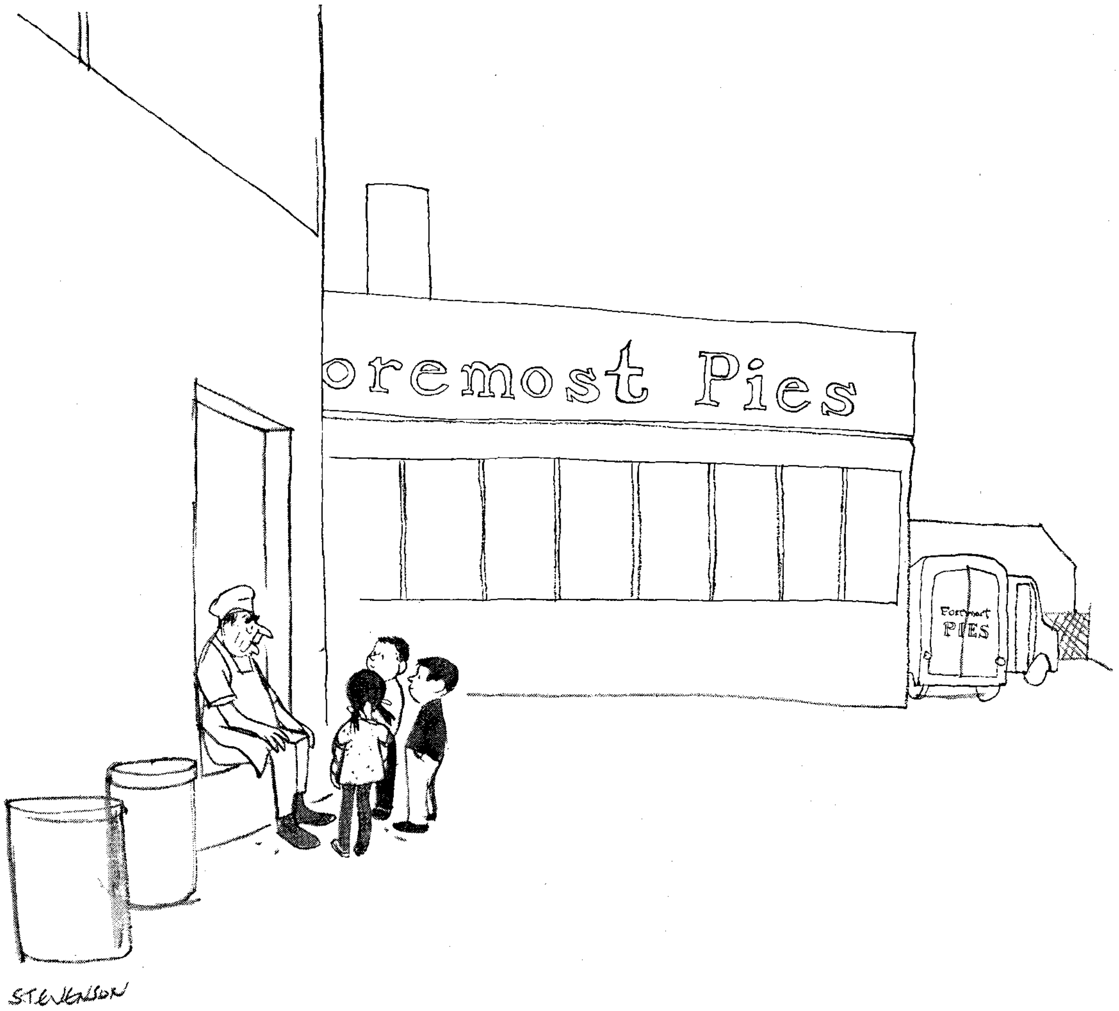
“No,” he said, and stepped over the apple, and started down the trail. It travelled along the face of the bluff, descending at a gentle angle, and then switched back in the opposite direction and descended again. It grew steeper. He leaned back for balance, clenching his teeth so they didn't jar together with the shock of his heels hitting the ground. After a period of shuttling across and back, he was in a sparse growth of trees, birches and silver maples, and then the trail straightened and went through a thicket of jack pine and fir. Here the path was spongy, layered with needles, and bright moss carpeted the ground to his left. There were mushrooms. He slowed down, watching some frail ferns bow with the wind. It was darker in the thicket and would have been gloomy if it hadn't been for the smell of pine. Dried tufts of grass, fine as corn silk, drooped from the face of the bluff. A chipmunk appeared ahead of him, hurried down the trail, then stopped and went up on its haunches and swivelled its triangular head to him. He kept walking toward it without raising the rifle. It dived into hiding in some brush.

Spring. Patches of shadow passing over him as he sang, “Oh, Mary, we crown thee with blossoms today, Queen of the angels, Queen of the May. . . .” Moving under the budding trees, his voice blending with the voices of classmates—the boys in dark suits and white ties, the girls in their First Communion dresses. A nun walking beside them, keeping them in line, her long rosary swinging from the belt of her black habit, its beads clashing. A smell of incense and flowers. The sun bright on the white dresses. “How dark without Mary life's journey would be! Oh, Mary . . .” The girl in the lead, a crown of flowers in her hands, turning up the walk toward the church. Three altar boys turning in behind her, their cassocks with capes and sashes of gold silk catching the sun, and then the song ending. The girl pausing on the church steps. The procession slowing to a halt. In the silence a nun's voice humming a pitch. Then moving ahead once more, more slowly now, singing in soft tones, “On this day, oh, beautiful Mother; on this day, we give thee our love. . . .” Up the steps, watching the polished toes of his shoes, into the coolness of the nave, gripping the purple and white lilacs his mother had picked that morning. Down the dark aisle, singing still, pews going past, swinging back from his vision like spokes—colored light from the stained-glass windows lying on their seats. Ahead, off to the left of the Communion rail, the altar of the Blessed Virgin, with a set of temporary steps leading up to the top of her tall statue so the girl could put the garland in place. Singing, staring at the bouquet, offering this up to his mother instead of Mary—

“Dammit!” he cried. The trail under him had turned to three trails, and the trunks of the trees blurred and merged as his eyes brimmed with tears.

For a long time, for months, he'd felt that instead of moving through the present toward a future he was travelling backward, deeper and deeper into the recesses of the past, down tortuous passageways, halls with no end, old tunnels dark with guilt, into places he couldn't escape from. He had hoped that this vacation, to this place, which was in no way related to his life, would bring that to an end, but it made it worse; on neutral ground, where there was nothing familiar to cling to, his past was all he was, and it was unleashed upon him with new strength.

Again the words “On this day” bumped against his consciousness, trying to break into music. He forced them back down. He didn't want to relive that May crowning or any part of his childhood where his mother moved in freedom. She was dead. She had died when he was nine, and then his father died. Later, in college, he went into a confessional, and was in the midst of a list of the usual petty sins when suddenly, in the same penitential whisper, he started raining down on the head of the priest all the wrath that had built up in him over the



*"And then there was the time Ed Ryan got in the argument with Lou Benziger. Now, Ed—he was working on coconut custards, and Lou, he was on lemon meringue—well . . ."*

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years because of their deaths, and when he left the confessional, never to go into one again, he thought he had left behind, in the hands of the priest, his childhood, his parents, death, and God. He thought.

The trees thinned, some last leaf shadows slipped over his face, and he squinted against the light. The heat of the sun on his forehead made the pain of the headache increase. The trail grew steeper, went down at such a slant he had to hold himself in check to keep from running, and at this point it was no more than a ledge, sliced so deeply into the sheer face of the bluff that an outcropping of sod brushed against his shoulder. He was breathing heavily. He stopped and wiped the sleeve of his shirt across his face. Directly below him was a pile of sharp rocks. He let the rifle slip through his hand until it rested on its butt. He stared at the rocks, at their pointed shadows facing him, at the ground hemlock growing around them, and then he was travelling down the remainder of the trail as fast as his eyes would go, flashing back and forth over the face of the bluff, flying along, and finally, far below, coming up against a stand of dead cedars. The spires of their trunks showed black against the background of the lake. He was more than halfway down.

He picked up the rifle and walked along the ledge, turned a bend, went past the pile of sharp rocks, then turned and descended again, watching the gravel he kicked loose tumble and hop down the trail ahead of him. Suddenly there was an explosion, a flash beside him, and a fragment flew past his face, beating its wings, showing its white rump, and went down toward the cedars out of sight.

It grew darker. He felt he had entered another thicket, but the bluff was barren here; all that grew around him was a ground cover with tear-shaped leaves. He stopped and looked up. There were no clouds near the sun. He looked at the trail, at the dried grass beside it, at the slope where the ground cover grew, at its pulpy swollen leaves, its red roots lying lacelike over the clay and the clay bulging behind them, and then, once more, the landscape darkened. He shook his head, but immediately stopped; the movement caused such pain he felt his brain was swinging from a single nerve. He began walking again, quickening his pace.

The shadows of the tall cedars passed over him in cool streaks, and then his heels were striking wood, making it resound with a cavernous echo. Looking down, he saw in flashes, through the widely spaced planks, the deep ravine below and the rocks and logs and dead limbs piled along its bottom. He entered another thicket of pine, lost his balance, went stumbling down a steep part of the trail, saw a strip of aspens rapidly approach, crashed through them, still running, and was on the beach. The loose sand sliding away beneath his boots slowed him, the lake stretched in front of him to infinity, and the wind beat the sleeves of his shirt against his biceps. The waves were so high that his breath—as though the cold wall of one had crashed over his chest—caught in his throat. A black rock rose out of the water like the head and shoulders of a seal; usually the tip of the rock showed above the top of the waves, but now when they came in they rolled high above the rock, standing in sheets as tall as he was, and then collapsed after they had passed it.

When he came to where the sand was wet and packed, he stopped and looked up and down the beach. It was deserted, as usual, for as far as he could see. He moved closer to the water. There were no pleasure craft on the lake, no sailboats or cabin cruisers, but off in the distance, near the island of Manitou, a large ore boat was making its way toward the north, putting out so much black smoke it looked like a burning house. Unless the bays were frozen solid, the big ore boats plied their trade. He kept his eyes on it, following its infinitesimal progress with interest, with reverence, until his eyes began to burn. As it neared the line of the horizon, a mirage made it seem split in two.

He watched a swell raise itself into

a wave, begin to bend, curving at its top, and come cascading down over the flat, retreating plane of the last wave, foaming, thundering as it fell. Then he was moving into the water, weightless, heading straight out as the next wave rose up and came toward him and then hit, the tons of water taking him under, tumbling him, his head knocking on the packed bottom, the rifle spiralling out of his grip, the sandy undertow rolling him, holding him under until he gave up fighting, went limp, became one with the water.

No.

A large wave crashed and spray spattered his face. Startled, the rifle snug in the crook of his arm, he stepped back from the foam advancing toward his toes. He braced his legs. Something foreign and unclear was insinuating itself into him, taking over. It spread through his mind like smoke, grew denser, and then, like the dark swirls in an agate, locked in place. He clenched his jaw. His heartbeat picked up and it was hard to breathe. He heard something and turned.

The dog was standing behind him, panting, its sides heaving, its long tongue draped over the side of its jaw, dropping saliva onto the sand.

"What are you doing here?"

Standing alone, it looked more enormous than ever and more ludicrous. It was a cross between a collie and another breed (a St. Bernard?) that had bequeathed to it a broad back, heavy paws, and a blunt nose. It was hers. She got it when she was in her teens, and she had left it with her parents until after she was married, when she asked to have it back. She still spoke to it as though it were a pup and treated it with as much affection. Now it was, as she said, old; it limped badly on a front paw, it coughed at night, matter ran from its eyes, and lately they had to boost it from behind to get it up the steps to their apartment. For the past year he had been trying to think of some compassionate way to put it out of its suffering.

"Why did you come down?"

He could shoot it now. The dog's eyes, bloodshot and watery, rolled up and studied him with a look of mourning and shame. Then it lowered its head, executed a slow and ponderous turn, and started up the beach, its head nodding and its wide body rocking with the limp. He felt more pity for it than affection, but sometimes he sensed that he understood something about it that she didn't. And what did it sense about him? Why had it walked away now? Why had it followed him? It always stayed at her side, and never made the long trip down to the beach unless she went too.

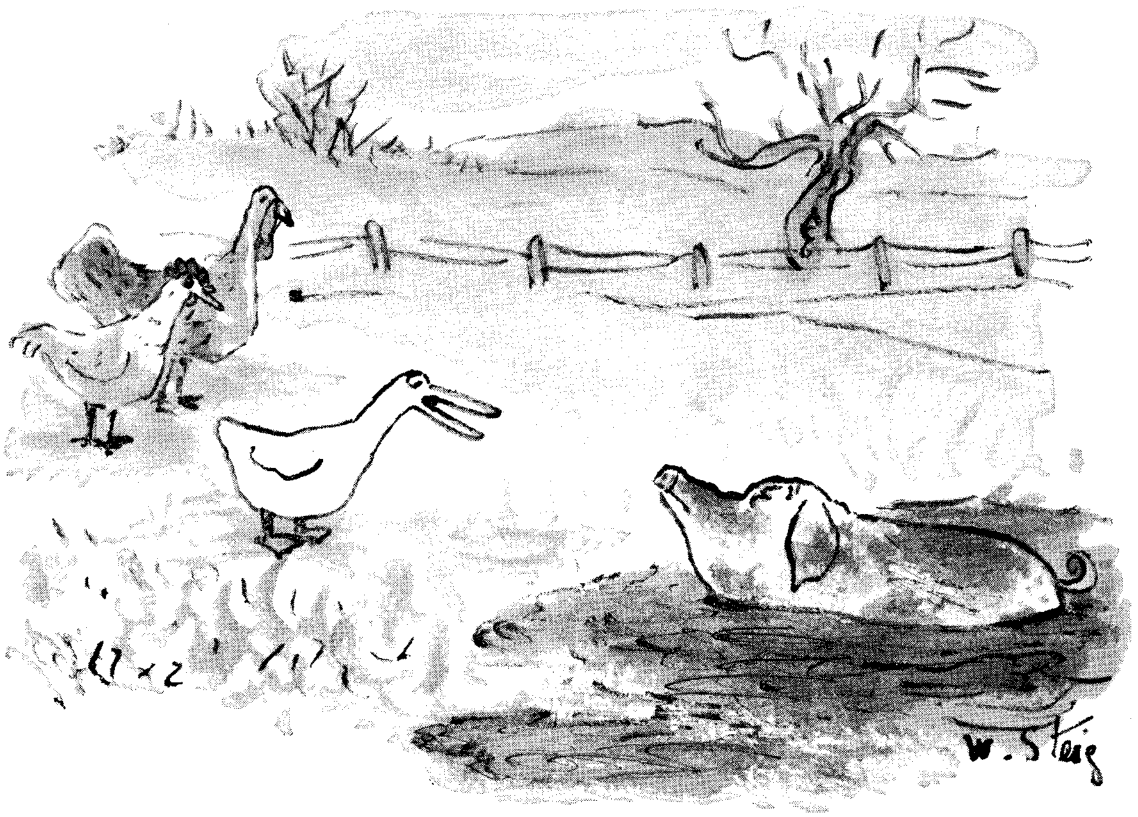
"Winston," he said. "Why did you come down?"

The dog stopped and looked over its shoulder at him, exposing the pink tissue around its eye, and then it turned and went trudging ahead, dragging its big paws, leaving U-shaped wakes in the sand. Perhaps it had come down to die.

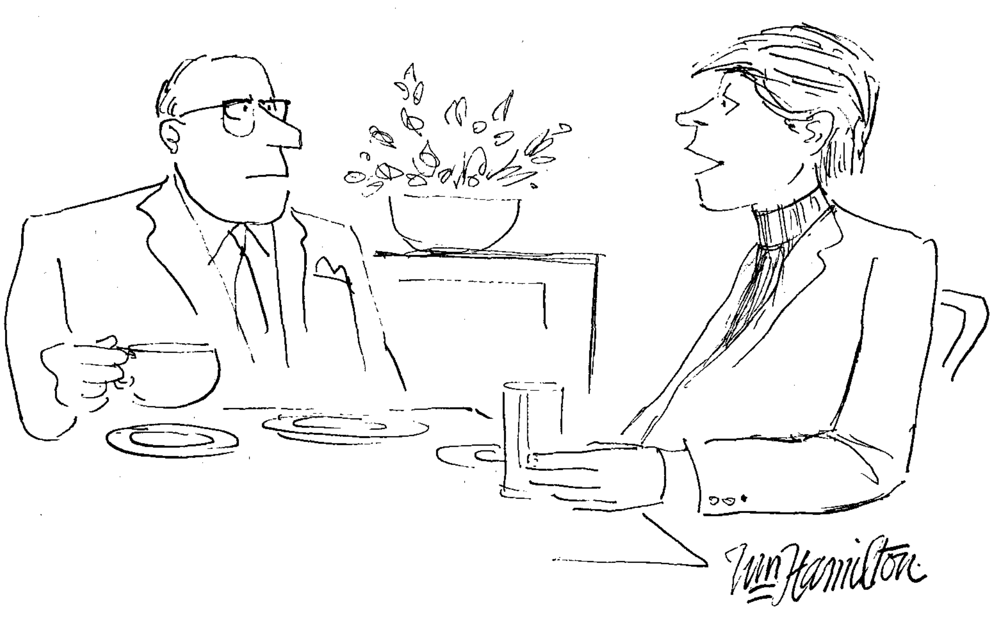
The dark swirls swept into his mind again, enmeshing it. He turned and started down the beach, in the opposite direction. About a half mile away, next to the bluff, there was a spring that fed a small pool scooped out of smooth rock, and when he passed the spring a few days ago he noticed that somebody had left beer to cool in its icy water, and apparently had forgotten it; the bottles were covered with algae, their caps were rusting, their labels coming loose. He would go there now and drink it. The alcohol would spread through his mind, dark and debilitating as the swirls, and he could pretend, for a few hours at least, that beer was the cause of them.

A great distance down the beach, a narrow point with grass-covered dunes stretched out into the water. He could see tall waves coming in at an angle and breaking on the beach there, rolling up close to the dunes. The curve of the shore caught their sound and returned it to him as an echo. It was like the sound of thunder—denser and more persistent than the sound of the waves breaking beside him. Or was it thunder? He looked up and saw dark clouds scudding above him across the top of the bluff. A gull came sailing down the line of the beach on the high wind, its stiff wing tips tilting quick to keep it on course in the erratic currents of air. He started to raise the rifle, and then shrugged and walked on.

When he was almost to the spring, he felt pinpricks of sensation, random and chilling, first on the back of his hand, then on his forehead, then his lip. It was sprinkling. The beach turned rocky, and he walked up toward the base of the bluff, stepping over driftwood and beached timbers, and then followed along the bluff, keeping close to the bushes and trees, and came to the spring. The beer was gone. He cursed. He looked around. A large cedar was growing a few feet up from the base of the bluff, its trunk bent horizontal with the weight



*"The sky is falling!"*



*"Dad, could I have twenty thousand dollars to make a film?"*

of its dense boughs, which, drooping low, formed a shelter. He crawled in under the boughs, close to the scoured face of the clay bluff, and saw that some animal had dug down through the roots of the tree. He turned himself, propping his shoulder against the roots, and faced the lake.

It began to rain harder. The sound of the storm was muted where he lay, he was shielded from the wind, and very little rain penetrated through the boughs. Warm, enwrapped in a smell of cedar and earth, he felt for the first time in many days a semblance of peace but at the same time a strange isolation, as though the habitable spaces of the earth had shrunk to the limits of a single room and he was alone in that room and had to be careful to keep his breath from fogging its one window. He looked at the rifle, studying the stock, the barrel, the trigger guard, the trigger. There were no thoughts in his head, no calculations or clear images, no rush of the past, no more confusion. It was as if his mind was cleared and ready for a final command.

He looked toward the lake. The pool of the spring was in front of him, only a few feet away, and he could see tiny geysers leaping straight up from its surface where raindrops struck. A finch flew down and landed on the wet rocks next to the pool, its gold body bright against the grayness of the ground and lake. Teetering unsurely on a rock, poised to fly, flicking its head from side to side, it made a quick search of the surroundings, and then, tilting back, opened its beak and gave out a musical phrase so clear and pure it pierced the sound of the storm and seemed to originate inside his own head. He put the rifle down as though it were an encumbrance to this music in him, and with a sudden flurry the bird was in the pool, bathing itself, flinging fan-shaped showers of drops from its wings. Occasionally it paused in its bathing, raised its beak to the rain, and gave out the musical phrase—a song that still seemed to originate in his own mind, making it feel as crystalline and pure as the water of the spring. Abruptly, it was over, and the bird, drenched and heavy, went off on a low undulating flight into the trees.

The storm started to let up, and it grew lighter. First the wind slackened, and then the rain thinned, and finally it stopped altogether. He picked up the rifle, wiped his sleeve over its oiled barrel where beads of water, minute and perfectly circular, were standing, cocked the rifle, and crawled out of the shelter, jarring the boughs above him, soaking the seat of his pants. He walked back up the beach to where the trail began. Several yards ahead of him a jug made of turquoise plastic, a container for bleach, was leaning against a large log that lay half buried in the wet sand. He raised the rifle, fired off four shots, rapidly, one after the other, and they tore through the neck of the jug and thumped into the dead wood with a dull sound. He left the final round in the magazine.

He looked around for the dog, and saw it moving down the beach in the direction he had come from, heading toward the spring. Apparently they had just passed one another.

"Winston," he called. "Winston!"

The dog, its shaggy tail hanging limp, paused with its back to him, as though its attention were focussed on something distant, and then continued to walk straight ahead.

"*Winston!*"

The dog wouldn't even turn to look at him. It plodded steadily ahead through the sand, its body swaying. Oh, let it go, he thought; let it be. If it had come down of its own accord, it would come up when it wanted to.

He turned away and started up the trail, but had only gone a few steps before he stopped, remembering the last shell. He crashed through the strip of aspens, walked over the loose sand to the water's edge, and stood near the seal-shaped rock. The waves were smaller now, only two or three feet high, and the darkness in the air was the natural darkness of coming night and not that of a storm. He cocked the rifle. There was nothing in front of him but the water and, fifteen miles distant, the island of Manitou. He elevated the end of the barrel, curled his forefinger around the trigger, hesitated, then let his breath go.

The expanse of water almost silenced the report. There was only a faint slap of a sound, like fingertips on skin, as he fired the last round from his waist, sending the bullet out over the open lake.

—L. Woiwode

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## SOMEWHERE THE EQUATION BREAKS DOWN

between the perfect
(invisible, Plato said)
and the imperfect
that comes at you on the street—
stench and cloth and fried eyes—
between the wired bones of the dead
stuttering, shamed,
and the marvellous lucid spirit
that moves in the body's spaces—
a rainbow fish behind glass—
decide. Oh, coincide!

—Daniel Berrigan

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

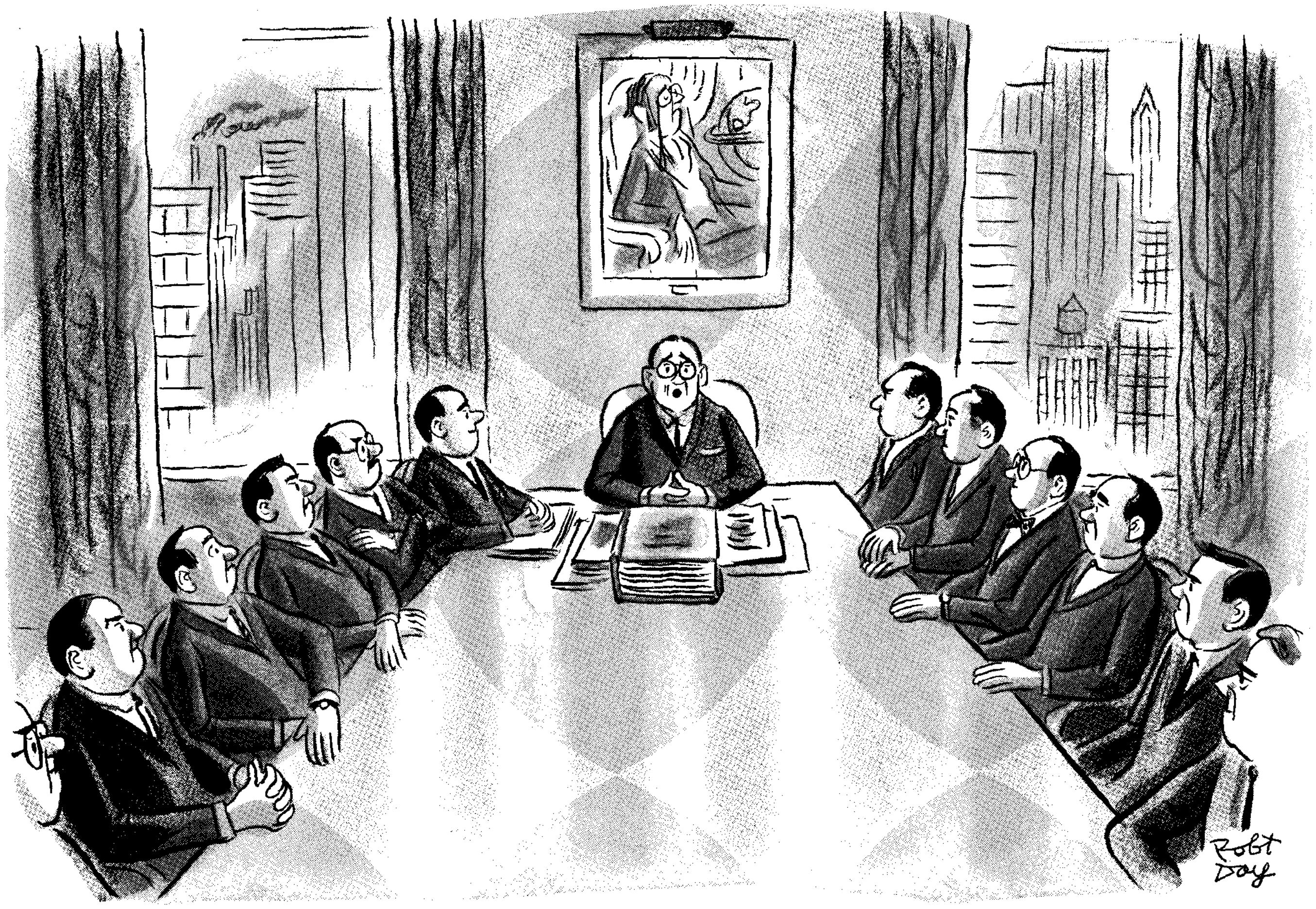
## INDIAN JOURNAL

### I—FORBIDDEN TO COME TO THE SHORE

BUMMY HOLIDAY REVISITED: Today, once again, a letter has come imploring me to straighten out the record of a part of a summer—the summer of 1959—that my good friend Dom Moraes and I spent travelling together in India. Bewildered readers have been writing such letters to me ever since Dom and I published clashing accounts of our summer, each written in ignorance of the other's work. "I am a graduate student specializing in contemporary Indian literature," the latest letter to me begins. "In January and May, 1960, after you returned to the States, you wrote in the pages of *The New Yorker* about a summer in India, some of which you spent with Dom Moraes. In July and August of 1960, oddly, the *Observer* serialized an account of the same summer by Moraes after *his* return to England. Publishers in both Britain and the United States then brought out book-length accounts of the same summer by each of you.* [Here there is an actual footnote, which reads, in its entirety, "*Ved Mehta, 'Walking the Indian Streets,' Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1960; and London: Faber & Faber, Ltd., 1961. Cf. Dom Moraes, 'Gone Away: An Indian Journey,' Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1960; and London: William Heinemann, Ltd., 1960."] The strange thing is that even when you are describing the same experiences—the same people and the same places—your versions are poles apart, and this in spite of the fact that you were both Indians, and both going back home from Oxford. I am at a loss to understand."

I acknowledge the need for all sorts of explanations. But explaining means overcoming years of reluctance to reopen a subject recorded and closed, and facing what I did that summer in the light of what in later years I came to feel about it. In fact, each year since that summer I have made plans to return to India and then abandoned them, because I did not quite see how I could go back without first trying to straighten out the confusion that the 1959 visit created in my mind. But now I have resolved to revisit both the confusion and India, and I have therefore been reading and comparing our two reports—Dom's "Gone Away" and my "Walking the Indian Streets." "Gone Away" is the fatter of the two books, and, reading it, I am once again enthralled. I feel like an Old Boy revisiting his college after many years out in the world, and, in fact, the book is full of our particular undergraduate years at Oxford—1956 through 1959. From this distance, I am naturally a little embarrassed at the cozy details of the Oxford feast that is "Gone Away." But I am comforted by the presence at the feast of E. M. Forster, who joins it as a reviewer of the book for the *Observer*. Forster tells approvingly of a talk he once had with Dom. "When I met Mr. Moraes some years ago, he made a remark that both surprised and pleased me," he says, a bit donnishly. "He had lent me some of his poems, and when accepting them I said rather conventionally: 'I'll write to you about them.' To which he replied, with perfect courtesy: 'I do *not* wish you to write about them. I wish you to read them.' It was a sound remark and it recalled me to essentials." Having noted that "Gone Away," though not unpoetical, is essentially a journal, and therefore a piece of journalism, and that it deserves to be discussed as well as read, Forster gives Dom a one-sentence character reference, calling him "an excellent mixer, if occasionally farouche," and adds quickly that the book is "an excellent mixture . . . irreverent, gay, unexpected, besides being what the shops call 'contemporary' ('You may not like this pattern, sir, it is rather contemporary')." According to Forster, the question of the pattern's durability doesn't arise, because Dom is just journalistically describing a few months he spent in India following four years' absence. Forster agreeably compliments his host on his reputation as a poet—the result of a small volume of poems called "A Beginning" and published when Dom was an undergraduate—and mentions the influence on Dom of his father, Frank Moraes, who is an Oxford graduate himself and an eminent Indian journalist. However, Forster goes on to compete with his host, remarking, in the best Forsterian manner, "I appreciated his account of his visit to the Calcutta painter Jamini Roy, for it recalls my own visit fifteen years ago. Indeed, I wish to enter into competition at this point and to inform the *Observer* that Jamini Roy gave me one of his pictures. It is a blue farmer or maybe a god, holding a little bird, and a most treasured possession. Mr. Moraes got only three kings in a boat." Then, at that undergraduate banquet of ours, Forster taps me on the shoulder: "Part of the time he is with Mr. Ved Mehta, his talented contemporary at Oxford who is now on *The New Yorker*. Now the pace quickens. A pair of gifted gigglers, they hire a taxi and drive through the brothel district of Calcutta to tease the prostitutes and pimps. This is not a great success. Perhaps they did not drink enough champagne first." I bristle; I am a moderate drinker, and even have long stretches of teetotalism. Forster, perhaps knowing this, shifts his censorious look to Dom: "He is always drinking, which becomes a bore. On the opening page of the book brandy is mentioned twice, whiskey three times, and this continues until the reader longs for a non-alcoholic edition."

When the review appeared, I wished that I could tell Forster exactly how it was that in Dom's book I became a giggler in those escapades, but, as I have said, for years I was reluctant to reopen the subject. Now that I am speaking up, I say to Forster—as though the "Gone Away" banquet had been reconvened for an anniversary—that, the last time around, he was a credulous guest as well as an honored one. I explain, "You must remember it was a smashing holiday—could be nothing less if I were to keep my sanity in India. Or so it seemed at the time. I had been living the life of an expatriate in America and England for ten years. I had left my home in New Delhi in 1949, at the age of fifteen, to start my education abroad. As you can imagine, greeting the members of my family—a large one—after ten years was not easy, although, just out of Oxford, I was loath to admit it, even to myself. At King's, even more than at my college, Balliol, you know one would jeer at anyone looking for a shoulder to cry on. So Dom found me in Delhi, longing for Oxford, ready for anything. We went on some of the escapades described in 'Gone Away,' it's



*"I'm asking each of us to place his pocket bugging device on the table for the secretary to gather up and hold until after the meeting."*

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true, in a spirit of frantic high holiday; other things Dom brought in because, I suppose, he carried his holiday spirit into his writing. So I appear as a mixture of Sancho Panza and Dr. Watson, marvelling at the feats of my inspired friend. But one thing at a time."

I next turn to Dom and tell him that in spite of my embarrassment now at some of the things recounted in "Gone Away," I am spellbound by the prose. Some of his similes would leave most novelists gasping. And I am, of course, especially entranced by the passages that concern us directly. I remind him that in India we met at Claridge's in New Delhi, in which his father kept a room as a *pied-à-terre* and lived as if he were still an undergraduate at Oxford. All the same, Dom was not in the best of spirits when he thought of telephoning me. As he told it in "Gone Away":

> When I went across to my father's room [Dom had his own room at Claridge's], it was already full of the beginnings of the train of visitors who appear, as if answering the Pied Piper's flute, wherever he goes.... American, English, and Indian journalists were scattered with glasses of whiskey all over the room, comparing notes: the telephone kept ringing. I decided to strike out on my own a bit. I knew that Ved Mehta was in Delhi, so I looked up his parents' number and called him.... I got him on the line, after some trouble explaining my identity to the servant, and an astonished voice said: "Is that really you, Dommie?" This is the name that I was always called by the more whimsical of my Oxford friends: it was originally given me by a little boy. "Yes," I said.
>
> "What are you doing here?"
>
> "I'll tell you," I said, "if you come and have a drink with me." So we arranged to meet that evening.... I opened my eyes next morning with pain and care, one at a time.... The door opened and Ved came in, looking terrifyingly spruce.
>
> "Ved," I said, dazedly, "where am I?"
>
> "You're in the spare bedroom of my house, dear boy. Don't you remember? No, I don't suppose you do."
>
> "I haven't done anything awful, have I?"
>
> "It depends," Ved replied judicially, "what you call awful."
>
> He added, "You were pretty sloshed when I arrived, Dommie, and you kept talking about the Defence Ministry. After that you gave a lecture on Anglo-Saxon poetry. I never knew you knew so much about it. Everybody there was fascinated, and there were hundreds of people there. Then I thought a little dinner would be good for you, so we went out. Then came the dog."
>
> "What dog?"
>
> "We found a stray dog on the street. You wanted to take it into the restaurant for dinner, but they wouldn't let you. But you still seemed to think it was there. In fact, you put all your dinner under the table for it. The man at the next table went rushing to the telephone to call up his friends. He wanted to tell them that they ought not to miss it, it was the only time this was likely to happen in Delhi. I told him that if you stuck around here for a few days, Dommie, the novelty would be sure to wear off."
>
> I buried my head in my hands.
>
> "Never mind. Have a cold shower and some breakfast. Then we have some business. There were a lot of writers who came to meet you, but you didn't give them much opportunity. Unless they've changed their minds, I think we should call on them this morning." . . . In the taxi I said, "Your parents are charming. I do hope I haven't shocked them."
>
> "Oh no," Ved said. "There was only one thing they thought a little strange. When we arrived here last night I introduced you to my mother, and you clasped her hand and said, 'I'm delighted to meet you. I've heard so much about you, sir.' "

I take Dom to task a little—still in the spirit of the anniversary feast. "Some troglodyte points: I never called you 'Dommie' or 'dear boy.' There was no Anglo-Saxon-poetry lecture. In any case, a dozen people would have been too many for a Claridge's room. We met no stray dog, and, by the way, to my mother 'sir' and 'madam' would have been equally strange, since her small, charming vocabulary in English at the time did not include either form of address. Of course, my version of this meeting of ours, in 'Walking the Indian Streets,' is a little different—though the experience of reading my own printed account of it is even stranger than reading yours." I furnish chapter and verse:

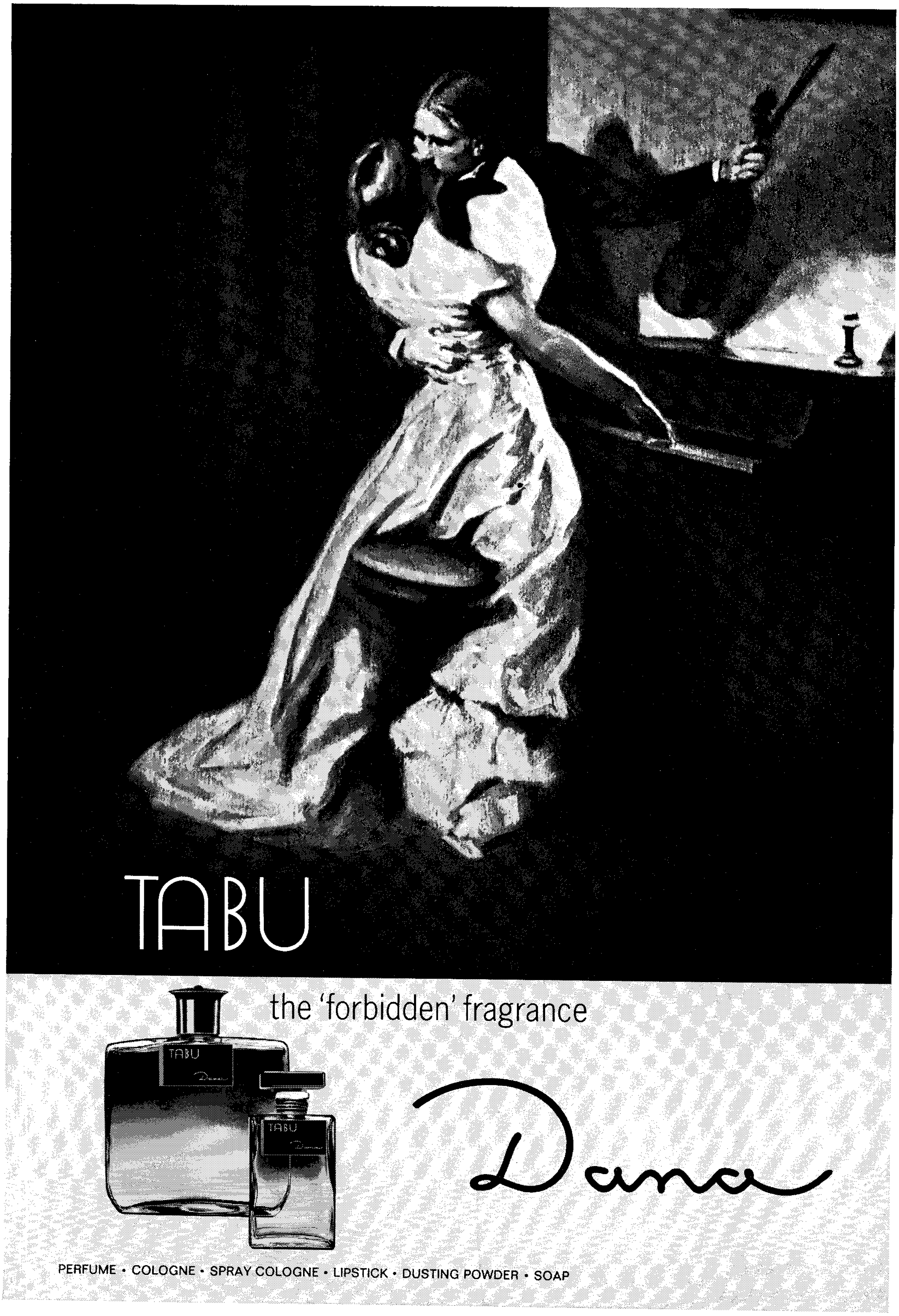
The telephone rings and penetrates the educative process ["educative process" because before the telephone call I have been seeing family, villagers, political and religious leaders, and bystanders, and trying to come to terms with flies, heat, sunstroke, and starving millions]. "This is me!" says a voice. "Hello, it's you, on the phonekins," I reply, and Oxford is in India ["kins" because, in our talk at Oxford, Dom and I and our other friends occasionally attached "kins" to words in order to make our speech rhythmic and characteristically ours]. . . . He settles into a room in a posh hotel, and fills the cabinet with nectar—drinks for him and tiny drinks for me. ["Tiny" is like "kins," also for rhythm, etc.] First thing we do after some drinking is to go to the Volga, a bourgeois Delhi place with upper-class pretensions. Dom is slightly unmanageable. I order a four-course dinner. Dom says he wants nothing to eat, but I say he must eat, because liquids without solids are bad for the health. So I order for him. Dom speaks only English, for though he was brought up in Bombay, he's had much less Indian background than I. I am at home in three Indian languages and so can order conveniently. Dom accidentally splashes soup on my suit, then feeds a tiny bit of rice to imaginary dogs under the table. I am embarrassed but enjoy being the center of attention. A Sikh at the far left table picks up the phone, dials a number, then tries, in Punjabi, to persuade someone to come to the Volga immediately. "You can't imagine what is going on here," he says. "Just come for five minutes." (The *fool doesn't realize that I can understand* Punjabi.) Dom then feeds a tiny bit of pudding to the imaginary dogs. The waiters don't know what to do. The orchestra starts playing conservative English melodies as loudly and furiously as possible. We stagger out, to everyone's relief, and get a taxi and order the driver to take us to my home.

*"I didn't say I could do better, I said I know lots of kids who could do better."*

I hasten to add, in talking to Dom, "But your version may, in spirit, be much more like 'uskins' on that tiny holiday." Again I supply the reference from "Walking the Indian Streets":

We seldom told an unvarnished truth; we made whatever happened to us more fanciful and funny, to amuse ourselves and our friends. (In this Dom was more gifted than I, but he brought out my playful self.) This was not necessarily intentional. It was just part of our natures, or perhaps, more accurately, it was an escape from our natures. Both of us wore heavy armour, and our nonsense shielded us from the public, and from each other, and from ourselves. This is, in fact, to say that the friendship between Dom and me was English—reserved, witty, sarcastic, intellectual, and sometimes uncommunicative, if you took words alone as an index of feelings.

"Of course, Dom," I continue, "in Delhi I was with my family and you were with your father, so we did not see as much of each other as we might have during our bummy days at Oxford, say." (From "Walking the Indian Streets": "At Oxford, we worked frightfully hard perhaps for five or six days, five or six weeks, and after this intensive period we took a physical and spiritual holiday, bumming and being amiable, visiting and being visited. These bummy days were an Oxford specialty. Just as some people have Sabbaths, we had bummy days. They are necessary to those of us who lead serious lives day in and day out, like ants on the pages of a folio musty with age and use.") "The pace naturally quickened, as we raced, in a very bummy fashion, through Nepal and Calcutta. In Katmandu, thanks to a letter of



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introduction from your father, we were invited to stay at the palace of a Rana"—the Ranas being members of the Nepalese aristocracy. "Your description of our arrival there is wild."

My reference is to this passage from "Gone Away":

> "Coo, Dommie!" Ved said. "This really is a palace."
>
> At this point I became aware of an enormous Himalayan bear crouched next to the sofa. It glowered at me. I gasped.
>
> "Now what is it?"
>
> "... It must ... be stuffed."
>
> "Honestly, Dommie, I know you have a fantasy-life, but what do you think? Have you ever known anybody who kept a live bear in their drawing room?"
>
> "I only wondered," I was beginning lamely, when the bear rose, snarled at us, and shambled loosely out through the farther door.

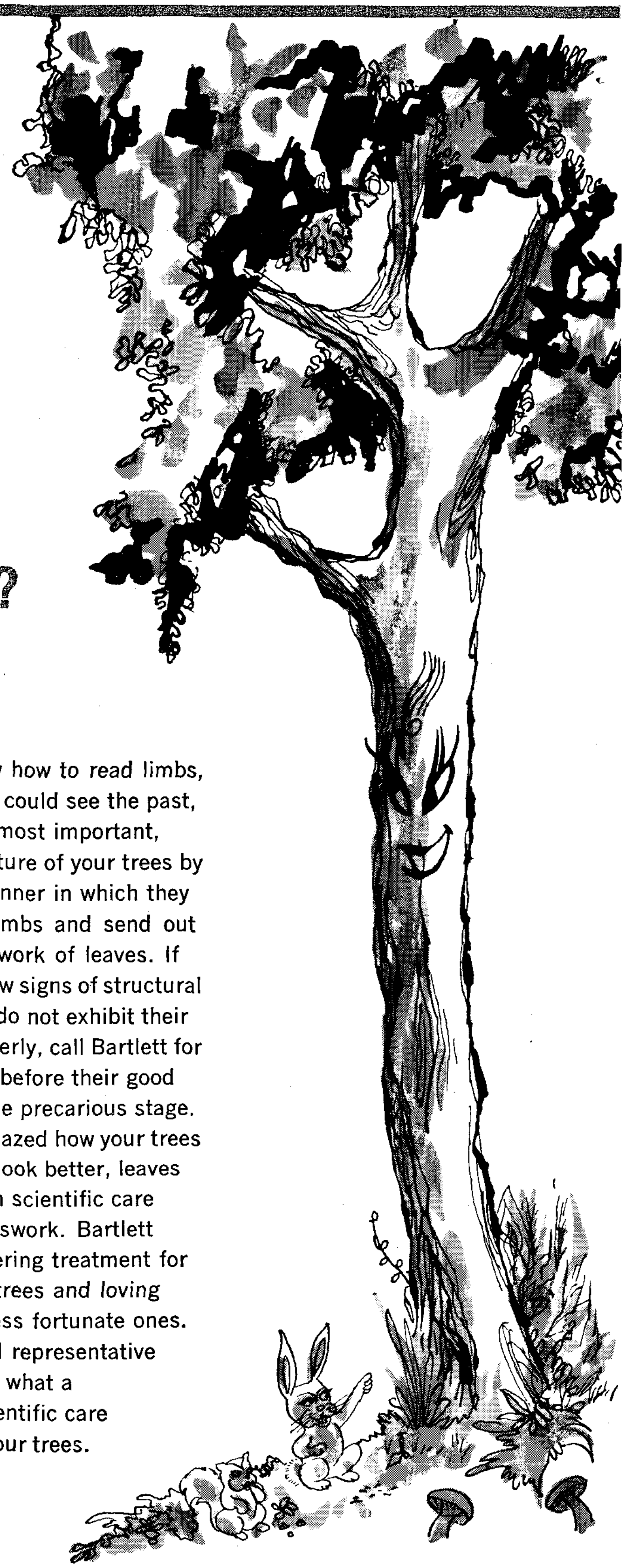
"Coo! I am moved now to coo, Dom—for the first time in my life—because, leaving aside my ingenuous comment, we were never once accosted during our stay in the palace by so much as a Teddy bear. But in your account the exit of the imaginary bear is beautifully orchestrated with the arrival of our hostess, the Rani, and, of course, you immediately tackle her on the subject of the bear. 'There was a bear here a few minutes ago,' you say to the Rani." I continue to quote from "Gone Away":

> "Ah yes," said the Rani dreamily. "Which bear?"
>
> "You have several?"
>
> "Oh yes. That is one thing you must be careful about: don't go out at night; they don't see very well in the dark, and they might not know you were guests."

"The chimerical bear has multiplied, Dom. In fact, when we talked about how grand it would have been to live in the palace of a Rana at the noon of his feudal power, I had no idea that, writing of our experiences in Nepal, you would make out that many things perhaps present a hundred years ago were still about now—as though the DC-3 that carried us to Katmandu were a time machine. But how the modern Ranas must wish that they were still living in the palace of your description!"

Making a guide of one of our host's sons, an engineer, Dom continues the report of our first day's adventures:

> He led us down to the ground floor. It was a long way.
>
> "Who lives in these five hundred rooms?"
>
> "Well, my father has five of us, you know. Five sons. We each have quarters for ourselves and our families. Then lots of the rooms are guest-rooms, drawing-



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rooms, that kind of thing. And of course the maidservants have one wing."

"Maidservants?" inquired Ved. The engineer son laughed and inserted an elbow into Ved's ribs. "We had more of them before 1951, of course. About two hundred and fifty. Now I think the actual number is about a hundred and fifty. Useful girls, they do everything, ha ha!" The elbow drove into my ribs this time.

We went out through a carved wooden porch into the main courtyard. The palace was rectangular and the courtyard a rectangle within a rectangle. It was very busy: men and women in loose tunics and felt shoes moved ceaselessly through it—the servants: the women almost all young and pretty. And on three sides of the courtyard there were shops. There were a blacksmith and a goldsmith, a cobbler, a tailor, a barber, a dispensary, and, in one corner, an anonymous doorway to which the engineer son pointed.

"That's the most important of all. The bank."

He nudged Ved again, laughing.

"Who uses these shops?"

He looked at me, surprised. "Why, we do. The family. We pay all these people and they serve us."

"What's the idea?" Ved said.

"When these palaces were built the Ranas had the idea of setting up autonomous communities in each one. All these people live in our house, and we take care of them. We feed and clothe them, and they serve us. It is like a little city. We even have a school in the grounds, for their children."

The "Gone Away" hospitality, thanks to that time machine, is every bit up to the "Gone Away" palace. According to Dom, our host, the General (all the top Ranas have the title of general), bidding us good night on our first evening, said, "I hope I have not forgotten anything that would make you comfortable."

"Oh no, sir," we said. . . .

When, at about midnight, we stumbled back to our room, we found Pannalal [one of the palace servants] asleep across the doorway. We stepped over him. "Do you want the light, Dommie?"

"No," I said.

We undressed in the dark. Ved was quicker than I was. He moved over to his bed while I was still fastening my pyjama trousers. I heard him struggling through the mosquito-curtain, and then came a yell of horror.

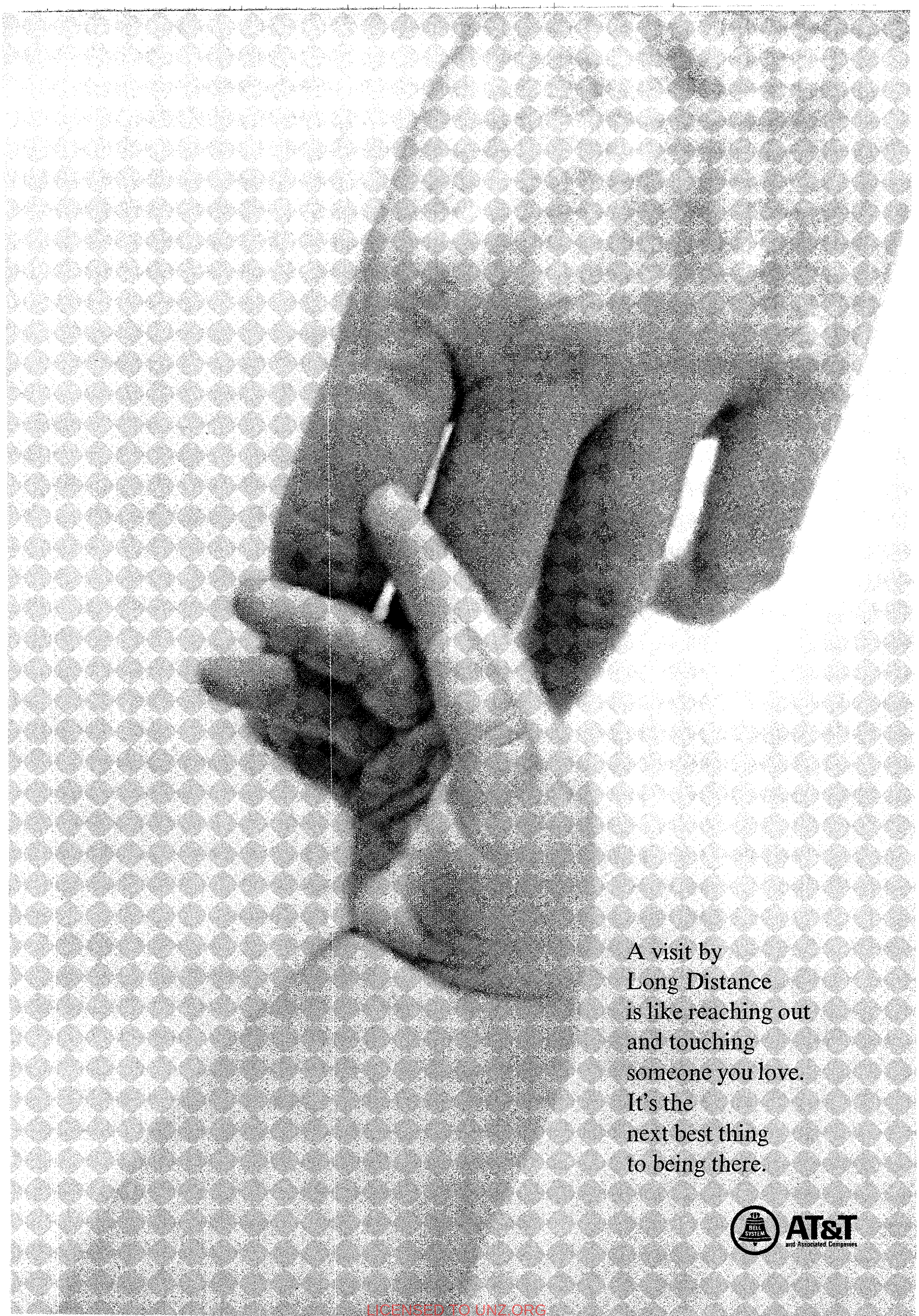
My first thought was of stray bears. I rushed to the light-switch and turned it on. Ved was scrambling out of his bed, which now contained a very pretty Nepalese girl. She didn't have any clothes on. When I turned to my bed, there was one there too. She laughed and made an unmistakable gesture.

Pannalal had now woken up. He stood doomfully in the door, wiping the sleep out of his eyes.

"What are these girls doing here?" I said.

"The General Sahib sent them to entertain you. If they are not pretty enough, I will fetch two others."

"No, no," I said, and cravenly retired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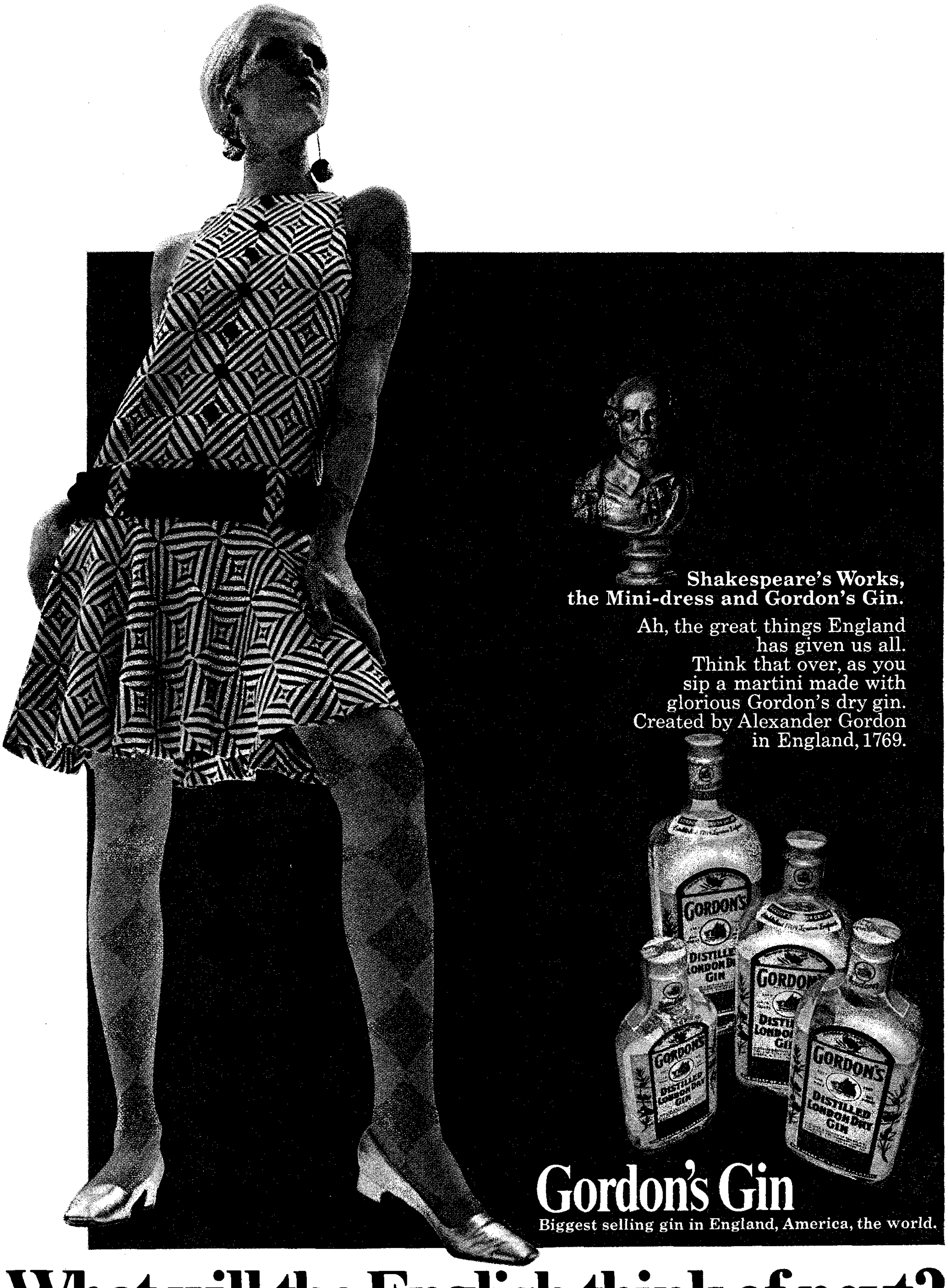

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into the dining-room, leaving Ved to cope with the situation.

When I returned, the girls had gone. Pannalal, looking very indignant, was going back to sleep.

"How did you get rid of them?" I asked admiringly.

"I said we both had a contagious disease."

"Genius," I said.

"Just a knack, just a knack, nothing at all," Ved said, crawling back through the mosquito-curtain. "Poof, they use very strong scent."

I now reproach Dom with: "The events of this day—as of many others described in the book—are all poof. If such a day had been conjured up for your friends at Oxford, we would have been impressed by your powers of make-believe, but at some point or other we would have said, 'Good tale,' and, the enchantment broken, gone on to have a drink. Treating every poor reader as an Oxford friend lays you open, I'm afraid, to a charge of misplaced generosity. Actually, you are even more bountiful to me. Still leafing through the Nepalese section, I find myself performing an equestrian feat that I could scarcely have managed strapped to the back of a winged mule." Once more, I quote from "Gone Away":

> Three sidling ponies stood, saddled, but rolling crimson nostrils, and gently and angrily flattening their ears.
>
> In the midst of their pirouettes, we seized them, I feeling piratical, and came aboard. The saddles were wooden and horned, and hurt as soon as one sat on them.... It was midday.... I felt slightly anxious about Ved. As I bounced on the wooden saddle, I decided I must keep an eye on him. I was much aggrieved when he came cantering back down the bridle-path.
>
> "Are you okay, Dommie? Do you want a hand?"
>
> "No," I said sourly, and followed the other two thereafter. [The third rider he has introduced simply as "Gupta."]
>
> The road was steep, rock-strewn, and occasionally flooded. Progress was slow. Every now and then the ponies had to tiptoe along the edge of a precipice. At first it was all right: the precipice was low to the ground, and a fall would have meant a cut elbow, perhaps, and reminded one happily of one's childhood. Later it grew higher; a fall would have meant a broken neck. My pony insisted on the edge, and I kicked it despairingly. Occasionally, squinting down, I would see clods disintegrate from its hoof and its previous foothold rain down crumbwise into the valley beneath.
>
> All round the mountains got bigger, hairier, more menacing, and the valley dwindled to small Chinese roofs and rivers like saliva-threads from the sudden lips of the hills. I held the reins, pressed my knees tight into the pony's sparse ribs, and hoped. Finally we emerged from the edge into an area of trotted-up slopes, the

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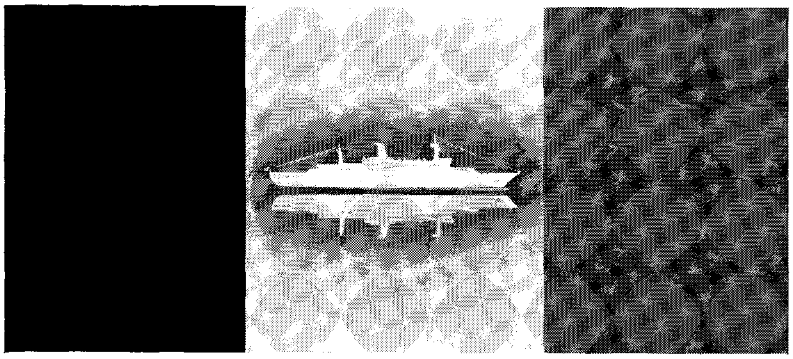

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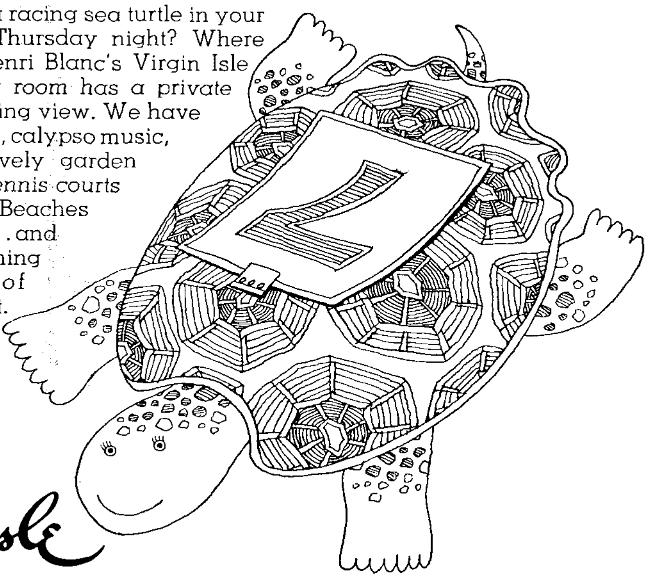

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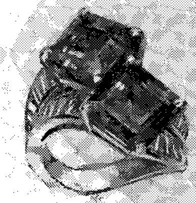

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trees steaming mist on either side. I had to lean forward on the pony to keep in sight of the others, and also, with the mist steaming in through my shirt, it became exceedingly cold.

"Are you all right?" Gupta shouted back through the mist, and I replied haughtily, "Excellent."

Then more climbing. The pony stuttered his feet every so often, and yawed his head back, and squiggled his behind, and riding became agony. The mist had fortunately blotted out any prospects of a fall, and my entire consciousness was concentrated on avoiding the next bump. Eventually we climbed to a village, where people came out and stared amazedly....

"Come on, Dommie," said Ved enthusiastically, still from the saddle. "We must go."

We did, then, scrambling up a steep track dissolving now in the faint mountain rain, always higher; the wooden saddle unbearable each time the pony trotted: but luckily that wasn't often.

Finally, in the mist, the ponies clinging with slithery hooves to the edge, lights glimmered in the stew ahead.... So I stuck my heels into the pony's side again, and managed to arrive, at a species of canter, in a village of nervous mud huts sticking to the mountain. People came out to stare. We dismounted and looked around.

"Now, now," I protest to Dom. "For the three or four days we were in Nepal, we stayed put most of the time in our tiny palace in Katmandu, and didn't go near a horse, though the names of several villages we supposedly rode through—Patan, Bhatgaon, Thoka—did come up in our conversations with Nepalese. In fact, most of the scenes in your account of our Nepal excursions I can recognize as having been drawn from one chance remark or another, or else from stories told to us, since our ability to amuse others made them want to amuse us. Wishes have indeed become horses, but in this instance it is the reader who, not having had the privilege of meeting you, is taken for the heroic ride. What makes 'Gone Away' live for me is an occasional scene that is as dull as used college silver and china after dinner but as filling as that food that was. I admire such a tableau as your interview with the Dalai Lama, who, all the same, comes across as an aspirant to Oxford with almost the fervor of Jude the Obscure."

I was surprised [Dom reports] to find him actually a sturdy, broad-shouldered, tall young man. . . . His brown robe was open at the neck to reveal a tan shirt. He came forward and gave me an extremely firm handshake. . . . He gestured and said in English, "Please sit."

It was an enormous sofa. I sank into it with trepidation. The Dalai Lama sat beside me and the interpreter drew up a chair facing us. The Dalai Lama crossed his legs composedly, revealing under the

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robe brown brogues and a pair of red socks with yellow stripes.... "Is there any secular literature in Tibet? The recent revolt, for instance, did that produce any literature?"

The interpreter translated this. He addressed the Dalai Lama as "Kundun," his usual Tibetan title, which means "Presence." ... Kundun thought carefully, and then answered.

"His Holiness says that he does not know of any literature, but there may be some." ... He leant forward, tapped me on the knee, and said something. "His Holiness thanks you for your interest in the Tibetan people. He hopes to be able to send some of the young men of his people to your university, to Oxford, and to other Western universities. He will see if he is able to afford, and if possible he will send." ...

"Can His Holiness remember his childhood before he was chosen as Lama? ... Did he feel any different to other children?"

The Dalai Lama looked thoughtful at this. The long hands moved as though sketching a childhood in the air. But he shook his head.

"His Holiness has no particular memory of that part of his life. He cannot tell if he felt any different from other children, because he had no standards of comparison. But his mother always said that he was the noisiest child she had ever seen.... He asks you what you studied at Oxford."

I said Literature. The Dalai Lama nodded. The next question was about the methods of instruction. I explained the tutorial system. Again he nodded.

"Kundun thinks this is a good method. He asks you to describe the life in Oxford."

So I found myself explaining scouts, landladies, the importance of the pub, the bicycle, and the river. The Dalai Lama listened to all this closely....

"Does he plan to travel a lot?"

The Dalai Lama for the first time looked sad. His hands lay inert in his lap as he spoke. "Kundun says that he cannot be interested in travel except in so far as it will help his country. He may visit some of the Buddhist countries, and if the Tibetan case is brought before the U.N., he may go to America, but he will always make India his base, and always return to it, because it is near his country." ...

We all stood up and the Dalai Lama dropped his arm round my shoulders in a friendly gesture.... He shook my hand with the same firm clasp as before, and stepped aside. I remembered what I had been told about not turning my back. I accordingly began to sidle out backward, crab-fashion. The Dalai Lama watched me for a moment. Then he suddenly took a few steps forward, dropped his hands to my shoulders, and turned me round so that I faced the door.

But it's time to end the feast, and speed the guests, for I can hear Dom say to those assembled—probably with a philosophical shrug—"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone." In any case, none of us can ever hope to tie up all the loose

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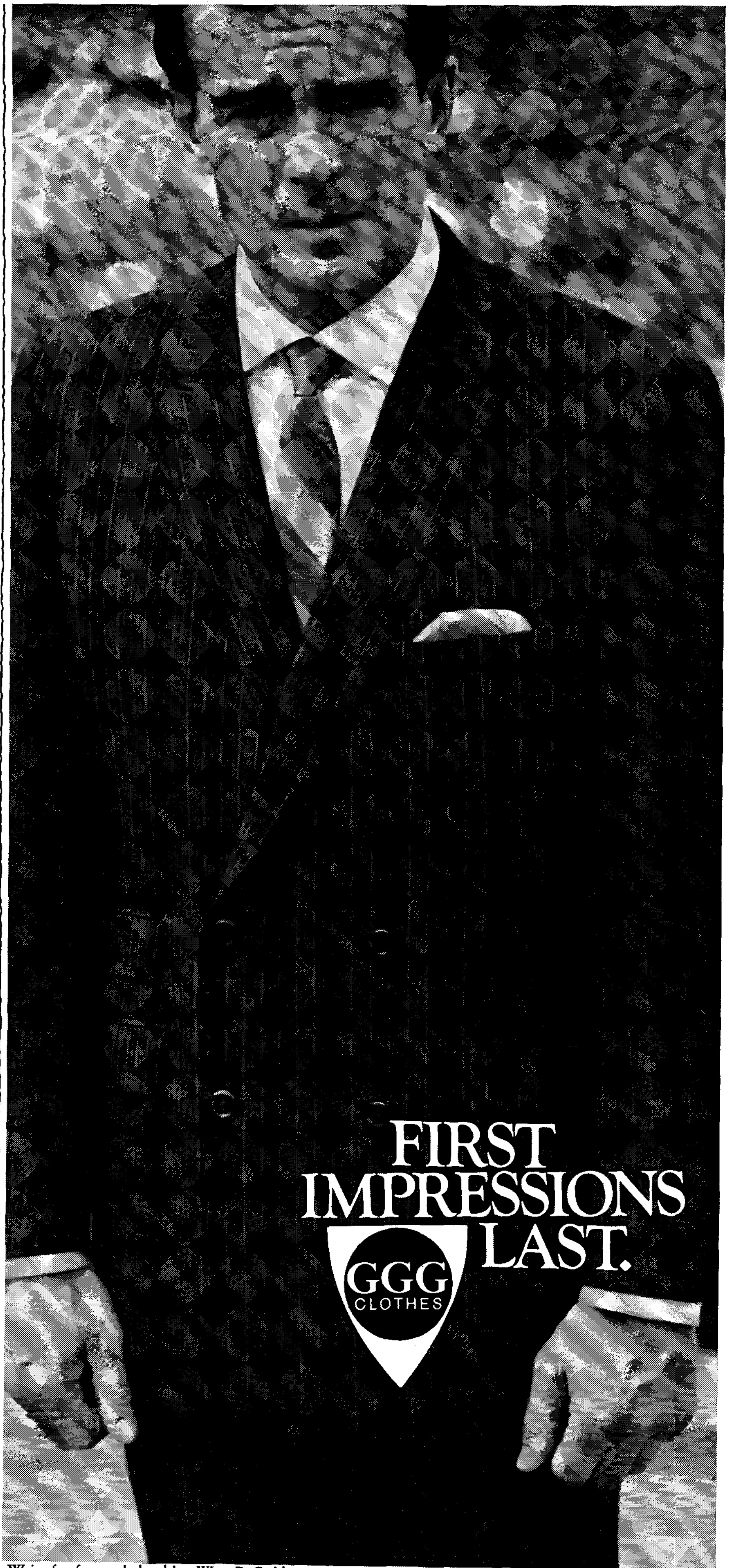
©1967 West Indies Bay Co., Div. St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. For name of nearest store, write to us at 680 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019 ends in "Gone Away." Kingsley Martin, writing something of a spoilsport review of the book in the *New Statesman*, caught at one of the ends when he noted, "He [Dom] muddles fact and fiction. To confuse ostensibly factual reporting by making his friends and hosts participate in fictitious and sometimes discreditable incidents is unjustifiable as art, fun, or journalism." Yet Martin could only conclude, "You have to sort out the mélange for yourself." An Indian reviewer set about doing precisely this. He went to the length of dispatching questionnaires to many of the characters who figured in the pages of "Gone Away." One of the recipients was Jawaharlal Nehru, who was asked whether, to prolong his interview with Moraes, he had actually said, as Moraes reported in "Gone Away," "Parliament can wait for a few minutes." "The reply," the reviewer reported, "charming, evasive, characteristically Nehruvian, says that he 'has not seen Dom Moraes' book "Gone Away."' In fact, he has no recollection of any 'casual remarks' that might have been made to Mr. Moraes. 'It is possible' that he might have said, 'Parliament can wait for a few minutes,' but he is 'not quite sure.' In case he did make that remark, 'it did not mean that Parliament would be kept waiting' but that he would go there 'a few minutes later.'" The reviewer could only remark, by way of a moral, "Much virtue in 'if,' said Touchstone! And also, we might note, in 'in case.'" The other replies to the questionnaire, which the reviewer printed solemnly, along with Nehru's, in a periodical appropriately called *Quest*, were no more illuminating, and, defeated by the mélange, he could only lean on the Bible and mumble in parenthetical despair, "'What is truth?' said Pilate."

To me, as critic pro tempore, it was clear—even before I read the literary and epistolary comment on "Gone Away"—from its point of view, from its imagery, and from its rhapsodic tone, that the central fact about the book was that Dom was a lyric poet whose governing intention was to indulge in undisguised hyperbole. As a friend in aeternum, I recall the Indian setting of our journey as merely a foil for our splendid bummy holiday, and I reflect that if Dom and I had been able to spend more time in India together—possibly giving him a chance to talk his book out with me in a few conversational jags (our version of the dialectic)—the bummy holiday might have yielded, when it reached print, a cluster of pure memories instead of the



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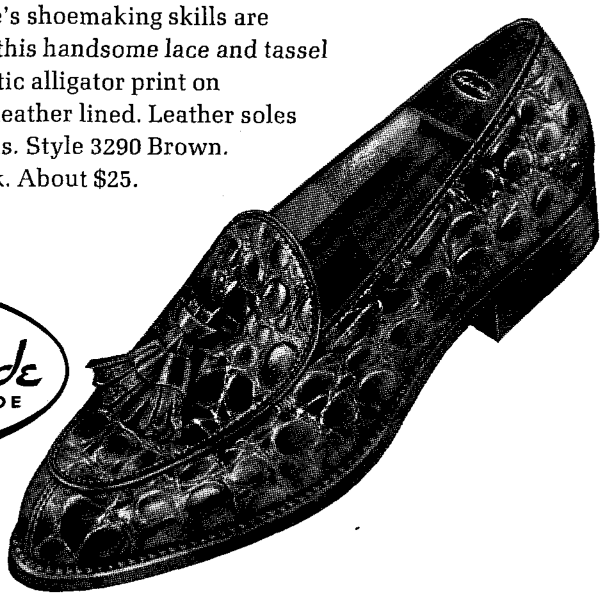

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mélange. As things have actually worked out, our Indian journey of 1959, and the confusion growing out of it, might just as well have been swept aside, for it is as though we had never been there that summer, and the actual India (the India that has one-sixth of the world's population and one-half of the world's democratic people) were still waiting to be discovered. But, looking to the future, I wish to remember, above all, an exchange I had with Dom—reported in "Gone Away"—as we were saying goodbye in Calcutta in the rain; I was leaving India to do postgraduate work in the United States, and he was to do some further travelling in India and then go back to England to write poetry. He said that one day we would each return to India, but "older, stiffer, and more settled." (Later on, I read in manuscript Dom's subsequent prose work, an autobiography called "Myself When Young." As in "Gone Away," so in "Myself When Young," Dom writes about his doings in India and England—his travels, his adventures, his romances, his entanglements with high society and low life—giving, throughout, his impressions of poets, writers, journalists, painters, actors, Oxford contemporaries. As in the first book, so in the second book, I know many of the people he writes about, was present at many of the scenes he describes, and recall many of the conversations he records. But in "Myself When Young," perhaps because of the seven years of self-discovery that separate the writing of the two books, the reporting seems to me quite straight. Indeed, the frankness of the new book reminds me of the autobiography of Stephen Spender.) I think now that he might have said, "Sadder, too," for our antics, the elements of friendship that supported them, the ability to create from the hush of our fancies a cozy island in the sea of misery around us—these have now all been put away, and, what is even more of a pity, even rereading our two accounts has failed to recall that world, so I feel almost that I did not visit India at all in the summer of 1959, and that in returning now, in 1965, I must find my way home after an absence not of six years (1959-65) but of sixteen (1949-65). Actually, there is no finding my way to the home in which I was born and brought up, for that was situated in Lahore, in a corner of India that has been lost to Pakistan, and our family, who are Hindus, were uprooted and resettled in New Delhi. Changes have taken place in India and, on a smaller

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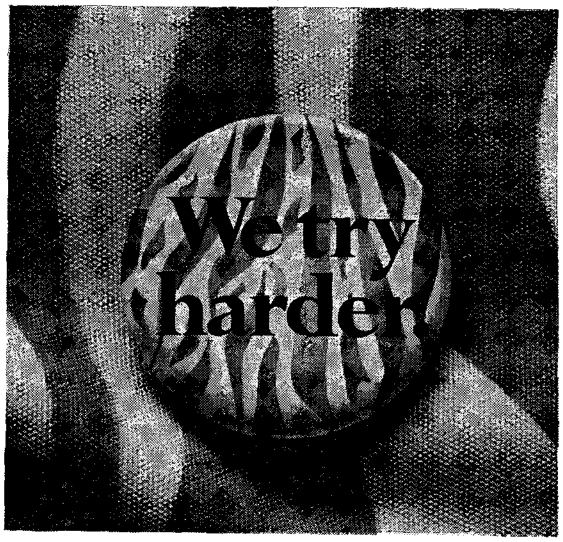

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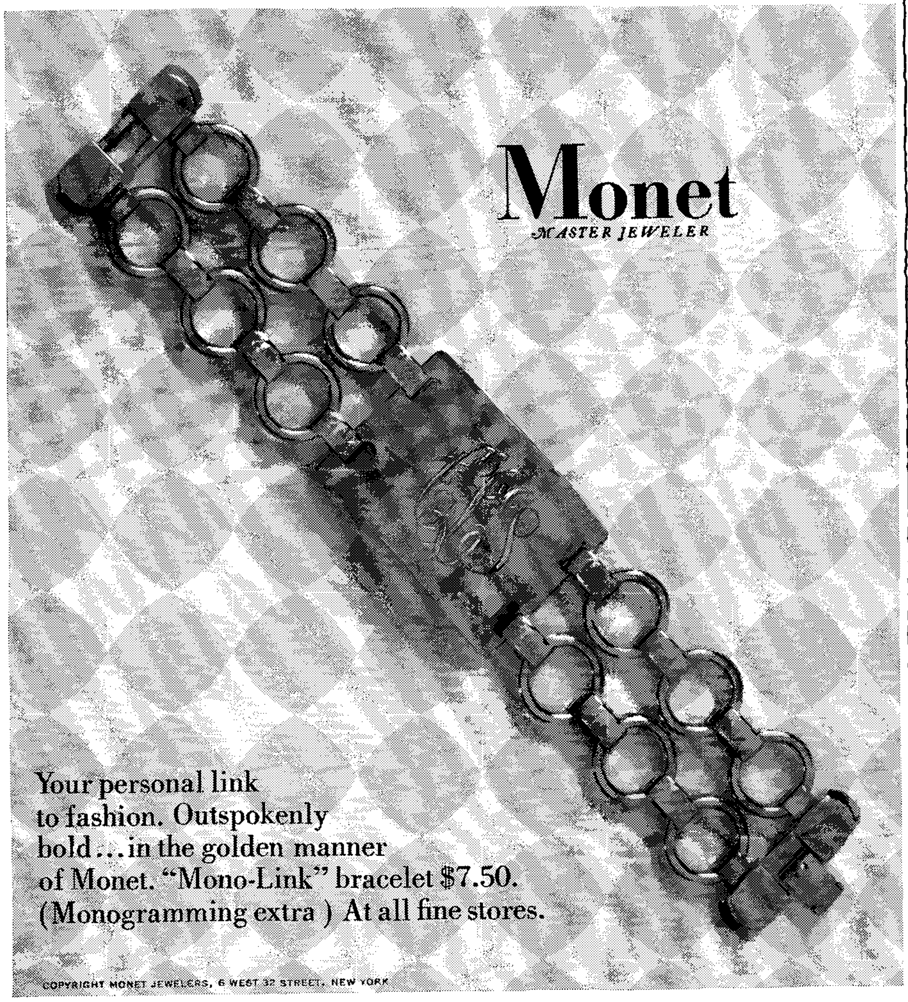

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scale, in my family—marriages and births—and, having received all my education outside India, I know that I am a foreigner in my own country.

THE GUIDE: Today, shortly after arriving in India, I go on a tour of New Delhi. Since I was here last, the city has fanned out in all directions. Where once there were waste tracts, there are now little self-contained suburbs, each busily searching for an exclusive identity. (There is Defense Colony, Diplomatic Enclave, Golf Links, and one that is called simply Friends' Colony.) An index to the status of the denizens of a particular suburb is the size of their houses, and an index to their snobbery, perhaps, is their system of naming, numbering, and lettering these dwellings—which are, however, no easier to tell apart than the streets. The general plan seems to be to confound the interloper from the next suburb—and, certainly, the stranger to the city, who is additionally burdened with the necessity of remembering English street names from the days of the raj along with new Indian street names (for instance, King Edward Road, named after Edward VII, has become Maulana Azad Road, named after the late Minister of Education), for the two sets of names appear to be used interchangeably. Nor is there any limit to the burgeoning of oppressive suburbs (which now also have English and Indian names; for instance, Diplomatic Enclave is called Chanakya Puri)—the Indian version of the nightmare that is Los Angeles, and with, even for the well-off, nothing more advanced than a bicycle or a tonga or a scooter-driven rickshaw to cover the distances that go with them.

I present myself at nine o'clock at the Imperial Hotel, an embarkation point for city tours. I notice that foreigners, for the most part, head for big private cars with their own private guides, but I wait by two public buses, amid tourists from other parts of India, who show a curiosity about things Indian that would have been inconceivable when I was here last. In the babel of Indian languages, I can distinguish Bengali, Gujarati, Tamil, Telegu, Malayalam, and Kannada; most of my fellow-tourists, I gather, are from the south of India. I take a seat in the front of the first bus, near the guide, who is an elderly Sikh with a long beard. He is clad in a dingy beige turban, a patched-up beige tweed coat, loose gray flannels, and brown sandals, with a white drip-dry shirt, which is the only im-

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maculate part of his dress; the shirt is open at the neck, showing a bit of a maroon neckcloth. He talks through a microphone over the deafening noise: "Gentlemen and ladies, I am your friendly guide, and perhaps I ought to begin by giving you a tour of myself."

I brace myself for anything.

He goes on, "Gentlemen and ladies, I have three daughters and they are all well married, thank God. One of my sons-in-law is a successful veterinarian. One of my sons-in-law is a horticulturalist in London, and if you go to London he will be pleased to meet you. One of my sons-in-law, without asking me, applied for the Air Force and was accepted as one of the few; I wanted to encourage him to prospect in Canada or America. I have officiated as a personal secretary to a celebrated maharaja; I still have a telephone, even though I have retired from the maharaja's service."

A voice directly behind me asks, "What do you mean, 'officiated'?"

"Officiating from leave vacancy," the guide says, clarifying little.

A voice, this time from the back of the bus, shouts, "Sardarji, I cannot hear you! I shall have to write a letter of complaint to the Government of India Tourist Office!" The voice belongs to an old man who is, if anything, more rumpled than the guide. He is obviously ready for a good verbal joust.

But the guide, raising his voice until it almost cracks, says to the bus in general, with perfect good humor, "I suggest, gentlemen and ladies, all of you write letters of complaint to the Government of India Tourist Office. You must state in the letter (a) that the microphone should be more up-to-date and that instead of being placed here in front it should be planted in the middle of the bus, and (b) that the motor should be well oiled, so that you can all hear my words and be rewarded for your pains and money." The roar of the motor diminishes a little as the driver changes gears, and the guide continues, "Gentlemen and ladies, I want you to know that I have done my share of the work well. I went to the classes held by the Government of India Tourist Office. I attended them for two or three months and I qualified with a license. Now I get three or four requests a month to lead bus tours. This trade has been increasing, but it is not so good this year, owing to the war with Pakistan. From nine to twelve-forty-five I give the tour of New Delhi, and from two-fifteen to six I give the

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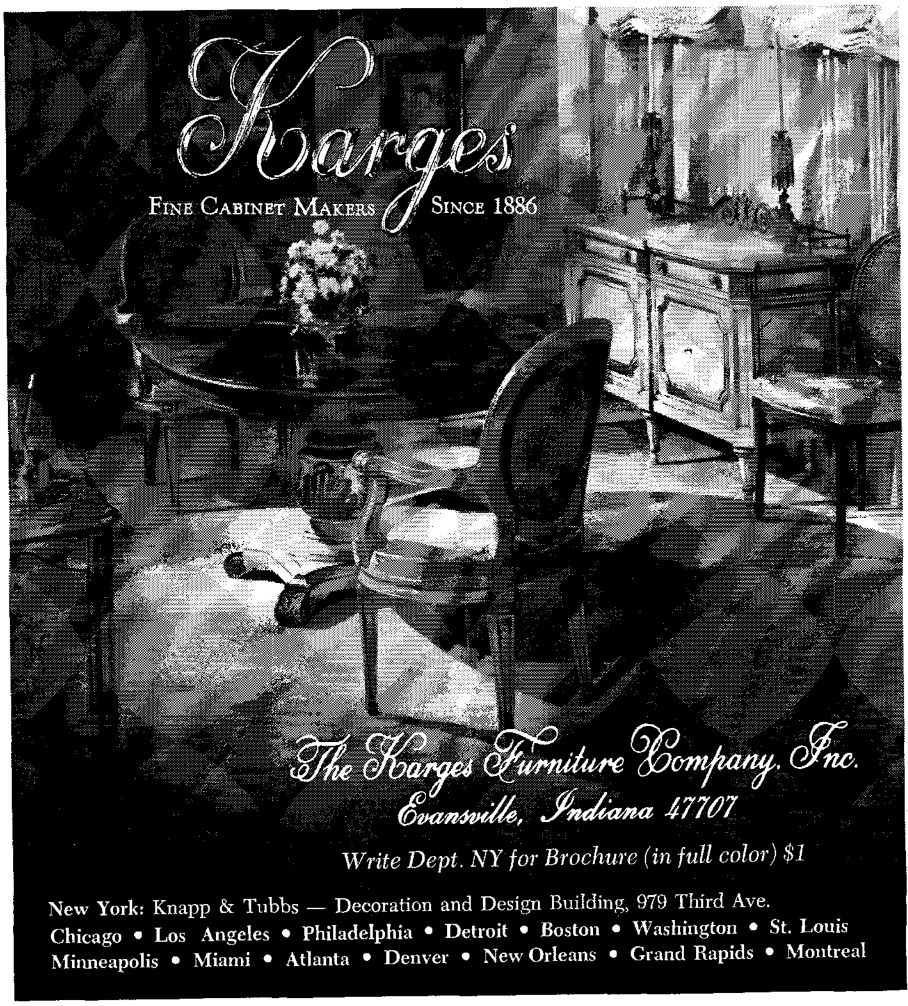
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tour of Old Delhi. For one day's service, I get twenty-two rupees—four dollars. Other days, I call around at a dozen or so travel agencies here in the hope of finding an American tourist who will want a private guide. But there are more than forty of us licensed, about a dozen of whom are lady guides, and they are the most popular. Some of them are very highly connected—wives of Deputy Secretaries—and they are very good at taking the American tourists to shop, and they get good commissions from the tourists as well as the shopkeepers. Some of the men guides may only be able to get American tourists to send them Terylene shirts from abroad."

The pugnacious old man, who turns out to be a Delhiwallah, moves up to the front and, pencil and pad of paper in hand, settles himself on the right, practically under the guide's nose. "Get to the business of the day," he says menacingly, writing something on his pad. "The bus has been moving through Delhi, and I have heard you talk only about your family and—"

"On your right, sir," the guide breaks in smartly, "is the Indian Technical Institute, which is one of the five such institutes in India; the others are in Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, and Kanpur. It gives education in mechanical, civil . . . The admission here is very difficult; a candidate must be a first divisioner in the intermediate and then take a competition which itself is very difficult. But once you are admitted your future is secure."

Lapsing into his earlier, relaxed manner, the guide goes on, "Gentlemen and ladies, we are now on the first lap of a sightseeing tour of Delhi. Delhi remains the center of power and culture, a city that offers a stimulant to the present and future, and is always interesting to all mankind. This city has grown beyond recognition during the last few decades, owing to many developments and improvements, and the new colonies are on your either side. Gentlemen and ladies, the population of Delhi was eight hundred thousand, but after Independence Delhi cannot be recognized. Delhi has a checkered and eternal history, like the city of Rome. Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras were not cities five hundred years ago, but Delhi was even then the capital of India, and Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras were only cities of mud. Delhi was also the capital of the Pandya during the Mahabharata days—B.C.—and during the Rajput rule. The Rajputs were a very brave people, always ready to die for a national cause,

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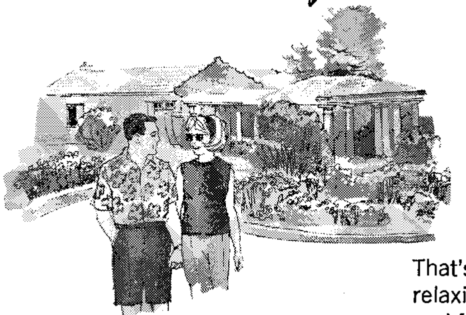

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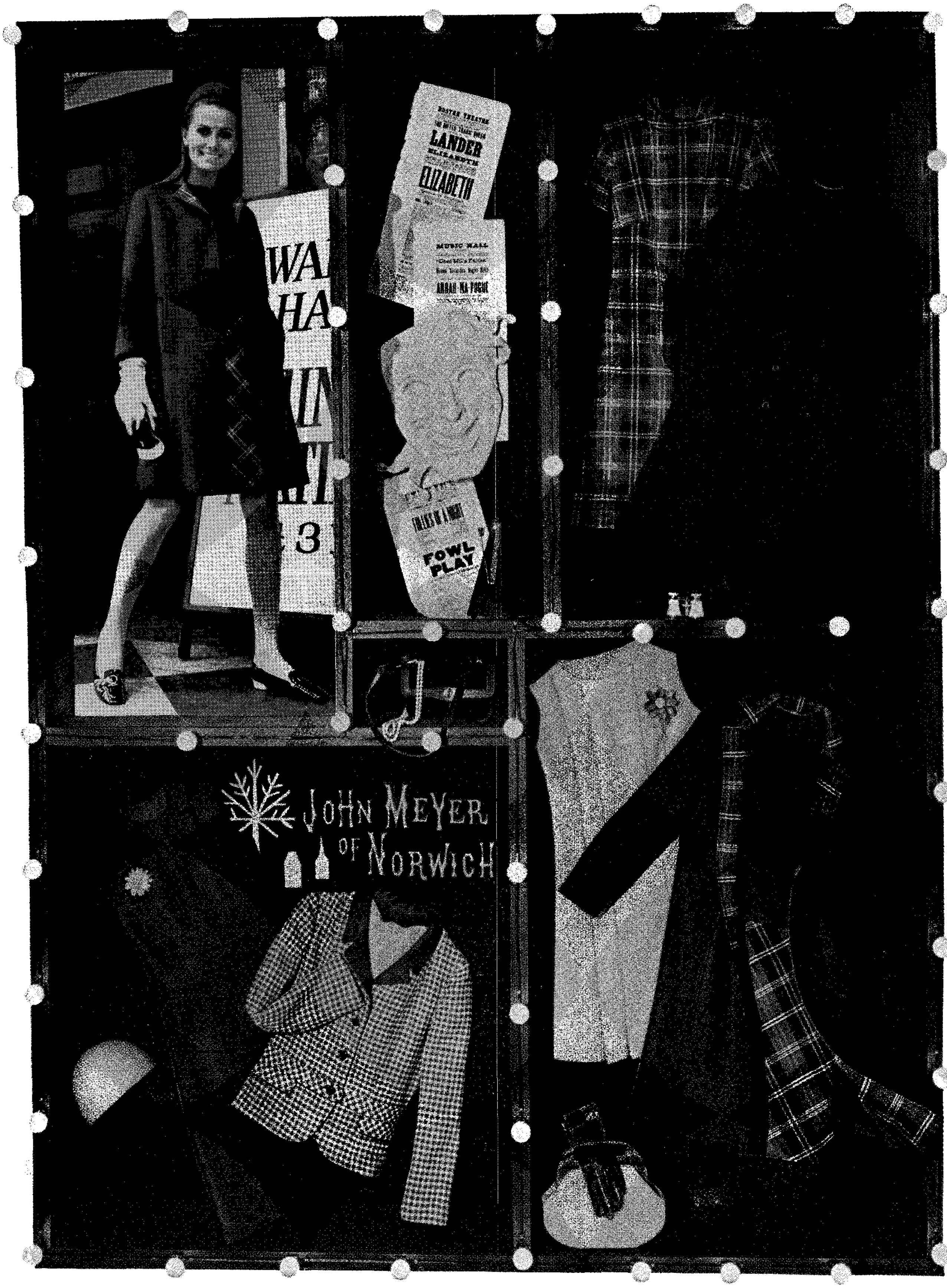

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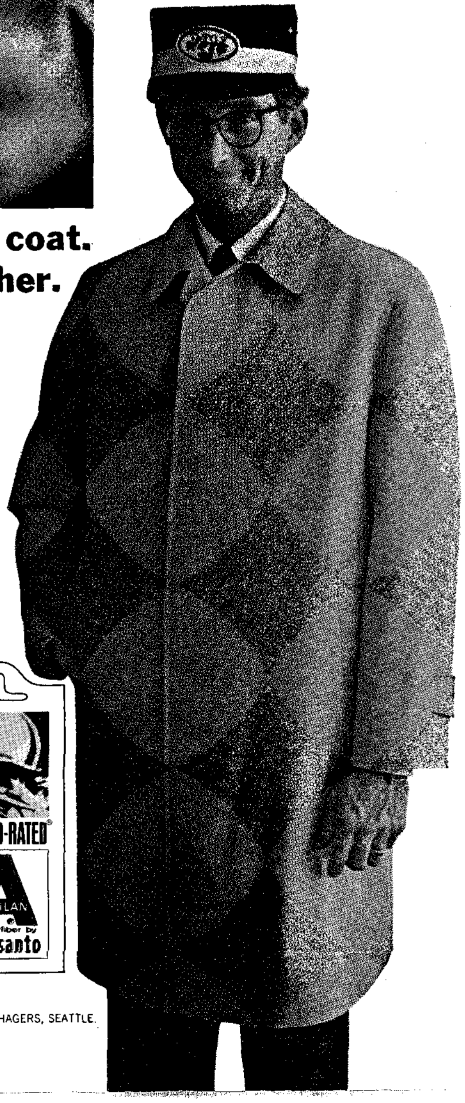

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always ready to die in wars, and their wives burnt themselves alive on the funeral pyres of their husbands. This was known as sati, which was banned by Regulation No. 17 of 1829." This fact, right or wrong, brings me up short, for it fits in oddly with the guide's vague, rambling discourse. But then I remember that Indians, who delight in generalities, will often drop a fact as if the raison d'être of facts were to clinch a vague argument.

The bus stops, and we follow the guide out into the gentle winter sun of Delhi and stand in front of a sort of yard cluttered with large, strangely shaped stone structures painted a bright orange-red, which suggest that Brobdingnagian children have been at work here with Plasticine. "Gentlemen and ladies, here we are at last at Jantar Mantar," the guide says. "'Jantar' comes from '*yantra*,' which is Sanskrit for 'instruments,' and '*mantar*' is Sanskrit for 'functions'—of astronomy. Jantar Mantar was built by the Maharaja Jai Singh. In the eighteenth century, he ruled the Jaipur state, once known as Amber. Maharaja Jai Singh was a great astrological astronomer of his time." The guide turns to a Brobdingnagian sundial and says, "This measures time by shadows. We can see the time of any part of the world, provided we know the latitude. This is the International Timing Clock. By this International Timing Clock, gentlemen and ladies, we can see time for England, Switzerland, Japan, and the Pacific islands. In Delhi it is now ten hours twelve minutes thirty seconds and one tenth. All of you may please set right your watches. If the sun is not visible, we have got to keep a pot of sand and watch the sand coming out of it, and then it is called 'sand time.'"

Next, the guide leads us to a circular cavity with markings dividing it into twelve parts, and proclaims, "I can read your whole life from this clock, if you tell me the time, date, and exact longitude of the place of your birth." And he is now an astrologer, collecting from the tourists the places, dates, and hours of their births, and making predictions that are as bright as his disposition.

More cavities, more sundials. Other stone structures, with columns and windows. There is nothing about them that is peculiar to Delhi, but the tourists trail the guide dutifully. Only the Delhiwallah protests. He complains that the narration is lacking in factual detail. The guide obliges the man—whom I look upon as merely a boring

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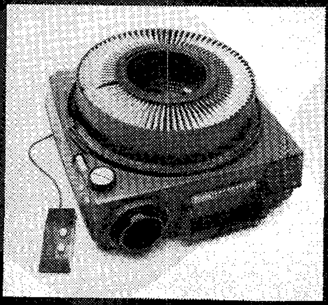

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heckler—as best he can, with muddled technical disquisitions. The more abstruse the explanation, the more strongly the guide seems to be impressed with his own words.

At length, the guide says it is getting late, and, indeed, he is noticeably less expansive on our next two stops—at India Gate, which commemorates the dead of the First World War, and the Humayun Tomb, which is encircled by an enormous, geometrically laid-out garden—though he still manages to be eloquent. ("This Humayun's mausoleum was built by the widow of the Mogul Emperor who lived in the sixteenth century. It is a precursor to the Taj; I feel it is my duty to tell a little about this mausoleum. It is for a hundred and seventy members of the royal family of Humayun. So you may also call it the Westminster Abbey of the Mogul Empire.")

Back in the bus, the guide breathlessly names stores, buildings, and even stretches of road as we bounce along, and fills in with whatever comments time allows. He points out the statue of the late Deputy Minister Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, the Reserve Bank of India, the Broadcasting House of All India Radio, the Indian Red Cross, the Ministry of Food and Agriculture, Air Headquarters, Rajpath, the Chelmsford Club, the statue of George V, the National Stadium, Jaipur House, the Old Fort, the Oberoi Intercontinental Hotel, the Methodist Church, the Golf Course, Diplomatic Enclave, the Lodhi Gardens, Safdarjung Airport, the All India Institute of Medical Sciences, Safdarjung Hospital. At the next-to-the-last stop, in front of a seven-hundred-year-old tower, Qutab Minar, which was built by the Moguls—the guide calls it a combination of the Tower of Pisa, the Eiffel Tower, and the Empire State Building—I detach myself from the crowd of tourists and, welcoming a few minutes of silence, drink a Coca-Cola at the monument's outdoor coffee shop.

I clamber aboard the bus as it is pulling out, and, this time, take a seat far in the back. I am enchanted with the guide, but the stones of Delhi are weighing me down, and I look forward to an early release—all the more when I discover that our last stop is a temple of garish appearance and recent origin, full of stone idols. The tourists having all dutifully shed their shoes and gone in, I find myself standing alone out front with the guide and the pugnacious old man.

"Sardarji, you know Mr. S. N.

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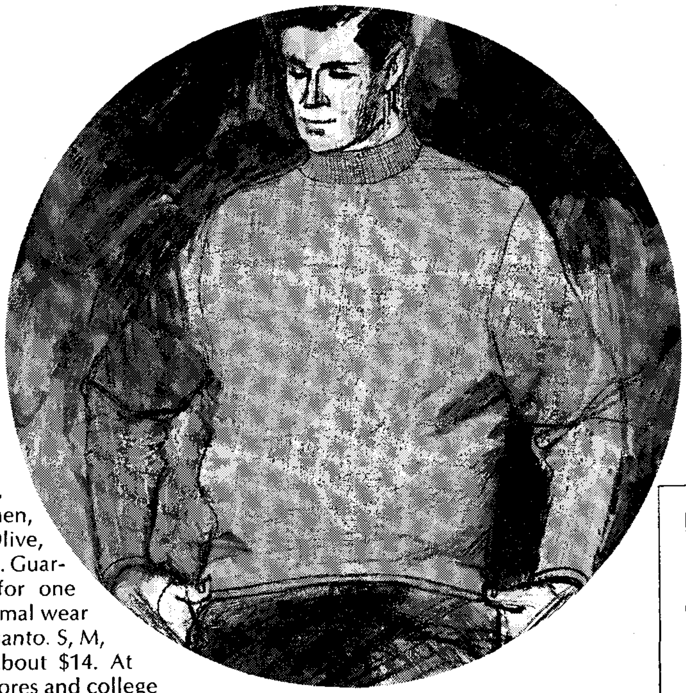

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Chib?" the old man asks. "He is a friend of mine."

The guide adjusts his neckcloth under his beard. "He is the Director-General of Tourism, with the rank of Joint Secretary," he says warily. "But, of course, I am too lowly in the Department for him to know me."

"I have drafted my letter of complaint at your suggestion," the heckler goes on, obviously enjoying the effect of his words, and, to my horror, he reads aloud a long letter of accusation, as though, instead of having set eyes on the guide for the first time this morning, he harbored an ancestral vendetta against him. The heckler charges that the guide has been deceitful, in that he has covered up his lack of knowledge about Delhi with high-flown words; mendacious, in that he has dubbed Qutab Minar "an Empire State Building without lifts;" corrupt, in that he has invited tips from the tourists by calling their attention to the American tourists' custom of showering gifts like drip-dry shirts upon their guides; subversive, in that he has dwelt on a practice like sati; and generally smug, supercilious, insulting, and heaven knows what else. At first, the guide tries to interrupt, but as one charge follows another, proclaimed always in a serious, threatening voice, his face takes on a bewildered look, and eventually he drops to his knees, touches the feet of his accuser, and begs for mercy, saying over and over that he has no pension from the maharaja, and the tours are his only source of income.

I am at a loss to understand why this merely boring heckler should have suddenly turned into a threat to the livelihood of the guide, nor can I understand the guide's complete loss of dignity. It is all like a scene out of cheap melodrama, and for a time I find it impossible even to be moved by it. But finally I do convince myself that it is real, and intervene; my pleadings to the heckler take on the abject tone of the guide's, and have no greater effect. A hint of an explanation appears in a remark his accuser makes to me, but this, again, is so bizarre that it is hard to give it any credence. Back in the bus, he sanctimoniously repeats the remark for the benefit of all the tourists. "This guide has been a quack and, from beginning to finish, a charlatan," he says. "I could have overlooked everything else, but I can't ignore his falsehoods about the science of astrology." The accuser, it seems, is a Brahman who fancies himself an astrologer. One or two fellow-tourists who are also Brahmans now mollify

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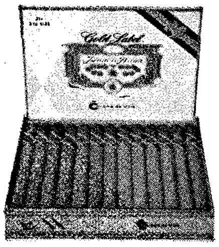

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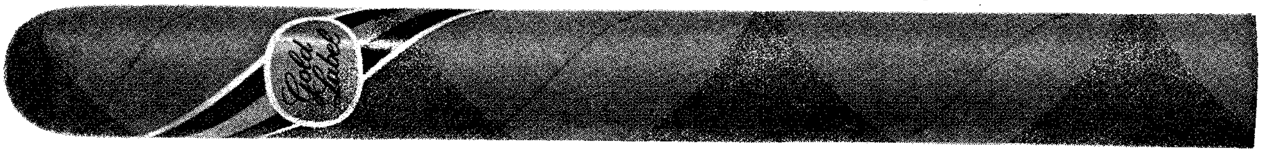

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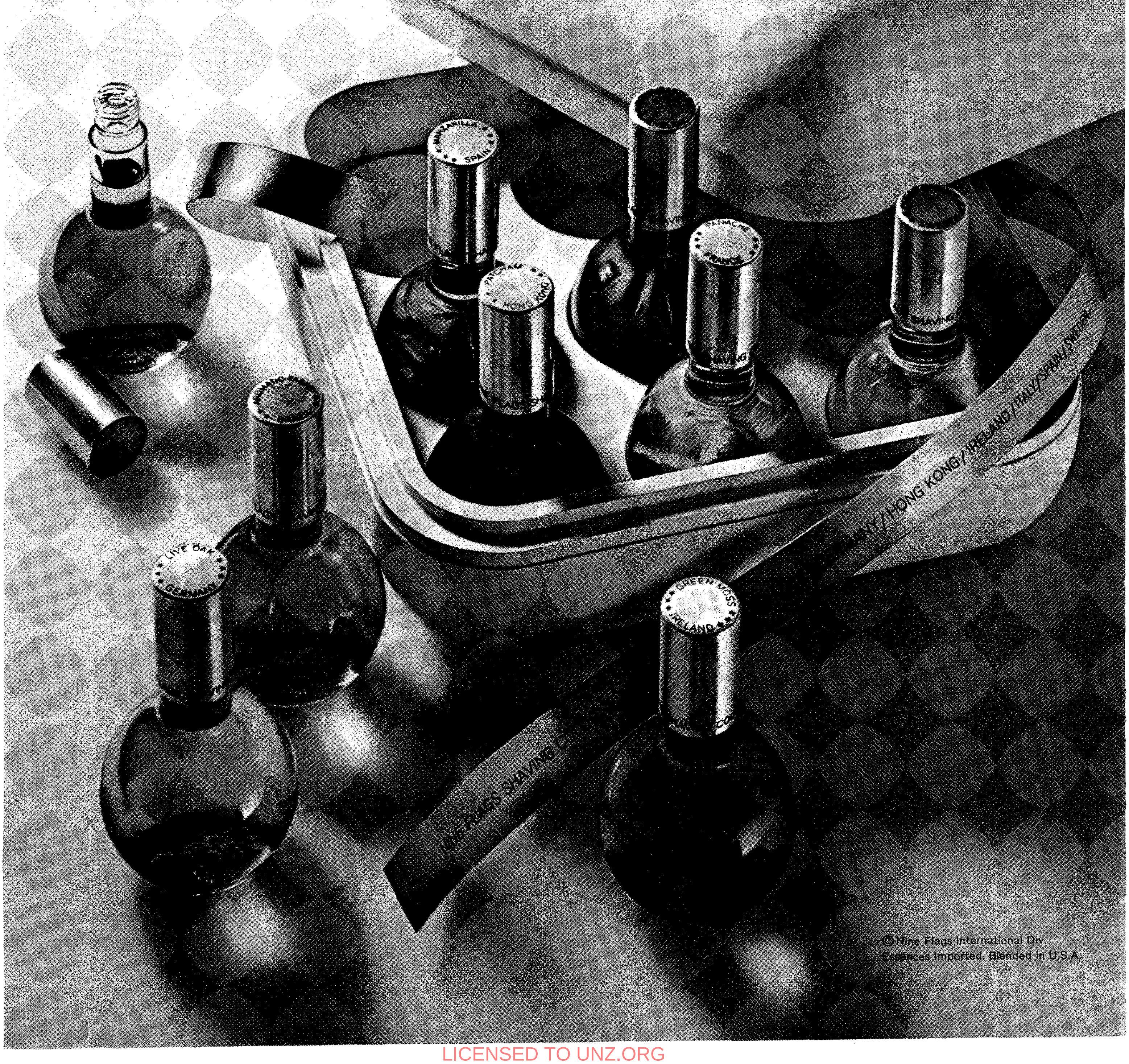
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him, and by the time we get back to the Imperial Hotel the potential destroyer of our guide's livelihood has become once more—and just as inexplicably—a mere heckler.

"So, gentlemen and ladies," the guide says, having rapidly regained his composure, "this is the end of the first lap of our sightseeing tour. Have a good lunch and rest your minds, and come back at two-fifteen exactly for the second lap of our tour—to Old Delhi."

SON ET LUMIÈRE: Today, I take note of the advertisements for the *son et lumière*. It seems that this medium is being used, for the first time in India, to reënact the history of an ancient citadel, the Red Fort of Delhi, just as it is used elsewhere in the world to tell the histories of Hampton Court Palace, Versailles, the Acropolis, and the Pyramids. The *son et lumière* of the Red Fort, which is performed alternately in Hindi and in English, is billed as the cultural event of the year. A friend of my family's who has seen it is, if anything, more enthusiastic than the notices. He says, "Centuries of history are miraculously telescoped, and the spectacle is as accurate in its details as it is thrilling." I find that in saying this he has done no more than echo the program of the event, which he shows me, and which also says, "Unlike an historical play, a *son et lumière* spectacle does not deviate from the facts of history. The scope for dramatic licence is, therefore, considerably limited. This principle has been strictly adhered to in telling the story of the Red Fort."

With high expectations, I take a taxi ride this evening to Old Delhi and the fort's enormous red sandstone wall; then, inside the walls, I stroll through a long, covered market that once sold bangles to Mogul princesses and now sells everything from antiques to Coca-Cola to the public. Next, I walk across a lovely lawn, passing fountains, beds of flowers, and Mogul buildings, and enter the grandstand, becoming a member of a huge crowd, with a view of the harem quarters of the fort, its audience hall, its royal baths, and its Pearl Mosque.

The English performance begins with the sounds of a musical fanfare and hubbub—now of another, recorded crowd—and then come the howls, hoots, and croaks of jackals, owls, and frogs, while waves of light play across the walls and domes of the buildings, until the mind begins to reel and the imagination to boggle. A narrator's voice, whose cadences recall Churchillian ora-

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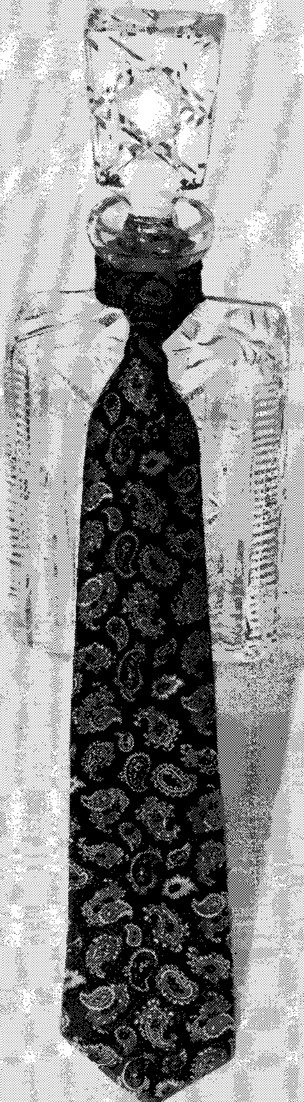

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tory, takes possession of the audience, ricocheting from loudspeaker to loudspeaker. The contours of the narrative are simple: Once upon a time, there was a wilderness by the bank of the sacred river Jumna, where we now sit. Shah Jahan, the fifth Mogul emperor, who built the Taj Mahal, chose the wilderness as the site for the Red Fort. The year was 1638. When the fort was completed, its battlements, which were octagonal, rose sixty feet high and measured a mile and a half around. The Palace of Colors, the Hall of Private Audience, the Prayer Room, the Royal Baths (colored lights play over the buildings) were as impressive as the gigantic walls guarding them. Around this fort there came to life the Delhi of the Moguls as the members of the royal household and the seraglio built, within a second, outer wall, their own palaces and mosques—replicas of Shah Jahan's dream in red sandstone. The fort, with its Peacock Throne in the Hall of Private Audience, became "the center of the universe." One of its rooms carries the inscription "If on earth be an Eden of bliss/It is this, it is this, it is this." As emperors came and went, the magnificent Shah Jahan, the fanatical Aurangzeb, the fratricidal and insane Bahadur Shah, the fratricidal and foolish Jahandar Shah, and, still later, a consumptive and a dope addict—the country was racked by wars and religious massacres, and, finally, it was invaded by Nadir Shah, King of Persia, who, among other things, stripped the fort of its Peacock Throne.

The lurid narrative progresses, to the sounds of bath water splashing, peddlers hawking, women making merry, soldiers shouting, mahouts crying imprecations, swords clanging, flesh ripping, horses neighing, tigers roaring, and throngs cheering—the chronicler consistently dotting his "i"s and crossing his "t"s, and swelling his Jabberwocky with little historical playlets. In one, Aurangzeb, the scourge of beauty, shouts, "What impious sounds assault our ears? Chamberlain, go and put a stop to this noise!" His shout interrupts the airy tintinnabulation of dancers' anklets, this being replaced by the piercing ululations of mourners. The emperor, puzzled by the screams, asks, "What means this wailing and lamentation?" He is answered, "Shadow of God, music is dead. We are carrying its corpse for burial." But this only elicits from Aurangzeb the command "Bury it so deep that no sound or cry is again heard from it."

So the *son et lumière*, with its un-

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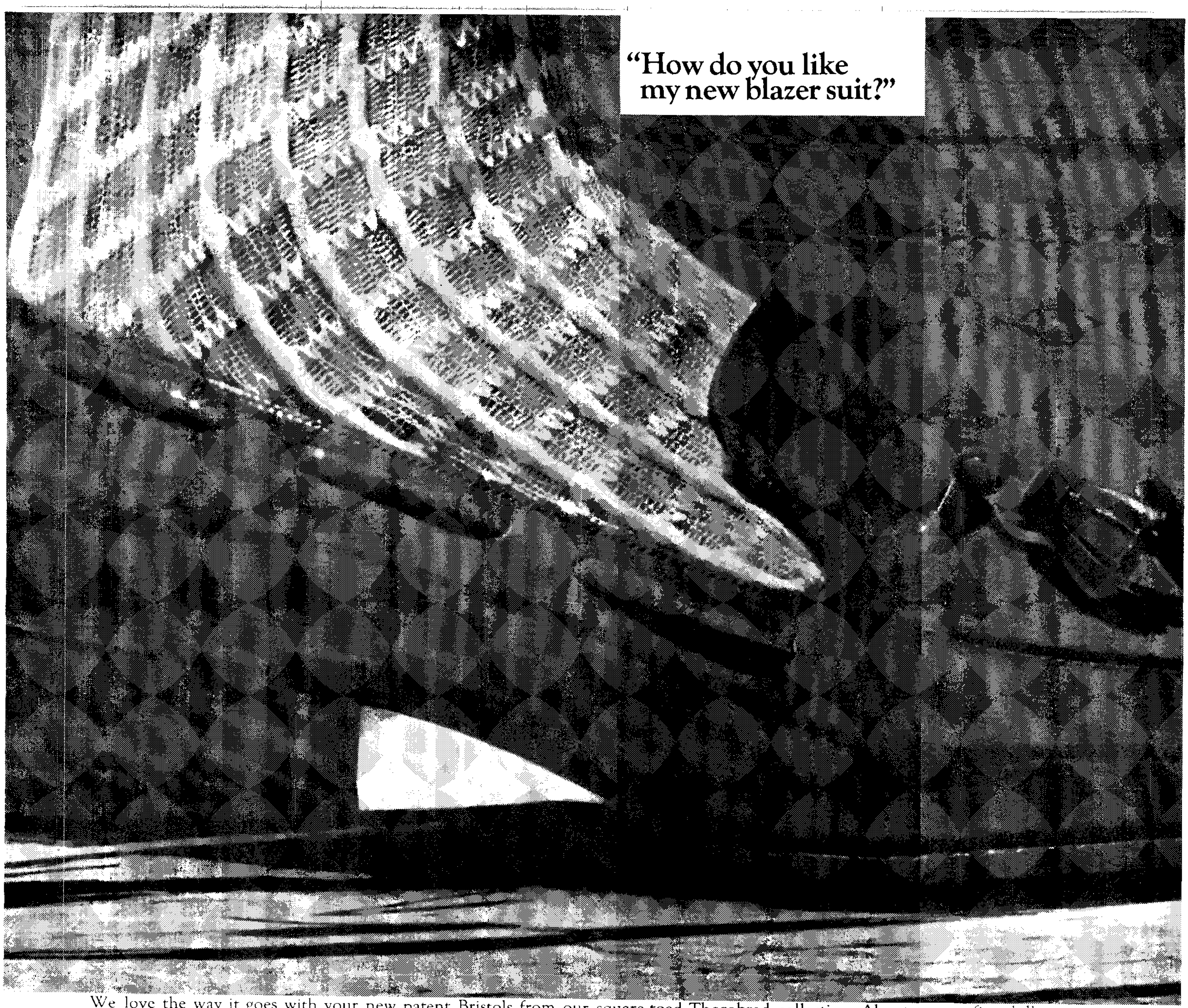
nerving cacophony of moans and giggles and the rest, turns the fort into an amusement park. One historical explanation follows another, each on the level of "For the want of a nail . . ." But my fellow-spectators, even though they are English-speaking, educated Indians, and mostly middle-aged or elderly, seem completely unaware that, contrary to the promises, dramatic license has done away with the past. The play is a circus, the history is fable, but it goes down with them as though they were in a university lecture hall listening to an eminent pedagogue.

Then I remember that India turns children into adults very early, thrusting not only upon the poor but also upon the well-to-do a constant preoccupation with mere subsistence, for the poverty that haunts every corner of the country is, however submerged, an ever-present threat to all. This premature adulthood is one of the saddest things about India, but here, at the cultural event of the year (as so often in my stay), I seem to detect that actual adulthood in India has a compensatory touching innocence about it.

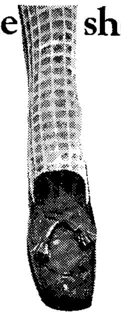
BIRTH CONTROL: Today, every available tree or lamppost is abloom with posters proclaiming Family Planning Week. (Since I first left India, in 1949, the population, according to one estimate, has increased by a number almost equal to the present population of the United States.) Most of the posters, which are huge and gaudy, show an expressionless woman doctor holding up an intrauterine contraceptive device for the benefit of a woman patient, under a caption that counsels "USE LOOP." Press releases elaborate on the theme, and the President of India, Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, speaks out from a flyer: "With the lowering of infantile mortality, raising of the expectation of life, and the conquest of communicable diseases, there is no need to assume that only half the children will survive. . . . I hope this week will make us think of the meaning of Family Planning." The Prime Minister of India, Lal Bahadur Shastri, speaks from another flyer: "On account of the urgent need to find resources for development of our defenses and industries, and the shortage of food grains, it is essential to control increase in consumption. . . . I send my best wishes for the success of the Family Planning Week."

Family Planning Centers everywhere are holding political rallies to promote birth control, and I look in on one of a hundred or so centers in the Delhi


"How do you like
my new blazer suit?"

We love the way it goes with your new patent Bristols from our square-toed Thorobred collection. About twenty-five dollars at Lord & Taylor, J. L. Hudson, Marshall Field & Co. and stores like that. Mademoiselle Shoes, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10001.

**Mademoiselle shoes.**



district—a one-room shack set in one of the countless slums of the city that are washed by open drains. The rally is heralded by the setting up of a canopy behind the shack and by the monotonous thudding of a drum, but there is no sign of a crowd when I arrive, though it is past the announced time for the rally to begin. In the shack, on a straight-backed metal chair behind a small metal table, a woman in a white cotton sari sits facing the door; behind her is a half-curtained-off bed. She is the doctor in charge of the center. Though she has a workmanlike air about her, she is clearly bedevilled by troubles. "Fifteen years, twenty-six billion rupees, and the effort of three Five Year Plans have all achieved nothing," she tells me. "Sterilization, we were told, would be the answer, but in the past eleven years we have been able to operate on only a million fathers. There are not enough doctors; even the best surgeons can't do more than a few operations a day. Everything else is in short supply, too. Anyway, villagers associate sterilization with castration, so most of them won't hear of the operation. Now it is the intrauterine contraceptive device that we are told is the answer. In the past five months—since the program was started, in July—three hundred thousand insertions have been made, at government expense. I have done ninety-two myself. In every case, there has been bleeding. Just today, I have had a total of five patients, and I have had to remove the I.U.C.D.s from three of them, because of the bleeding. In other countries, bleeding has been reported in less than five per cent of the cases."

"How do you explain the discrepancy?" I ask.

"Our women bleed because they are anemic, and they are anemic because they have nothing to eat, and they have nothing to eat because they have too many children. It is a vicious circle. What can be done?" (Later, I discover that another woman doctor, Usha Dey, who is in charge of an urban family-planning clinic in another part of India, regards bleeding as nothing more than a passing occurrence. Reporting in the *Journal of the Indian Medical Association*, she writes that her clinical experience disclosed that bleeding—minor, moderate, or severe—was "the common symptom for which patients sought advice" but that "such symptoms were not serious and were relieved with treatment." She simply advises iron for the anemic patients and says that "heavy doses of vitamins C

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The Irish are full of surprises. The most delightful one is this exceptionally smooth, light-bodied whiskey made to the formula that captured Irish hearts long ago. Bushmills retains the same delicate flavor and taste today that's made it a legend. Tonight enjoy the luck of the Irish in a Bushmills straight, or in a Whiskey Sour. Just as it's been enjoyed since 1608.

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A blend of 100% Irish Whiskies. 86 proof. Bottled in Ireland. Quality Importers, Inc., New York.

We've had a lot of trouble with our Avant Espresso®

Trouble keeping it in stock. Men see . . . try . . . buy . . . enjoy . . . then tell their friends! Naturally. Avant has many merits . . . the Continental look . . . flexible Loaflex® construction . . . and a hidden stretch gore for slip-on, slip-off convenience. Avant keeps your feet looking right, feeling great . . . no matter how active you are.

**AVANT.**
Luxurious shrunken calf uppers in our exclusive Bluegrass shade, or black.
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Write for our new Style Folder #679 and name of your nearest Nettleton dealer. A good booklet to have and a good man to know.

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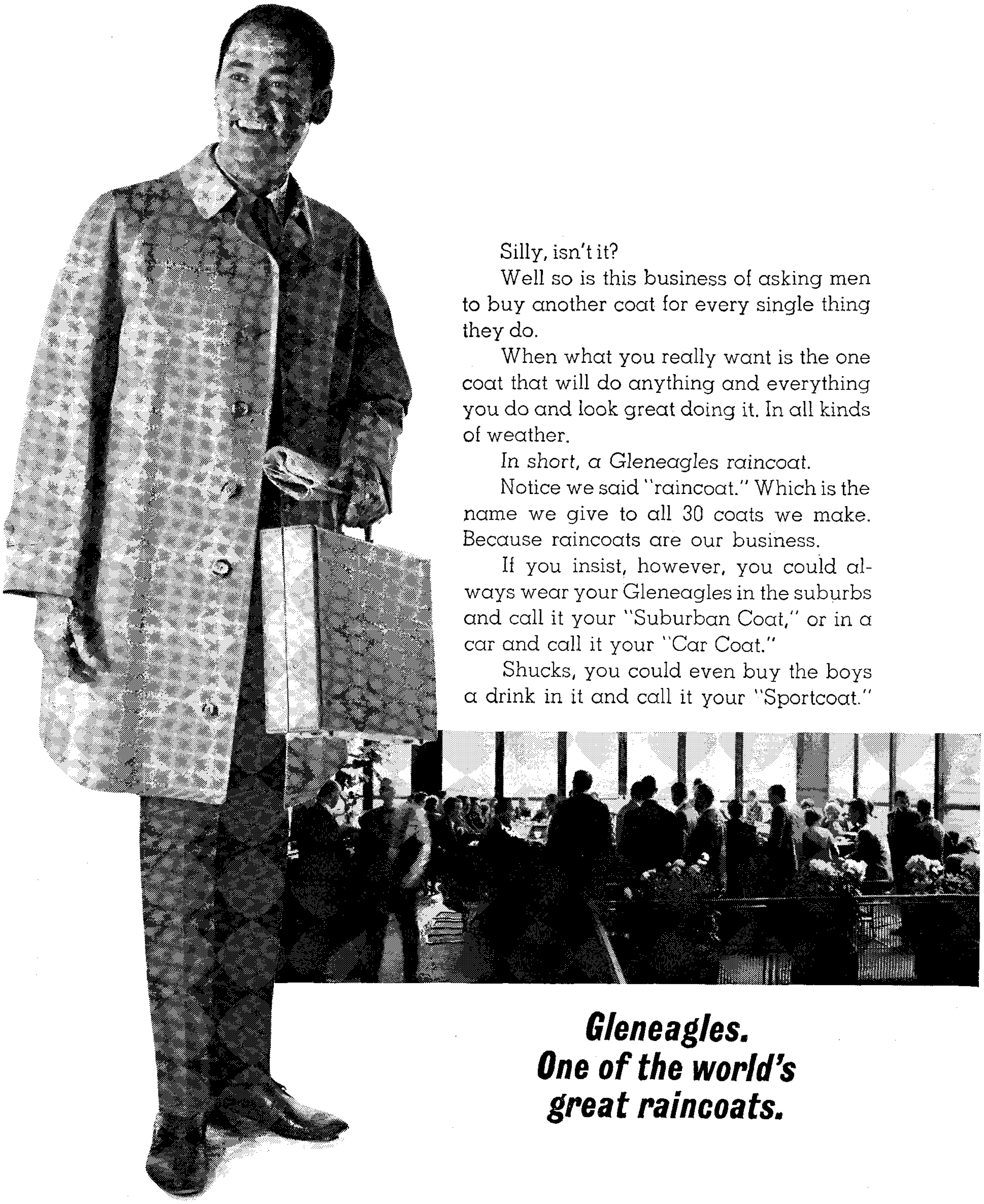
1967 AMERICAN SHOE DESIGNER AWARD WINNER

# If you buy the boys a drink in your Gleneagles raincoat is it your sportcoat?



Silly, isn't it?

Well so is this business of asking men to buy another coat for every single thing they do.

When what you really want is the one coat that will do anything and everything you do and look great doing it. In all kinds of weather.

*In short, a Gleneagles raincoat.*

Notice we said "raincoat." Which is the name we give to all 30 coats we make. Because raincoats are our business.

If you insist, however, you could always wear your Gleneagles in the suburbs and call it your "Suburban Coat," or in a car and call it your "Car Coat."

Shucks, you could even buy the boys a drink in it and call it your "Sportcoat."

***Gleneagles.***
***One of the world's***
***great raincoats.***

The Consort. $50. Imported gabardine of 67% polyester/33% cotton *Tarmac Cloth. Automatic wash 'n wear.* Gleneagles raincoats for men and women at well-informed stores or write Gleneagles Inc., 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y.C.

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Why do genuine DAKS trousers come only from Britain? The talents of London tailors and the breeding of British woolens are difficult to duplicate. Even more elusive is the spirited styling, so finely tempered with elegance. This is thoroughly British—and thoroughly at home wherever good taste prevails.

DAKS

Tailored by S. Simpson Ltd., London, England

and K and 'styptovit' often control the bleeding" in others. Of course, the problem of paying for these medicines remains. In any event, Dr. Dey's optimism is not shared by many of her colleagues, who declare that the I.U.C.D. cannot begin to solve India's population problem. They point out that Indian women will not submit to gynecological examinations by male doctors, that there are only ten thousand women doctors in all India, and that of these only one thousand are actively engaged in birth-control work. They point out what the proportions of the problem are: simply in order to reduce the yearly population increase from four per cent to two and a half per cent, the government must annually prevent nine million children from being born, and there are now ninety million couples of childbearing age.)

Now the doctor facing me, as though she were a housewife who had just been discussing a laundry list instead of the enormous difficulties of birth control in India, shouts across to a girl who is sweeping the drain in front of the shack, "I gave the time for the rally as eleven o'clock! It's now past noon! Where are all the mothers?"

"They are just coming, Mistress, just coming," the girl replies.

When I follow the doctor out to the yard behind the shack, it is thronged with children, who dodge in under the canopy and out again, as if the rally were just another *tamasha*.

The doctor, all hustle and bustle, shoos them away. Self-appointed barkers appear and form a ring around the canopy. They yell for the mothers to come, and also serve as a cordon against the milling children. The doctor has now cleared a space for some women who are approaching. At last, the drumbeat having become frenetic, the canopied area is filled with women—all with impassive faces, and all given to explosions of coughing—sitting cross-legged on the bare ground with babies in their laps.

The doctor has stationed herself behind a display table set up at one end of the area and flanked by multicolored streamers and by bright posters, with Hindi or Urdu captions, that have the simplicity of Dick-and-Jane books; for instance, there is a poster that shows two hemp charpoys, one sagging under the weight of a family of eight, and the other, as taut as a tennis racket, holding a family of four. On the table in front of the doctor are pamphlets, but these are all in English, as if

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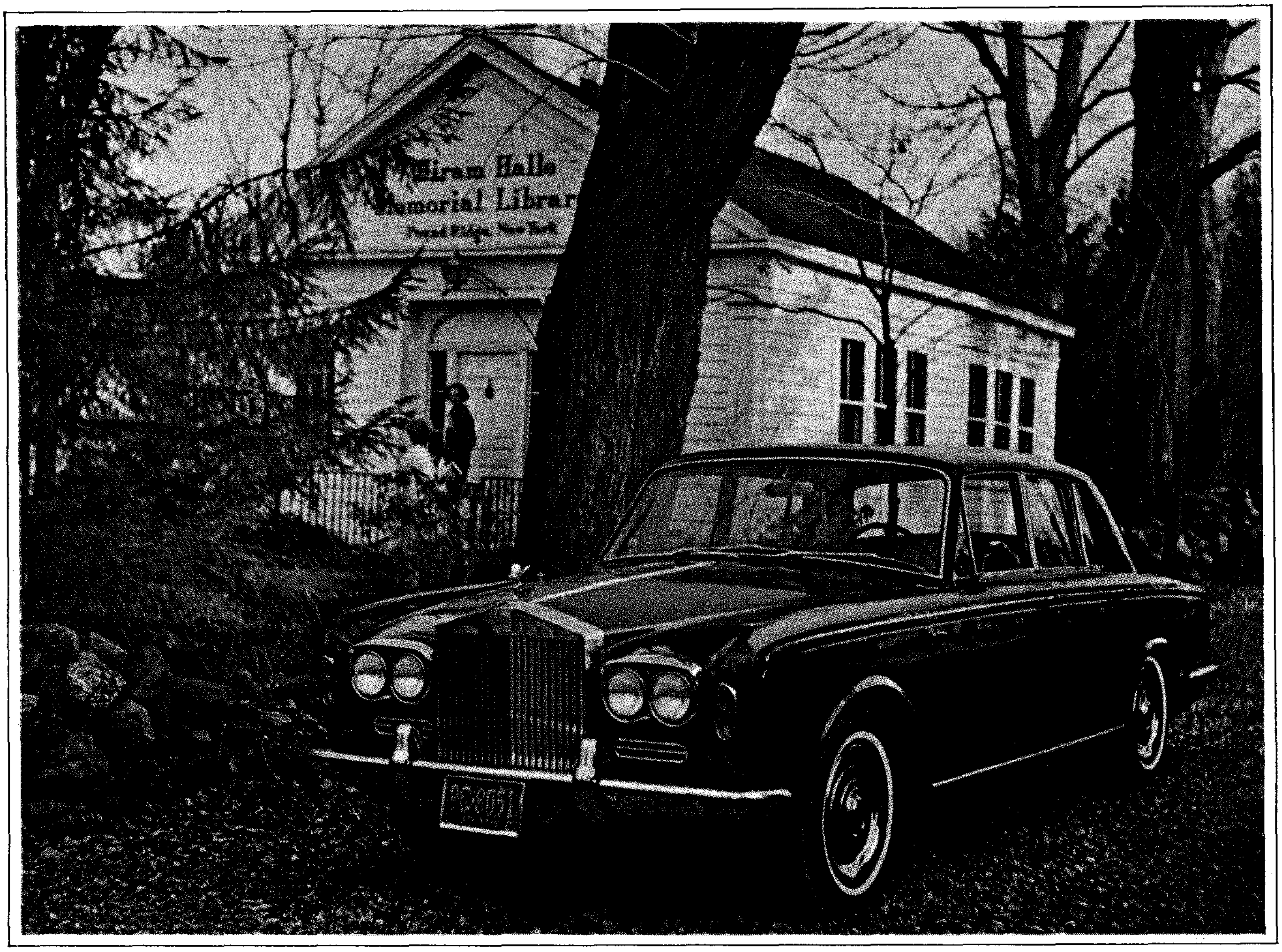

# The new Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow turns a trip to the library (or the hairdresser's or the supermarket or the post office) into a sinfully luxurious experience.

**Read how this remarkable motorcar adapts itself to the daily round. Some wives say it's easier to drive than any car in the world. They're probably right.**

The new Rolls-Royce is more than a motorcar. It is an experience. You begin to see why the moment you settle in the driver's seat.

The finest English leather surrounds you. Six to eight hides enrich every interior. The instrument panel and trim are faced with rare French walnut. Even the trunk is carpeted.

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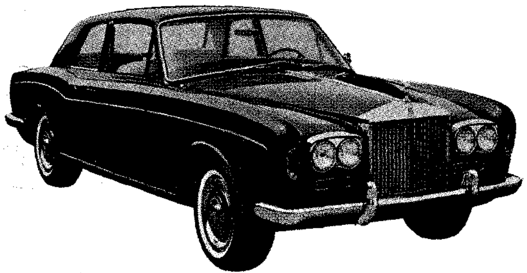
Press a button on the dash and the gas tank flap opens. It locks automatically when it is shut.

Every Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow has an upper and lower ventilation system. You can warm your feet and cool your face at the same time. Air conditioning is standard equipment.



*Limited production.* Silver Shadow Two-Door by H. J. Mulliner, Park Ward Limited, London coach builders. Hand crafted, specially styled. $31,800*. *Suggested retail price P.O.E., exclusive of local taxes, if any. Slightly higher in Alaska and Hawaii.

The new Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow has a monocoque construction. Chassis and body are built as a *single unit*—for a lower center of gravity and better road holding.

Step on the brake pedal and a sensing device balances braking front and rear for greater control. The Rolls-Royce has powerful disc brakes on *all four wheels.* It is the only car you can buy that has three completely separate hydraulic braking systems.

The new Rolls-Royce is only seventeen feet long. It's easy to get in and out of tight places. You can turn it full circle in only thirty-eight feet. Try that in the car you are now driving.

The Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow costs $20,600*. To find out for yourself what a sinfully luxurious experience it can be, see any dealer on the opposite page.

For more information about the car itself, write for the Rolls-Royce Owner's Manual.

This 142-page, hard-cover book is fully illustrated and costs $12.50. The man to write to is Mr. Norman Miller, Executive Vice President, Rolls-Royce Inc., Room 467N, 45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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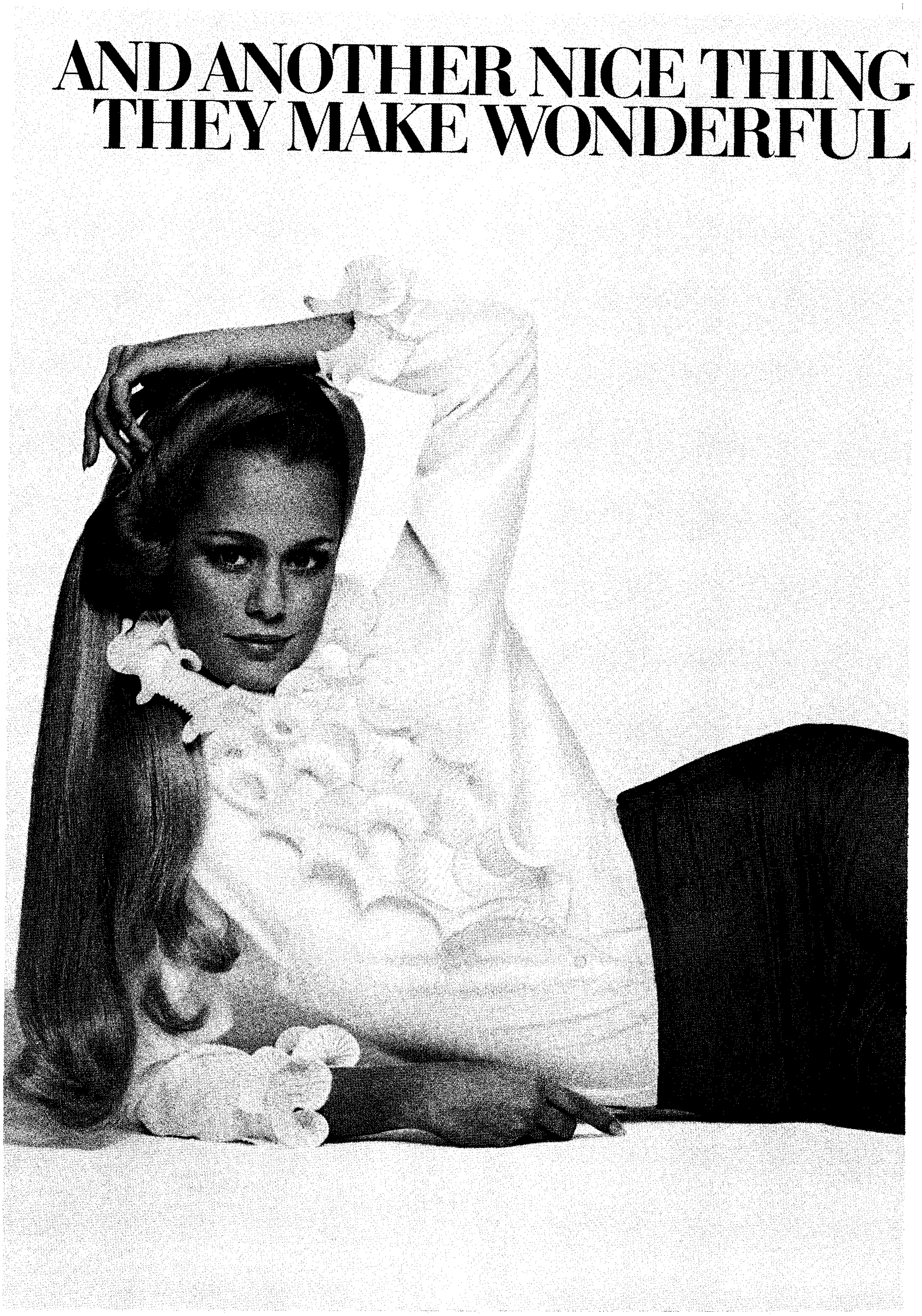
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# Does an Italian wine go with Bouillabaisse?

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# Bolla does.

The French who are in love with love will tell you that Bouillabaisse has a grand passion for Soave Bolla. Try a bottle tonight with your Bouillabaisse.

Toujours l'amour.

If you would like an authentic recipe for Bouillabaisse, write us. Fontana-Hollywood Corp. 468 Greenwich St., New York, N.Y. 10013.

they were intended for the educated inhabitants of a middle-class suburb; their gimmickry, though, is clearly aimed at another public. (One offers the mnemonic aid " 'G'—Go and visit government-sponsored family-planning centers." Another uses what might be called the "if-only-they-could-speak" formula, showing a child who says, "I am one of your five children—how I wish I had remained the second and last child of the family!") But what is most prominent on the table in front of the doctor is a garish display of a plastic torso with detachable parts, which is hedged in by shiny brass trays, some piled with samples of contraceptive devices—including I.U.C.D.s of half a dozen types—and others with model meals offering substitutes for the fruits and meats that contain necessary vitamins and proteins but are beyond the reach of most Indians.

The doctor claps her hands for silence, but she does not say anything. Both she and the crowd remain mute. One of the barkers, practically trumpeting, clears a path, carrying the doctor's metal chair ahead of him. He is followed by a bowler-hatted and bespectacled gentleman—an officer of the Health Ministry—who sits down in it, on the doctor's right, and begins speaking immediately. "Sisters," he says, in Hindi, "you know why we are all here. This exhibition has been arranged by my department, which cares for your health, to tell you that there are ways of having small families. I have heard it said that only the poor have many children and the rich have few children. But, sisters, you, too, now, thanks to modern science, can be richer than you are by having fewer children. In recent times, I have also heard the argument that our enemies, Pakistan and China, together have eight hundred million people, while India has only four hundred and eighty million; how can four hundred and eighty million people defeat eight hundred million? This is the numbers argument. But wars, sisters, as you should know, are not won only by numbers of people; they are won also by the number of weapons a nation has, the size of the weapons, the way they are used, and the health of the soldiers. So when you get back to the streets where you live, tell your other sisters that today you went to an exhibition and saw many different ways of having few children, and that it is not necessary to have many children to fight our enemies. Now your doctor will demonstrate dif-

She shops for proportioned separates

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It's the indispensable fashion of the woman (tiny, typical or tall) who knows the beauty of Measure-Made-to-Height® sportswear. Slimline skirt with hidden asset—built-in, lace-edged petticoat. Fully-lined, straightline pants with contour waistband. Both in classic colors, 24 karat flannel—purest of virgin wool. Color-keyed knit tops: printed paisley blouse; full-fashioned, washable "T" shirt. Sizes: Tiny (6-16), Typical (8-20), Tall (10-20). Prices: About $10 to $16.

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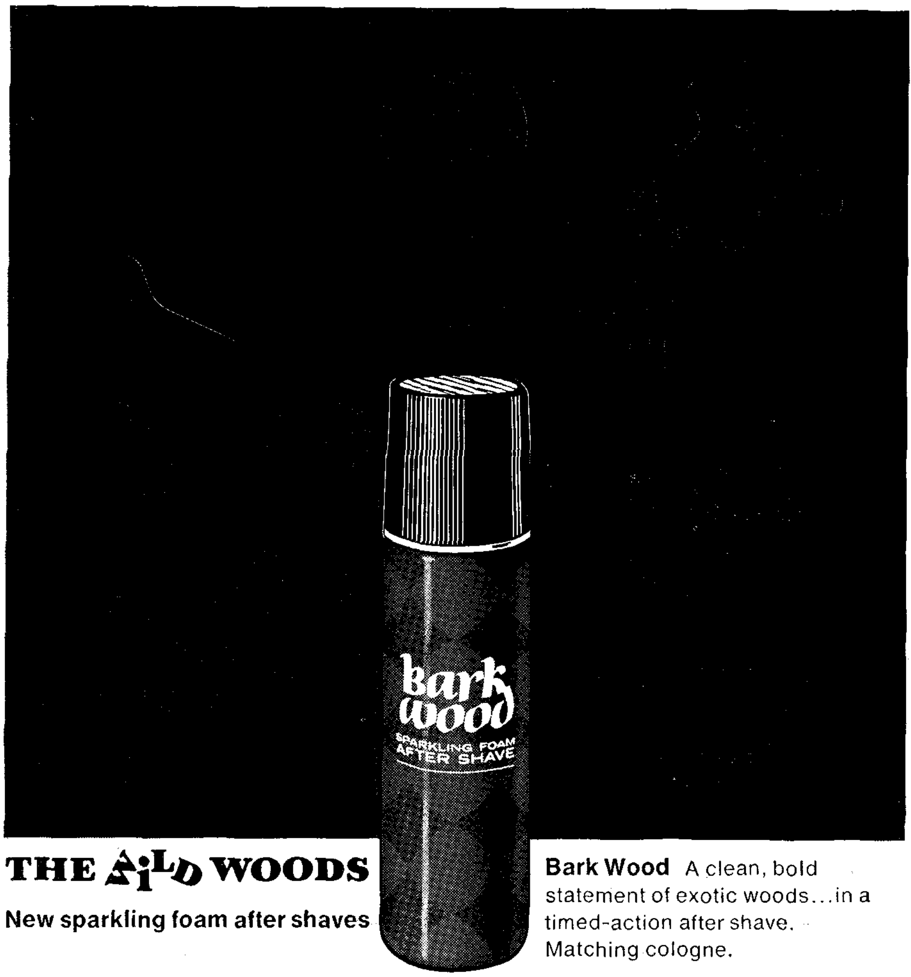

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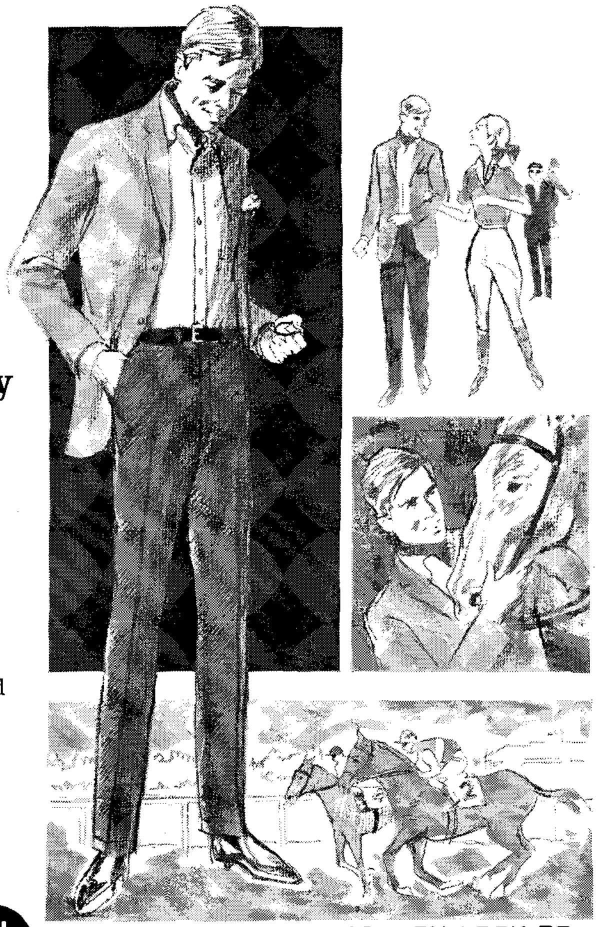
New sparkling foam after shaves

**Bark Wood** A clean, bold statement of exotic woods...in a timed-action after shave. Matching cologne.



**Particular men who breed thoroughbreds are trousered by AUSTIN HILL**

Crisp, good looking country trousers—tamed to a smooth hand. A British diagonal 100% worsted of robust character in rich, earthy colors. Our trim Oxford cut, always correct, fits all men comfortably.
About $25. Write for the select store nearest you:
Austin Hill Ltd.,
318 N. Front St.,
Baltimore, Md.

Ah!
NATURALLY PARTICULAR MEN LOOK TO
**AUSTIN HILL**

ferent ways to have smaller, happier families."

The officer of the Health Ministry leaves as unexpectedly and hurriedly as he arrived—with the barker trumpeting as before. Evidently, this was one of a series of appearances the officer was making at rallies about the city.

The doctor holds up one contraceptive device after another and describes at some length the advantages and disadvantages of each. Her remarks seem to leave her audience far behind. "If you want a double-check system," she says, "you can do two of thirteen different things." Here she outlines just about all the possible combinations of the various alternative methods, most of them quite unfeasible for the impoverished women, who, however, watch her with awe. At the end, she explains that she realizes that probably the best thing for Indian women is the use of I.U.C.D.s or their husbands' sterilization; it is a matter of principle with her to acquaint them with all the other methods. "We are a democracy," she explains, "and I want you to be aware of all the choices open to you, even if you cannot avail yourself of them."

Now the doctor moves through the crowd, passing the articles around and giving further explanations to the speechless women. While this is going on, I hear strange sounds from the direction of the shack, and, going inside to investigate, discover that a troupe made up of teen-age relatives of the doctor is busy rehearsing a skit called "Happy Home." I am informed that it will wind up the rally, but not for some time, because the officer was only the first of several itinerant politicians and Ministry officials who are expected to put in an appearance. One teen-ager proclaims, his voice breaking as he essays the sonorous tone of a radio announcer, "Yes, thanks to the doctor and what he calls *family planning*. We do not want any more children. We would like to feed, educate, and clothe our children well. Frequent pregnancies are the cause of misery in our village homes."

COLLEGE GIRLS: Today, I continue making the rounds of a university that is an air hop from Delhi. I have been spending a few days here, mostly in the company of two delightful girls, Nina and Chuni. As the most fashionable and most widely admired young ladies at their college, they have been asked by a professor to take me in tow. Like many educated Indian girls, Nina and Chuni, who are both Hindus, re-

**The sedan for people who'd rather not see themselves coming and going.**

If you're about to plunk down $3000 for your next sedan you have a right to be different. You'd like distinctive styling. Maneuverability. A practical size with your kind of comfort. And lots of other features that lift you out of the run-of-the-road class: authentic wood-rimmed competition steering wheel. Landau-type top. All-around power-assisted brakes. Disc brakes in front. Four-wheel independent suspension. Rack-and-pinion steering. Walnut-finish dash and trim. A wooden stick shift knob. Stylish pin-striping. Door-to-door carpeting. Four forward synchromesh gears. Reclining bucket seats. If all this adds up to your kind of sedan, you can have it in the 6-cylinder Triumph 2000 SEm (Special Equipment model) for $2955.* And if you want them, automatic transmission, overdrive and air conditioning are among the optionals available.

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**Triumph 2000 SEm**

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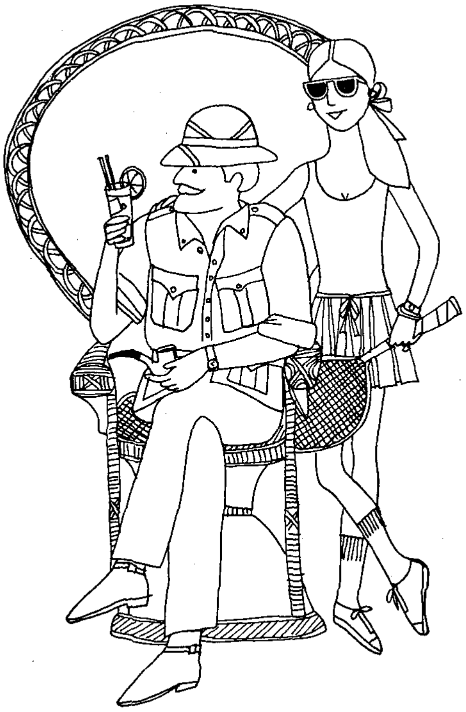
Manager Louis Finamore's distinctive hotel is set on a secluded 14-acre peninsula overlooking the sea . . . near a lighthouse and an historic fort. There are only 158 rooms and you'll choose a garden cottage, a balconied room, or a duplex suite. All are air-conditioned and delightful after snorkeling, deep-sea fishing, a set of tennis or a leisurely tour of the hotel's duty free shops. The chef has prepared a delightful menu of special island dishes for you and the dance band in the Flambeau Bar awaits your request. The Barbados Hilton was designed for the few who are at home with the finest. A summer estate, for example.

For reservations call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Service.

**BARBADOS HILTON**



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Imported gold-leaf wood frame with a magnetized gold-tooled leather-like mat, over a silk moire background, by Laura Lee Linder. Pictures are easily placed. • Two-way Easel Frame for horizontal or vertical positioning (8" x 10"), Wall Frame with loop for hanging (4½" x 19½"). Mat colors: white, Spanish gold, red or espresso, $9. each. Shipping, 75¢. • Mass. residents add 3% sales tax (also if shipped to Mass.).
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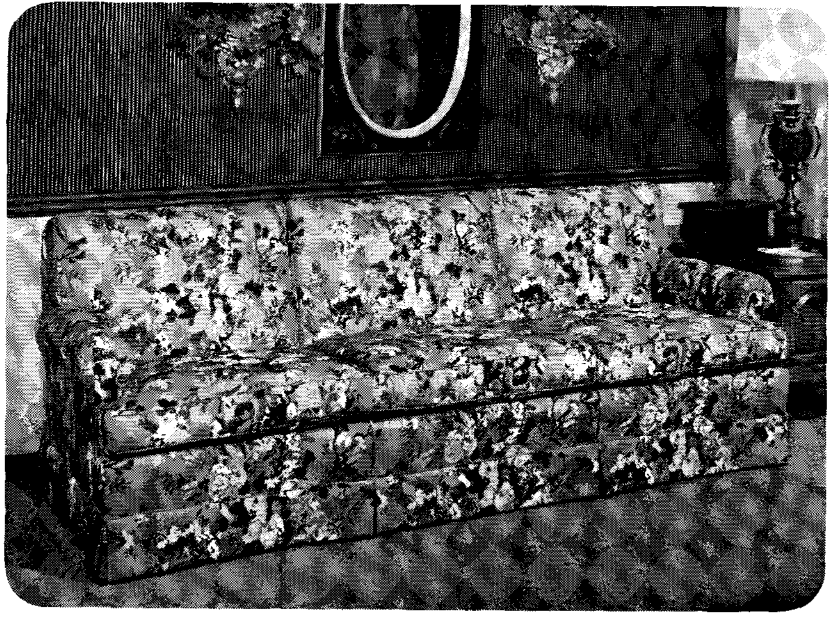
ceived their early schooling at convents; the Catholic Church was the pioneer of women's education in India and remains in its vanguard today. The two girls and their friends consider themselves emancipated women and their college a modern institution, every bit the equal of the best men's college of the university, to which the majority of the boys come from private boarding schools that were originally modelled on that substantial Victorian institution the British public school. As it happened, though, this kind of school, in its transplantation to India, went through mutations in which the intellectual part of the cricket-and-classics curriculum became recessive, with the result that a hybrid form of education, at once English and Indian, is now dominant. This means that professors in these modern colleges more often than not read out their lectures sentence by sentence in an English that does no more than meet the unexacting standards of present-day India (to understand a Madrasi or a Maharashtrian lecturing in English, one almost has to know his native Tamil or Marathi), and that the students take down the lectures word for word. Yet perhaps this is as it should be, for now that the British-born teachers have gone home, English is on its way to becoming a native language—or, rather, native languages. (One native language has already been given the name Hinglish. It uses English parts of speech for more complicated functions and Hindi parts of speech for simpler functions, as in this Hinglish sentence: "Dekho great democratic institutions kaise India main develop ho rahi hain," which in English is "See how the great democratic institutions are developing here in India.") In any event, the contemporary gurus and chelas give the impression in their classes of running through a dictation session at a secretarial school, mindful only of the spectre of the final examination—as faceless as its markers—waiting to sort the students out, when they leave the university, as if they were eggs of different sizes.

Chuni, Nina, and I are now sitting in a coffee shop near the university, and the girls are looking at the matrimonial advertisements in the Sunday *Hindustan Times*. The advertisements in the *Hindustan Times* are probably the best in the field, and the field is a large one, for such notices appear regularly in most Indian papers and, along with a constant canvassing of relatives and friends, serve as matchmakers and marriage brokers for the majority of the young people who live in the cities—

"Just show me the Jerry Silvermans, please."
UNION MADE
ILGWU
Designed by Shannon Rodgers

*Sofa by Ethan Allen. At fine stores everywhere.*



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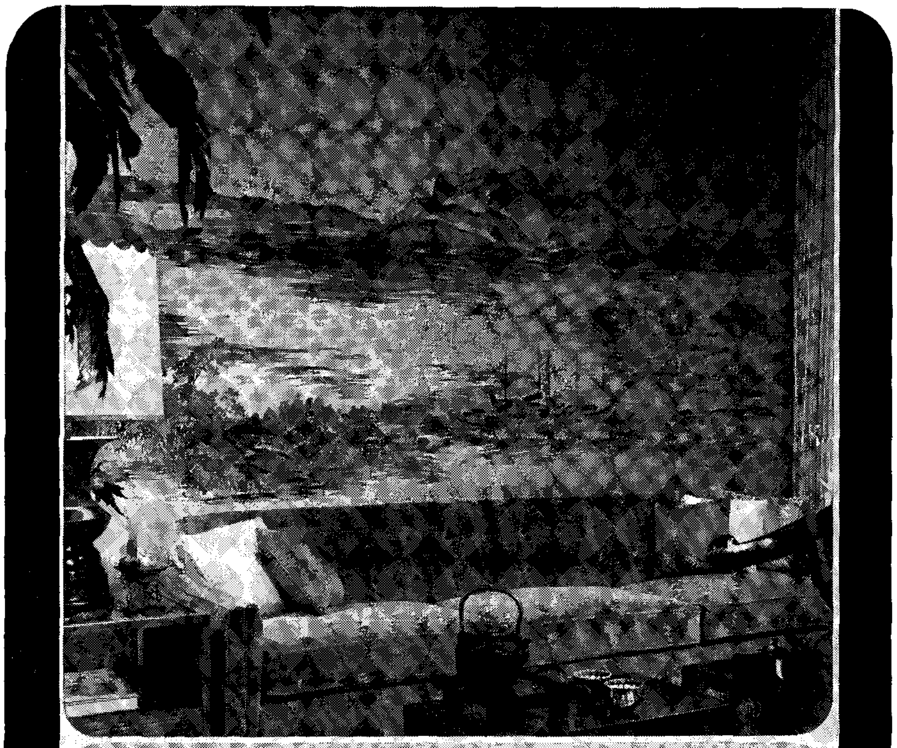
THE EVERFAST COLOR GUARANTEE: We unreservedly guarantee that should a fabric by EVERFAST fade for any reason during the life of the fabric, we will refund not only the cost of the fabric, but also any reasonable making up cost. EVERFAST FABRICS, INC., 70 W. 40TH ST., N.Y.C. 10018



A LUXURIOUS SCENIC WALLPAPER WITH THE MYSTERIOUS CHARM OF AN OLD ORIENTAL PAINTING

Kamakura has a wonderful depth of perspective to make your room appear more spacious . . . and soft, rich colors to make any style furnishings seem more beautiful.
Ask your interior designer or wallpaper dealer.

Albert Van Luit & Co.
WALLCOVERINGS

Send 50¢ for full color miniature of Kamakura or $1 for miniature plus Decorator Kit of ideas for using wallpaper. Albert Van Luit & Co., 4000-J Chevy Chase Dr., Los Angeles 90039

the cities being a sort of no man's land between, on the one hand, hundreds and thousands of villages, with their almost predestined caste and community marriages, and, on the other, the promised land of titillating Hollywood and Bombay screen romances. In either case, love, as it is portrayed in "Romeo and Juliet," is inconceivable, the romantic tradition of the West being still alien to India.

"Listen to this," Chuni says, with a giggle. " 'Wanted, Sikh/Hindu match for beautiful Convent educated graduate Sikh girl, 21, daughter of highly placed Class 1 Officer of well connected family. Young men with Public School education from Class 1 Central Services Foreign or highly qualified engineers and covenanted executives with status, family background need correspond. Box 22404-CH. Hindustan Times, New Delhi-1.' Gosh, Nina, she doesn't want to miss by a hair. 'Well-placed match for Hindu, legally divorced virgin girl, aged 27. . . .' How dare *she* advertise? She is ultra-modern if she has had a divorce. And here is a fabulous bachelor, who should at least be modern, with *his* background. 'Medico, Vaish girl for bachelor, running 23, appearing Medical Final, belonging millionaire, educated, reputed Jain family. Father Surgeon. Medical College Professor. . . .' Dash it, even Christians advertise—'Protestant Christian . . . Varsity Lecturer, invites offers from parents of accomplished girls. . . .' And how about this! 'Orthodontia U.S.A., practicing in Canada. Early marriage. Detailed information at first instance.' Dash it, even someone in Canada!" She puts down the paper in disgust at the very idea of matrimonial advertisements.

Nina picks it up and reads some other advertisements, in an antiphonal response. Both girls speak English with a singsong Punjabi accent, which makes the ads sound like Chaucer read aloud. " 'Match for educated Jat girl, of 19, early marriage. Dowry seekers please excuse. . . .' Poor girl, she probably won't get anyone if she can't afford a dowry. And listen to this: 'Settled bachelor, issueless widower for beautiful, homely W/V in H/H' and 'Matric Khatri Virgin of 28 with bit slow gait, due typhoid. . . .' Poor thing!"

In reply to a question from me, she explains some of the jargon of the matrimonial advertisements. "W/V" is well-versed; "H/H" is household. Other terms, like "matric" (the school-leaving examination) and "homely" (accomplished at housekeeping), I can interpret for myself, just as I can

# If the people of New Hampshire can't run a successful gambling business, maybe they should hire someone who can.

New Hampshire thought gambling was a sure thing. Start a lottery and make big money fast. But in three years government operated lottery earnings dropped from $2.77 million to $1.84 million.

Forbes Magazine ran a piece on the lottery business because it was a business. And one that could mean lower taxes in lottery states.

(New York's lottery is just getting started. Other states are interested.)

But for New Hampshire the big payoff never came off. Federal laws kept out-of-state consumers from buying tickets. Illegal competition—the pros—siphoned off consumer dollars.

The gambling business, then, is much like any other business, a gamble. With marketing, merchandising and consequently, profit problems.

Forbes is always poking its nose into other people's business, reporting what it finds to the business community—warts and all. In New Hampshire we found management trying to bump up lottery sales with all sorts of business techniques. With one exception.

Bringing in the outside expert.

**Forbes: capitalist tool**

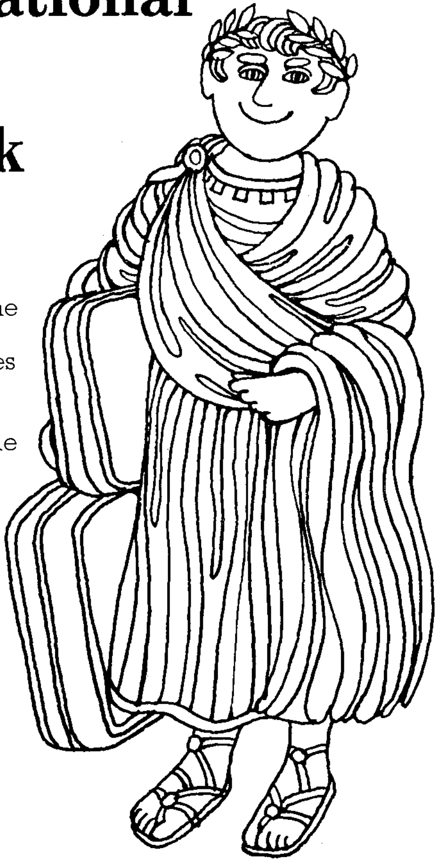
We see the Athens Hilton as a famous international hotel.

But it'll be Greek to you.

You'll be surrounded by the music of the bousouki, and tempted by an endless assortment of Greek culinary specialties in the Taverna Ta Nissia. In fact, Manager Jean Pierre Piquet has even made certain there's wall-to-wall marble in your bathroom. From our roof-top bar and supper club you'll enjoy a spectacular view of the Acropolis and the harbor. And we're right in the middle of the new center of Athens. Add a sparkling pool set in a Grecian garden and you'll have a famous international hotel—that'll be Greek to you.

For reservations: call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Service.

ATHENS HILTON



Does The Hallmark Make It Any Better?

WILLIAMSBURG RESTORATION CW ®

Yes. Because it's there, you know this handsome side chair is a faithful reproduction of the Queen Anne original in the Brush-Everard House in Williamsburg. The Hallmark tells you that the mahogany is carefully chosen and then hand-crafted and hand-rubbed to a mellow patina.

The Williamsburg Hallmark is reserved for those products that are crafted by one of the 17 licensed manufacturers of home furnishings and furniture.

For a colorful 144-page book full of Williamsburg® Reproductions, send $2.50 to Craft House, Williamsburg, Virginia 23185.

® *Identifies trademarks of Williamsburg Restoration, Inc., Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.*

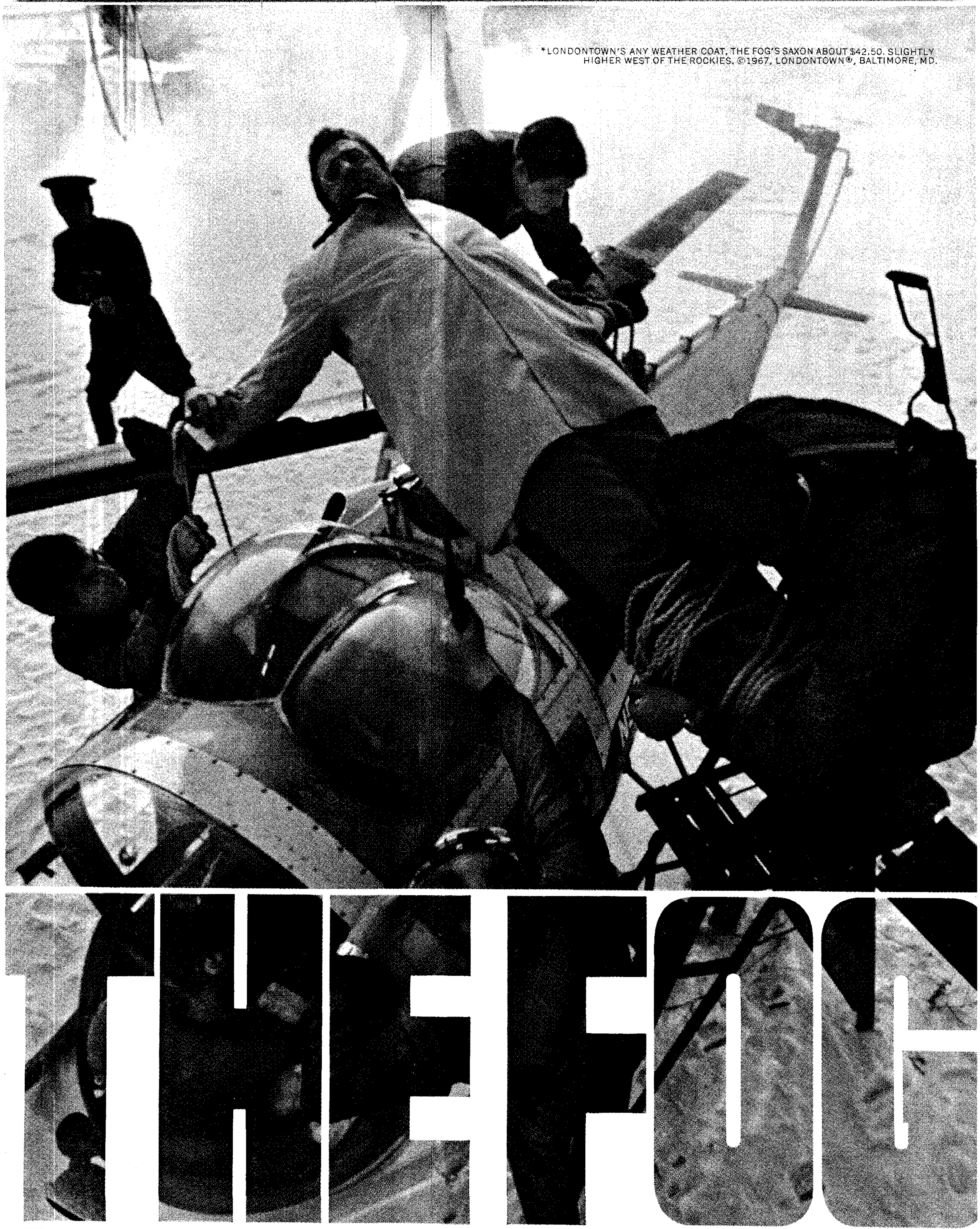
recognize the religions, like Jain, and the castes, like Khatri and Vaish.

"Oh, gosh, here are some really sad cases!" Nina exclaims. " 'Suitable match for Sikh boy, clean shaven with deformity spine. . . .' And 'Suitable match for an Agrawal girl, beautiful. . . . The girl had one extra finger in each hand which have been removed by operation. . . .' "

Chuni seems chastened. Soon, over coffee, she and Nina are talking about how strange it is that in an advancing society like India's the advertisement should still be, for shopkeepers and millionaires alike, one of the most common ways of arranging marriages. The girls' views have a modern ring, in keeping with the furnishings of the coffee shop. The chic students congregate here. At first glance, it seems indistinguishable from any coffee bar in London or Paris, for it has a jukebox, several *espresso* machines, and a generally seedy air. However, there are differences. The jukebox plays one sentimental love song after another, all from the cinema—the inexhaustible reservoir of treacle in India. Boys and girls sit at separate tables, in groups of two, three, or four, elaborately ignoring each other or, very occasionally, from the safety of their tables, exchanging remarks about professors and reading.

In the buzz of conversation I catch an occasional "dashed," always in a feminine voice, or "ruddy," always in a masculine—slang that was current in England several generations ago. There are furtive glances at our table, and at one other table that does not follow the pattern of sexual segregation. At that table a couple are sitting. The girl has a pile of books in front of her. She is constantly fidgeting with them, or else patting her hair, while the boy talks earnestly, sometimes with the wistful expression of one recalling his childhood. They have a surreptitious air about them, such as I have noticed in other young couples here, who somehow all give the impression of making their first tryst.

Nina and Chuni, who are just nineteen and are studying for M.A.s, seem happy, and so do the rest of the students in the coffee shop. Everybody is eating, with an air of frank enjoyment, from a plate of potato or of fish or of chicken patties dripping with tomato sauce. Now Chuni begins telling me about "the assault"—a scandal that has set the whole university talking, and especially the M.A. classes, in which girls and boys sit together. Nina, the victim, is for the most part quiet,



THE CHOP CHOP CAPER. Seemingly at the end of his rope, The Fog brought his knowledge of aerodynamics into full play and actually controlled the flight of the helicopter by using his body as an air foil.

Thus did he deliver these fiends to the proper authorities and, still somewhat dizzy, round up the remaining scoundrels.

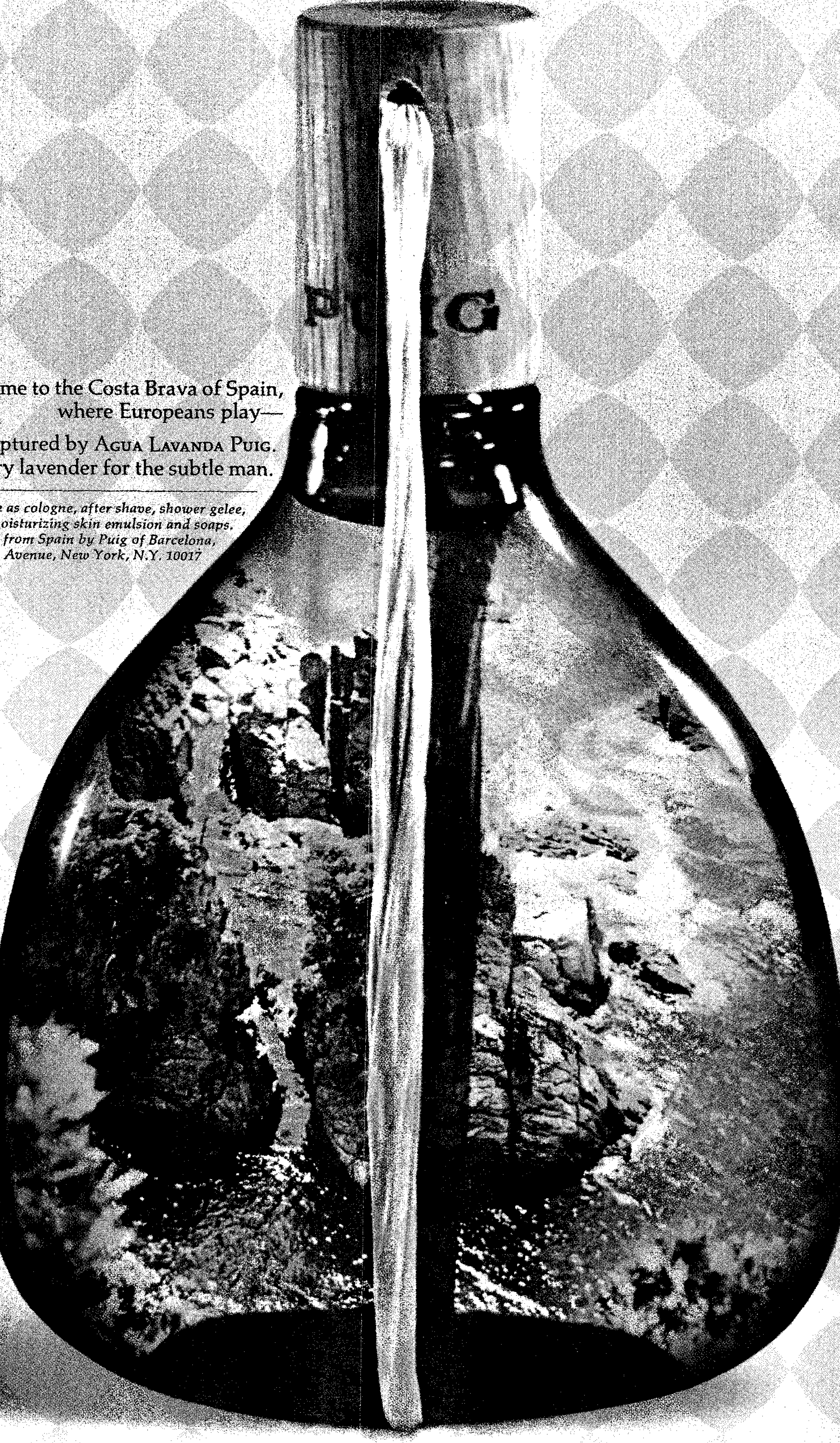
A modest sort, he gave all credit to his London Fog Maincoat,* which kept him warm, dry and secure throughout.

**A LONDON FOG PRODUCTION**

*"Let there be no climate where Evil may flourish."*

---

*LONDONTOWN'S ANY WEATHER COAT. THE FOG'S SAXON ABOUT $42.50. SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES. ©1967, LONDONTOWN®, BALTIMORE, MD.



Come to the Costa Brava of Spain,
where Europeans play—

captured by AGUA LAVANDA PUIG.
A unique dry lavender for the subtle man.

*Available as cologne, after shave, shower gelee,*
*moisturizing skin emulsion and soaps.*
*Imported from Spain by Puig of Barcelona,*
*200 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017*

as though she were still numbed by the incident, which took place almost a month ago.

"It started off with these dashed insulting poems," Chuni says, speaking in a quick, nervous manner. "We used to get hundreds of them, but mostly we threw them out without reading them—"

"I remember one addressed to Chuni," Nina breaks in. " 'Boys call Thy Chuni/ Girls name Thy Funny/ I call Thee Honey/ Won't you give me Any?' "

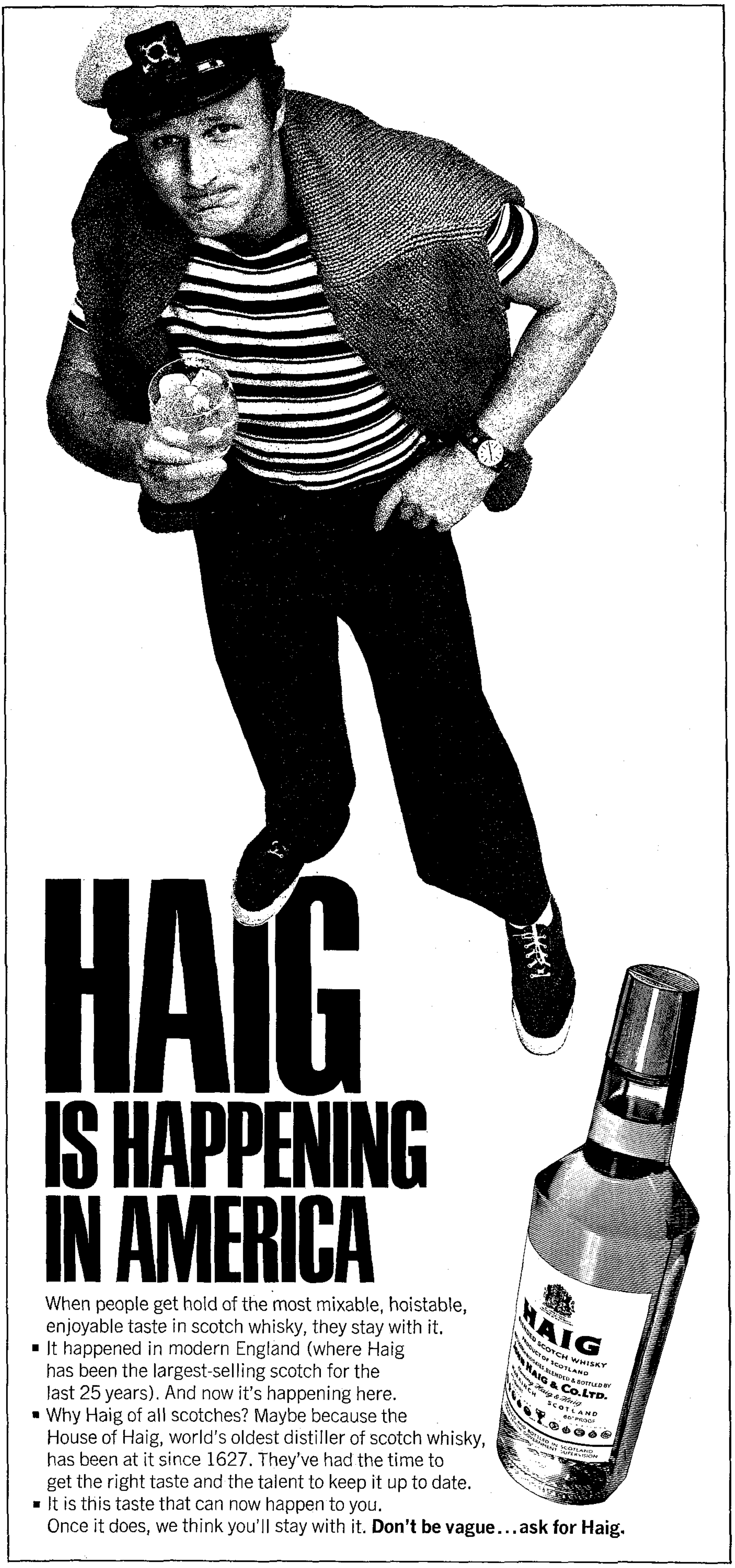
"And I remember one addressed to *you*," Chuni says sharply. " 'Some used Patton/ Some used Gun/ If you are one/ Forgive me then!—I am?' "

"I don't get that, Chuni," I say.

She explains that the admiring bard is comparing Nina to a Patton tank; since the India-Pakistan War, in which the Indians captured many such tanks, given to the Pakistanis by the Americans only for use against the Chinese, "the Patton," thought to be a very modern piece of equipment, has become something of a joke term among the Indians for the "backwoods mentality" of Muslim soldiery.

Both girls are pretty, with dark eyes and long, shiny black braids, and it is bizarre to think of either one of them in connection with forty-five tons of murderous steel. They are dressed, like twin sisters, in orange-trimmed white pajama-style trousers, orange veils, and orange shirts trimmed with sequins and buttoned up to the neck with silver bells—typical Punjabi clothes.

"But, after the poems, Red Flag started writing us letters," Chuni says. "We named him Red Flag because he always wears this revolting red sweater. It has this thick cable stitching. I know one of his letters by heart." And, to my surprise, Chuni actually recites the letter. " 'Hallo both of you,' " she begins, not so much in a student's monotone as in an actress's soulful voice. " 'How was the first one—the Patton? No appreciation. Surprising. I think I defined you two rather well. You are two ultra-modern domesticated creatures of the twentieth century, both basking in the glory of each other's love. Please keep up my confidence in you two. I know you two have a soft corner for me. You think I am crazy! Well, I am not. I think, by now you must be curious to know who I am. My name is in the dictionary, anywhere from A to Z. You think it is "Jawahar" [Urdu for "Jewel"]. Well, it is not. If you guess my name, I will treat you in anywhere to a gala party. So



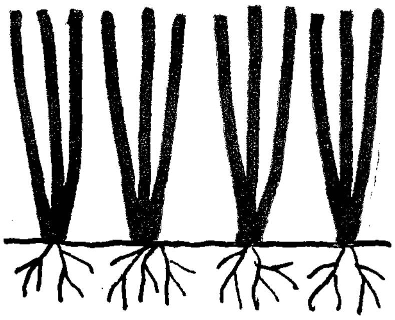
HAIG IS HAPPENING IN AMERICA

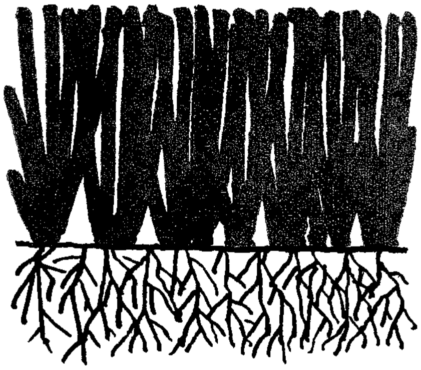
When people get hold of the most mixable, hoistable, enjoyable taste in scotch whisky, they stay with it.

- It happened in modern England (where Haig has been the largest-selling scotch for the last 25 years). And now it's happening here.
- Why Haig of all scotches? Maybe because the House of Haig, world's oldest distiller of scotch whisky, has been at it since 1627. They've had the time to get the right taste and the talent to keep it up to date.
- It is this taste that can now happen to you.

Once it does, we think you'll stay with it. **Don't be vague...ask for Haig.**

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.





**Here's the plot.**
**A bit thin in places.**

**On cue for Fall, enter Turf Builder,**
**from SCOTTS, the grass people**

**The plot thickens.**

O M SCOTT & SONS, MARYSVILLE, OHIO

Seeing New York from the top of the Empire?
Or admiring the Seine from a Paris bridge?
No matter where - what you remember are
her charming looks, her coat...

Hobson
OF COPENHAGEN

B. Altman & Co., New York ☐ J. L. Brandeis & Son Inc., Omaha, Neb. ☐ The English Shop, W. Hartford, Conn. ☐ Farnsworth-Reed Ltd., Washington DC. ☐ Wm. Filene's Sons Company, Boston, Mass. ☐ Frederick & Nelson, Seattle, Wash. ☐ Joseph Horne Co. Pittsburg, Penna. ☐ The J. L. Hudson Comp., Detroit, Mich. ☐ Wm. H. Lohmeyer Inc., Baltimore, Md. ☐ Marshall Field & Company, Chicago, Ill. ☐ The Rike-Kumler Company, Dayton, Ohio ☐ L. Strauss & Co., Indianapolis, Ind. ☐ Town & Country Inc., Belmont, Mass.

get busy. Ask Shila to help you. She is very intelligent. We are both alike. I have written my names in this letter in a twisted form. You can't guess them. Please, Shila, help them. My name is in a name which is not my name. That is all for now. See you again.' "

I smile to myself, and ask the girls, who had in fact known his identity all along, to tell me a little about him. But they are obsessed by his red sweater, which seems to sum him up for them. I can picture him only in the most general terms—reticent, gauche, and possibly desperate.

"What did he actually do?" I ask.

"We girls were standing under a tree, five of us—we usually go in our group—and a group of boys was standing not very far away," Chuni says. "Red Flag was one of the group of boys. Suddenly he walked over to us. He always makes a nuisance of himself like that. He begged to shake Nina's hand. We all, of course, put our hands behind our backs. But he had the *nerve* to reach back and seize Nina's hand and shake it *forcibly* as the boys looked on and clapped. They must have put him up to it with a bet. Nina started crying. I looked daggers at them. Later, when I looked at my hands, there was blood on them. I must have had my fists clenched very tight, I was so mad. And Nina couldn't stop crying."

"Is that all that happened?" I ask. "Is that what you call 'the assault'?"

Both girls appear shocked at the question. They still seem so affected by the incident that, ridiculous though it is in itself, I find I am feeling sympathy for them. "Have you made your peace with him now?" I ask.

"Certainly not!" Chuni says. "We complained to Dr. Lal, our favorite professor, and he made Red Flag apologize to us in front of the whole class; he didn't want to, but Dr. Lal forced him to. But Red Flag still hasn't learned his lesson. Just today, we have got another anonymous letter, and we are sure that it's from him. I have a good mind to turn this one over to Dr. Lal."

Chuni passes me a long letter. I read it over, and I am charmed by its touching innocence, by its special Indian English. "Lovely Friends," the salutation reads. And what follows is in the same ingenuous vein:

> It is really very sad that, due to certain unfortunate and involuntary circumstances, a wide gulf of misunderstanding has cropped up amongst you two and me. Maybe we are ourselves to be blamed for it all. Anyhow, let me not go into full details in this letter.
>
> I also feel, on my part, that my behav-

ior has at times been most unreasonable and unjustifiable—it may look so, to you—but I haste to assure you, dear ladies, especially Miss Nina in particular, that I have slapped back sharply, only when I was provoked in the most blatant manner.

The best thing for us all to do will be not to dig up old memories, even if we all live by memories alone, and forget the malice and start a friendship based on the fairest of all ideals.

Please take care to note that this letter is neither a letter begging your pardon nor flattering you at the same time. It is a letter bringing to you my warm hand of great expectations.

As to signify your rising to my expectations, please put on a white dress—from Dupatta [Urdu for "veil"] to shoes—all white—on Friday, 29th of this month. If in case it is not sunny on that day, then I expect you to put on the dress of peace on the next sunny day.

I am posting this letter with a lovely hope, which is, that "a woman is like a reed, it bends to every breeze but the tempest breaks it not."

I beg to remain Yours Forever, the one you know so well, or the one you know as GUMNAAM [Urdu for "nameless"].

P.S. If your answer is in affirmative, I would like to contact you there in the campus, but for the sake of man and God, remain aloof for a few days, after the day of peace—till I meet you—from your group of Five Girls. I am, in fact, a bit shy by nature or perhaps it is something else, I don't know what.

So long then, with many best wishes,
The Same Unchangeable ME.

"But the letter is well meant," I say. I am astonished that Chuni and Nina regard it as another insult.

"Rubbish," Chuni says. "You don't understand."

"After all, he only shook your hand, Nina."

"He touched me," Nina says.

"He touched her *forcibly!*" Chuni adds.

"Will you ever make peace with him?" I ask.

"Never," Chuni says.

In the few days I have spent in the company of Chuni and Nina, I have come to like them very much. They have an overwhelming disposition for affection; spontaneous in everything, they are always either scornful or adulatory; they never have any doubt about what is right and what is wrong; and once they have made up their minds they are immovable. So, after a halfhearted attempt to plead the cause of the boy whose poems and letters have been so disdainfully spurned, I give up.

Around us in the coffee shop, the students are still eating and the mixed couple is still talking. Then both talking and eating nearly come to a stop as the jukebox plays the first few bars of a particularly melancholy

Zippers by TALON
Fiberfill by KODEL
lined corduroy
3-6X $17 / 7-14 $18
Winky flies
zip-out lined cotton sheen
3-6X $23 / 7-14 $25
to the Coast
lined poplin
3-6X $12 / 7-14 $13
Weather Winky®
at I. MAGNIN and other fine stores

song. I recognize it as being from a picture called "Zeenat" (Urdu for "Decoration"), which I went to as a child of eleven. At that time, the picture was wildly popular in India. No one, young or old, could sit through it with dry eyes, and practically everyone sobbed when the heroine—played by Nur Jehan, the most passionately adored actress in India at the time—sang this song. The reaction to Nur Jehan's singing is not very different today, I notice as she moans, on the record:

"Nightingales don't cry here,
Overflowing tears are forbidden
here.
Even you, the prisoners of these
cages, are forbidden to wail here.
I am the cry whose listener is
dead;
I am that tear, forbidden to fall
even into a veil.
I am left in the middle of the storm,
And the boatman has gone, saying,
'Drown yourself in the whirlpool;
You are forbidden to come to
the shore.' "

When, at the end of the song, I say goodbye to the two girls, kohl-tinged tears have gathered in their eyes.

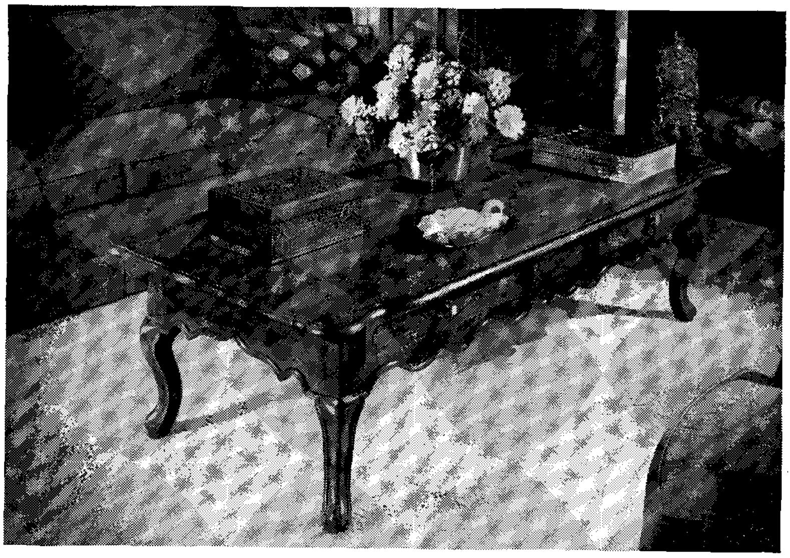
—VED MEHTA

(*This is the first of a series of articles. The second will appear in an early issue.*)

•

Fresh, assured, and wonderfully alive, Alden Mason's recent paintings are euphoric fusions of an irrepressible, imaginative *élan* and a high pictorial intelligence. Deceptively simple in appearance, Mason's protean emblems dissemble only briefly the ingenuity of his magician's mind. Boldly patterned to satisfy our need for contained experience, these giddy images combine the elusive constancy of icons and the festive acceleration of spontaneous fantasy. Animating his canvases with bright fields of acrylic pigment, he edges these fields over black surfaces to create a paced lubricity of line which quickens and purifies his delight in energy without sacrificing the colorful amplitude of his picture plane. His forms, despite their lucid stationing, also engage in endless profligate interplay, teasing each other and the formats in which they are arrayed by antic distensions, sudden elisions, and unexpected metamorphoses. Now quiescent, now alive, now emergent, now evasive, his images flirt with our attention and seduce our minds. Faces loom out at us, as in *Ipana Aphrodite*, break up into hoses and faucets, reassemble with a leering modesty, hollow out into basins of hallucination, sweep into abstract shapes, gurgle, expand and gasp, finally emitting pellets of extruded nonsense like placebos of the ephemerides.—*From the program of an exhibition in a Seattle gallery.*

If they're looking for us, we're in the next room.



*The Baker Album of Collector's Choices,*
*presents more than 500 of Europe's most desirable designs. $3.00.*

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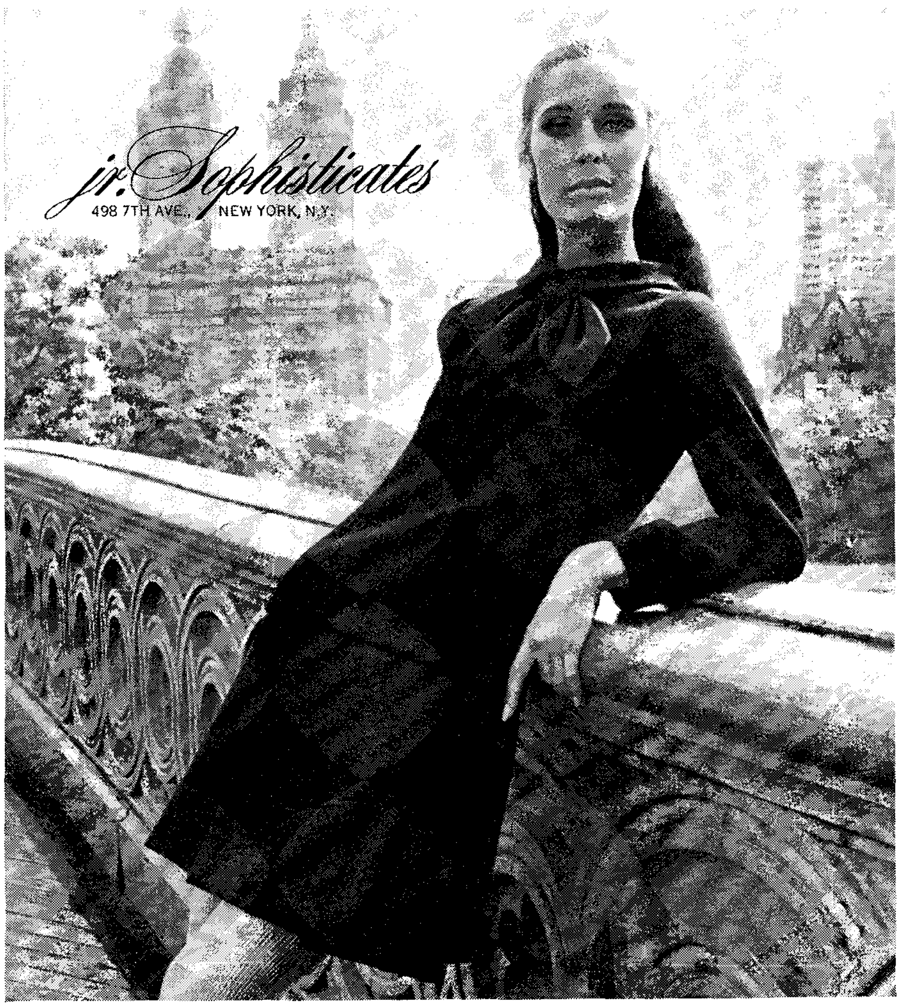
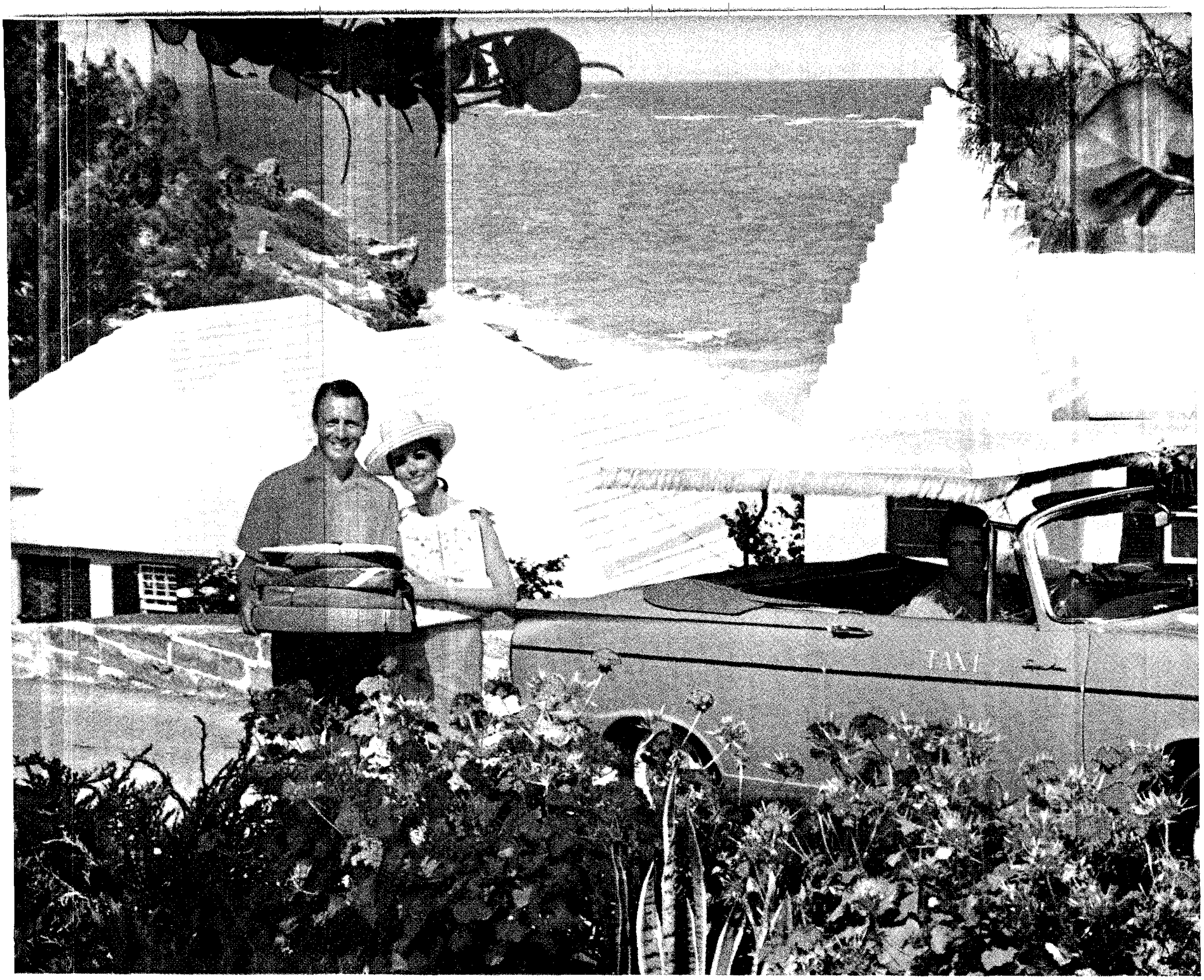
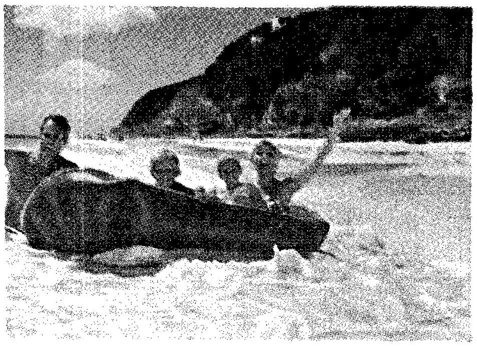


jr. Sophisticates
498 7TH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.



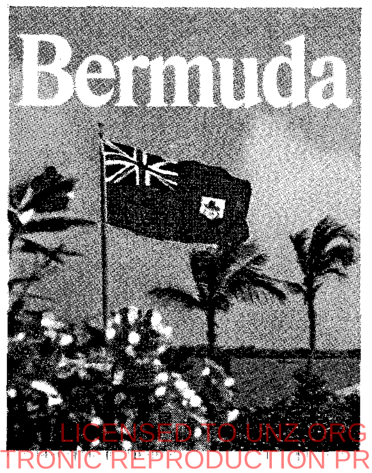
# "We taxied in to watch the parade-but oh, those fantastic shops. I went crazy." That's Bermuda!

People can't be blamed for going overboard about Bermuda shopping. For this little island is a mid-Atlantic shopping centre for goods from all over the world. From London and Dresden, Paris and Venice, Belfast, Geneva and many other cities come Bermuda's bargains. And the prices come as a most pleasant surprise.

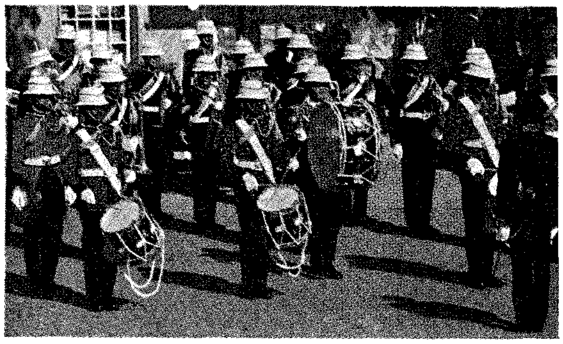


**The shops themselves** are a surprise. You can poke about in them all day without anyone hovering over you. And the places where you find the shops—delightful, too. Front Street, Hamilton, our main thoroughfare, is right on the waterfront. Look in one direction and see cashmere sweaters, perfumes and watches. Look in the other for little sailboats—and perhaps an ocean liner towering above you.

**The historic town** of St. George offers shopping as well as forts, museums, and a score of antique sights to see. And there are still more shops tucked away in such charming old rural villages as Somerset.



But there's more to Bermuda than sights, parades and shopping. There's night life—exciting, exotic. Delicious outdoor dining. There are sports: tennis, fishing, sailing and golf. Swimming from soft pink beaches.



**Shopping for a perfect holiday?** Ask your travel agent in the U.S. or Canada about the island. Or write Bermuda, at 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 10020 • 6 No. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 60602.

# Nobody knits for Jantzen

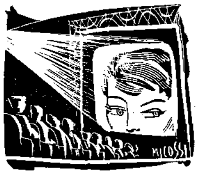
Announcing the sportiest sport shirt look of the season in Alamac's 80% Orlon®/20% wool. And Frank Gifford's wearing it. You'll score one for your side in this zip-top long sleeved shirt. In antique gold and ten other great colors. Sizes S, M, L, XL. About $13. At fine stores everywhere. Fabric by Alamac Knitting Mills, Inc., 1412 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018.

# Like Alamac

# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Under Thirty*

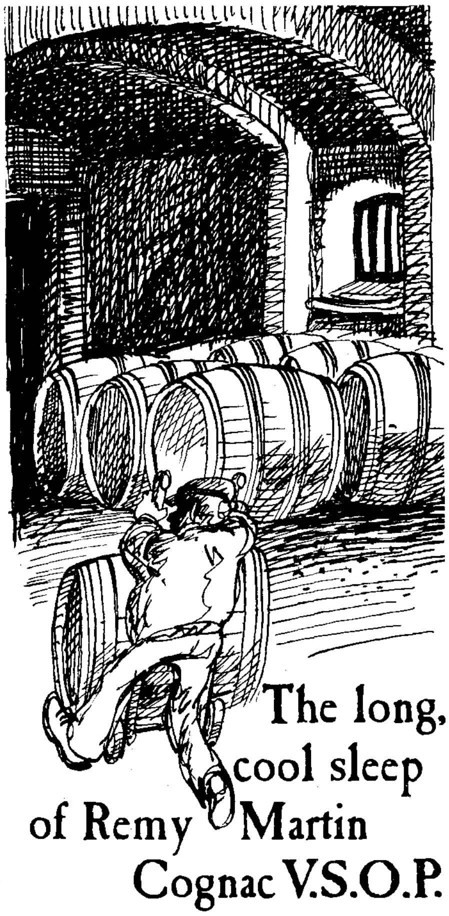
TOO much can happen before the credits in a film now, and no one in the industry seems to suspect that the convention is inherently funny. In an earnest Swedish potboiler that came out a while ago, an unmarried mother went through the whole second stage of labor and turned her face away from twins before the titles lumbered onto the screen. Plunked down in the middle of what seems to be a well-embarked piece of narrative action, the name of Shakespeare himself would be a bathetic interruption. In Roger Corman's "The Trip," which is about LSD, the credits barge in at intervals; they are spaced through a potted personal crisis, and the destruction they do to the drama is impossibly comic. They have the effect of some self-important waiter at the Yalta Conference slamming down a menu in front of Roosevelt and repeating "*Demi* grapefruit?" while Stalin talks about Berlin.



Anyway. The credit episode establishes that the hero, played by Peter Fonda, directs TV commercials, that he is worried about the shallowness of life, and that he is having trouble with a girl in a fuchsia-pink pants suit. (The girl, played by Susan Strasberg, has the shut-off look of the chicks of our time; I think it comes from years and years of being seen but not heard by swinging guys on pot or by square guys who are on the telephone to the office.) Everything one needs to know about this particular relationship is packed into one bulging line, spoken by Fonda even before Susan Strasberg's credit is flashed on the screen. The hero has disgustedly finished filming a commercial from a cliff, the girl has turned up in hope of a word, and he says to her, with an emphasis strongly beamed in our direction, "Well, Sally, I work very hard. I can't just leave in the middle of the day and sign divorce papers." There is something irresistible about an LSD movie that can drop narrative data on your toes with as hard a thump as the most sedate drawing-room comedy that any member of the last two generations of rebels has ever managed to bury. In the old days, the curtain rose on a housemaid going through the motions of work with a feather duster so as to give herself time to chat informatively with the butler about the master's Cabinet meeting tonight and the plans of the mistress's admirer to whip her off to Le Touquet. The script technique of "The Trip" is in no way distinguishable from this.

When the Fonda character has finished directing his TV commercial, early in the credits—he is shooting a couple standing on tiptoe in a clinch in the middle of the sea—he suddenly mutters a startling remark about there having been only one man who could walk well on water. Overbraced for credits, I thought I must be hearing things. But as the film went on the mutter turned out to have been thematic. When the hero enters a lysergic fun palace to take his pill, it is to redeem himself from sin by renouncing his world. He is encouraged by a statuesquely stoned girl who tells him that he has groovy boots. In his visions, he eventually stands in judgment before a hippie whom his imagination dresses the way a Haight-Ashbury couturier might outfit the Archangel Gabriel. The hippie says, with a sacred echo chamber behind his voice, "Just relax, man," and then, "Is your human name Paul?" *Paul.* Ah. The equivalent in "The Trip" of the conversion on the road to Damascus happens in a spacious room housing a merry-go-round, a few cathedral furnishings, an electric chair that has a touch of the hair dryer about it, and swags of junk jewelry. (Hallucinations in the movies go in for merry-go-rounds, apart from the kinds of hallucination that happen in experimental films at festivals; these tend to be set in extremely long office corridors, epitomizing things about megalopolitan existence and existential identity. The corridors are always lined with an enormous number of identical closed doors, and shot through a distorting lens to the sound of electronic music or the augmented sneeze of a Malayan nose flute.)

"The Trip" has everything all ways at once, of course. I can't begin to make sense of a movie that starts off with a thunderous piece of text about the dangers of hallucinogenic drugs and proceeds to equate the effects of LSD with the results of the vision vouchsafed to Paul. The hero does nothing so ordinary as take acid for kicks, and his experience isn't at all cautionary; the example that he sets is almost saintly and should bring the devout to LSD in droves. He wants to learn to love, and he does, beginning with an orange and advancing quickly to his wife. He left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her horribly alone in the credits, denying her even the intimacy of a shared appointment with a lawyer to see about their divorce, but as soon as his hallucinations start he rolls onto her as cheerfully as a seal. Their naked bodies are camouflaged here with that jungle-striped psychedelic lighting which always looks oddly like the marbled endpapers of old books. The hero has other fantasies to get through—skimming up mountains in a Hamlet-cut blouse, or looking wonderingly at his own hand movements, like someone revived from the dead in a bad Biblical film, or receiving a bowl of repulsive-looking gruel from a dwarf dressed like a plastic gnome in a rock garden—but whenever he has the time he now dreams of his wife. I think the dreams are meant to be erotic and personal, because this seems to be the point of the conversion, so it strikes me as a mistake that they should look like the most remote and snooty magazine ads for hi-fi or for smart brands of booze, showing Susan Strasberg dressed in full evening fig and draped in hostess-like positions on perfectly deserted beaches. Sometimes—not when his wife is there—the hero sits with his third finger touching his thumb and his fourth pointed to his palm, in the position of Byzantine icons of Christ, and you wonder if the filmmakers had in mind a model even higher than St. Paul. And you wonder again, in practically the last shot of this richly interesting and extravagantly humorless picture, when the hero is photographed from the back in a crucified gesture, saying that he has found the insight he was looking for and that he now loves everyone.

I very much liked the sound track of "The Trip." It is full of blithely square old mystery-film noises, including amplified deep breathing, disembodied cackles, and Gothic wheezings much like the sound of the theatre organs that used to go up and down in posh cinemas in the days when the movie industry's religious wallows weren't disguised as trips on acid.

IN case this claim of Christian allusions in an obviously Pop and non-academic film sounds fanciful, I should say that they stick out a mile, that they are plainly meant to, and that analogies turn up again and again in the West Coast's present movies about teen-agers and hippies—especially in the routine ones that aren't generally reviewed. There is another crass reworking of New Testament mythology in T. C. Frank's "Born Losers." The story is

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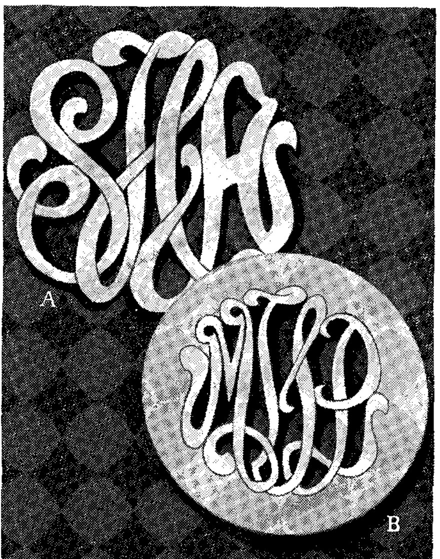
about a loner who sticks up for an innocent citizen in defiance of a motorcycle gang; the gang leader wears a jacket emblazoned with an androgynous caricature of Jesus on the Cross, contemptuously inscribed "Born to Lose." The hero is victimized by the police for his charity, and his only ally is a girl called Vicky, who is dressed all in white, though not in much of it (white bikini, white open shirt, and white boots). She talks about virginity with skin-crawling coyness, saying, "I always felt like I had a little light bulb inside of me," which makes it difficult to be as thrilled as one might otherwise be when she meets a threat of rape with the reply "I'd have to be dead three days before I'd let you touch me." Dead three days. The Gospel references are often so arrestingly irrelevant that they could pass for subconscious in any form less knowing than a film that has to make money. At the end of the picture, the girl sees the wounded loner off in a helicopter, to the words "We are the sunset and the sunrise." The echoed rhythm of "I am the resurrection and the life" can't have been unwitting. Like "The Trip," "Born Losers" was made on the West Coast; punk-uplift films like these belong distinctively to California, with its appetite for consoling fad religions and easy revelation.

THE independent films of New York seem to belong to another country. The ones I've seen in the last few months are closer to the bone, and more idiomatic; they are less credulous, and at the same time a lot more permissive and kindly. Hollywood traditionally sees up-to-dateness as resting on subject matter, and trots a smug fifteen years behind the times in technique. By contrast, the radicalism of a New York film as good as Donn Pennebaker's "Don't Look Back" lies in its copious temperament; its original techniques emerge as the only way of expressing its insights. The worried old dream factory still insists on trying to go modern by picking up topics—miscegenation, teen-age gangs, hallucinogenic drugs—and then dropping them again as fast as if they were last year's Miss Rheingold (I am prepared to place a small bet that next year's Hollywood subject will be homosexuality), but the best of the independent filmmakers now working in New York are pushing away at a less newsy question of method: What about acknowledging the presence of the camera? This is the cinema's equivalent of the theatre's to-and-fro with



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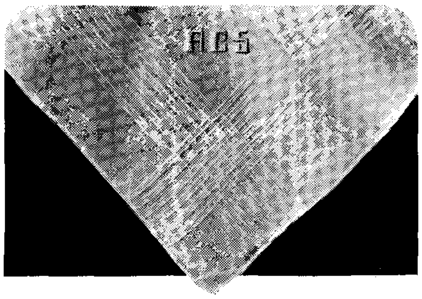
the convention of the fourth wall. If playwrights, directors, and actors had gone on pretending that the audience wasn't there, and that what was happening onstage was a piece of subjectively experienced, current reality, innocent of their comment, there would have been no Brecht, no Joan Littlewood, no Beckett, no English Stage Company at the Royal Court Theatre in 1956, no Roger Planchon in France, no "Marat/Sade," no "The Connection" or "The Brig" or "America Hurrah." Some New York filmmakers are obviously longing to be rid of equivalent proprieties in the cinema. Why pretend that rigged scenes are real, their work says. Why not admit that the camera is there less fortuitously than a fly on the wall, so that it can start to declare the human mind behind it instead of passing itself off as the optical equipment of some conveniently interested and nippy insect? Why not find shooting styles that will let audiences make their own choice about which part of a screen to find significant or how to read a man's expression, as they do on live television, instead of gulling them into thinking that the director's choice of this closeup, this dissolve, this convention of editing expresses any sealed truth? Shirley Clarke, who made the movie of "The Connection," is experimenting with talking audibly from behind the camera to the subject of a film portrait, speaking to him at the beginning and end of reels of unbroken tape, so that the pressure on behavior exerted by the invisible director is out in the open. This is one of the many opportunities of telling the truth that Andy Warhol doesn't seize in his cinema of advertised truthtelling. His latest film, modestly titled "I, a Man," is decked out with all the usual apparatus of plainspeaking and "real" behavior—"er"s, "um"s, fabricated contentiousness, stridency-hiding embarrassment, boringness, a load of bed—but the actor-lovers are really only acting naturalness, even if they are genuinely undressed. They become performers because of the camera, which presses them into filling pauses even when they are supposed to be alone in a bedroom; in fact, they often behave as if the lens were some anxious third party having them in for drinks. The frantically stilted conversation-making of the Don Juan hero is one of the funnier landmarks of spuriousness in Warhol's talented put-on of a career. "How can I relate to you if I don't know where we met?" asks the man, socially simulating interest in the question without much plausibility,



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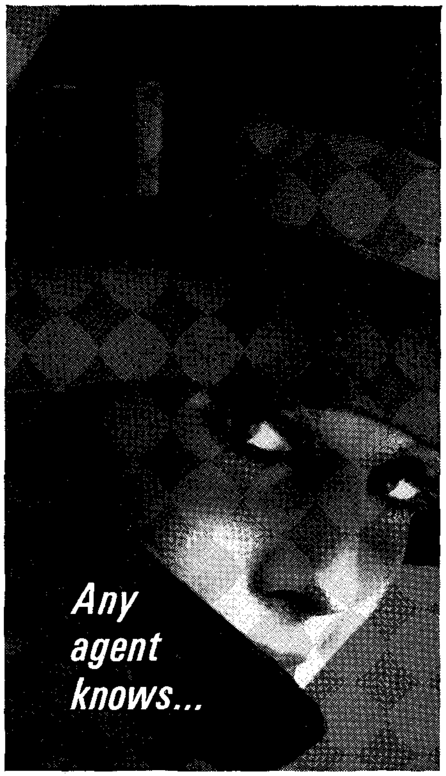
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ONLY a bamboozler who had already found the public that deserved him could hope to dupe audiences into believing that "I, a Man" stood adequately for the fascination of people's actual behavior. Donn Pennebaker's "Don't Look Back" is an antidote. The director was interested by Bob Dylan, and travelled around England with him on a concert tour. He shot footage when Dylan was nervous, concentrated, swinging; when he was composing, quarrelling, pitching into a *Time* interviewer, and playing cool games with a thick English hanger-on. There is a scene in which Dylan seems to have fallen into a polite coma, numbed by a quail-shaped mayoress who talks at him without drawing breath, telling him that she very much admires what he is doing for "the youth." In a delicate structure of middleman's showoff built up by a cheery Jewish-Cockney agent and an American manager who has the edge on him, the presence of the camera in the agent's crummy office, where the two men are playing rival TV deals against one another on a shared telephone, comically adds one more element to the already out-of-hand confusion of interests they are both trying to impress. There are scenes between Dylan, Joan Baez, and people in Dylan's working group, shot in the backs of cars and in cluttered hotel rooms, that catch some moving essence of being young now. Certain moments of "Don't Look Back" impart the flavor of freewheeling friendship more precisely than anything else I know of in an English-language movie. Pennebaker seems to have the born filmmaker's quality of attentiveness, and the repose that allows things to occur before the camera as richly as they can in life. He said once, "There is nothing you can't film about a person if the guy is free and you respect him. When I try to get too smart, to figure on people, they turn into games. But if I just watch what is happening, it will happen right in front of me."

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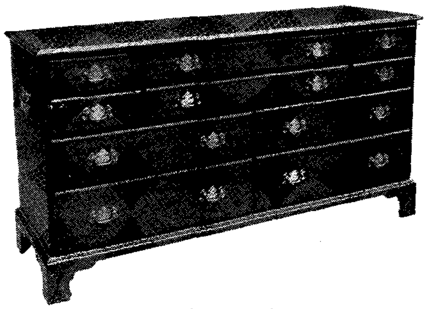

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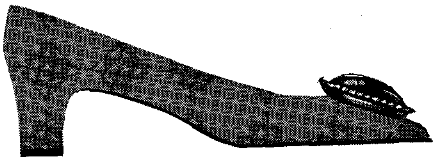

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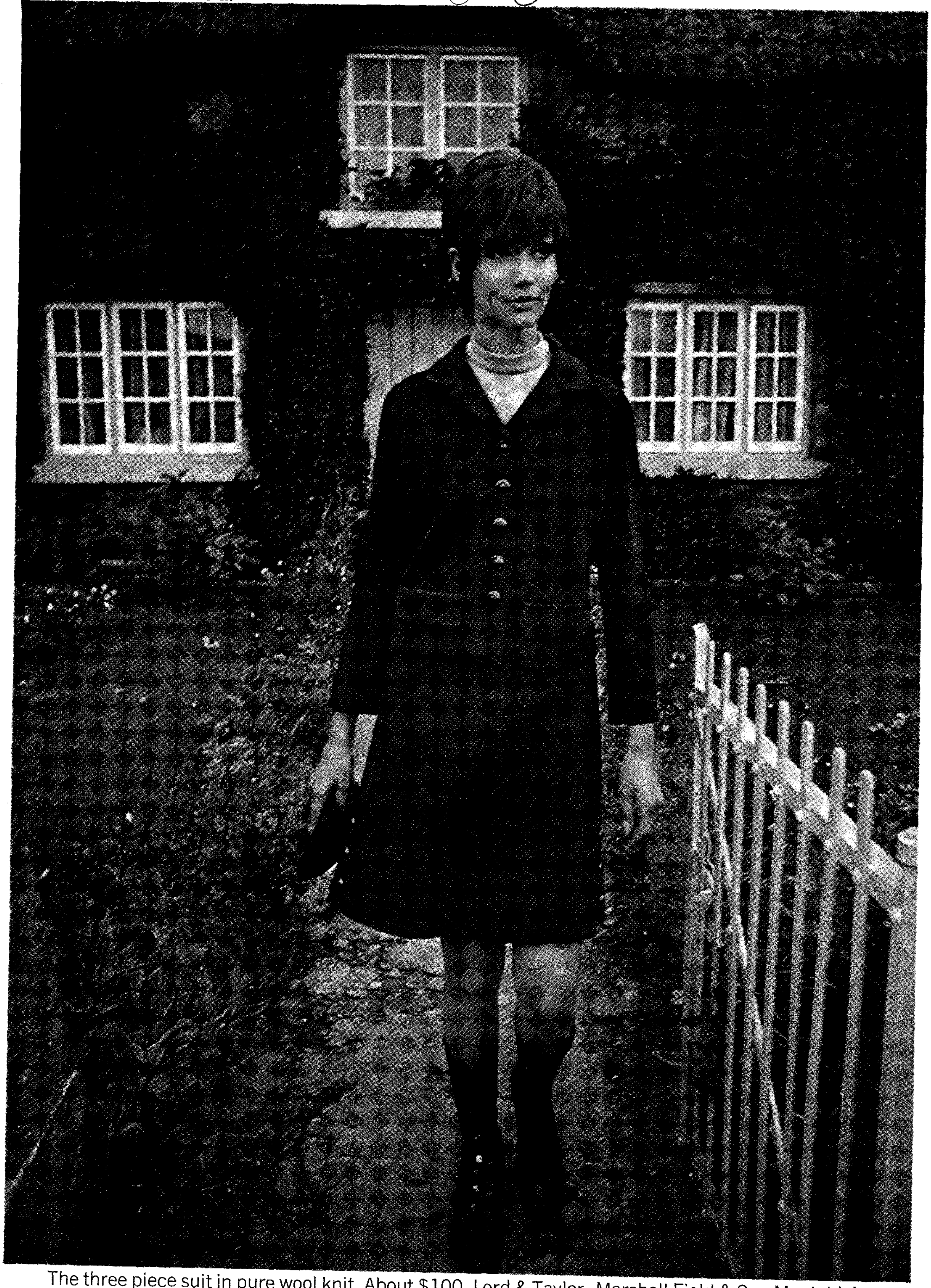

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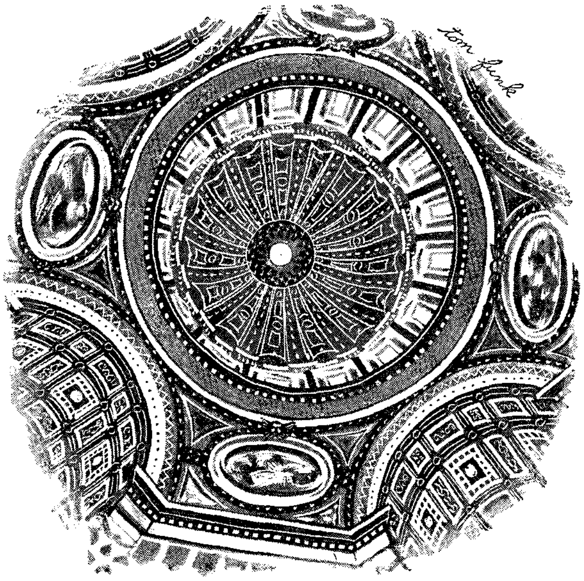
# LETTER FROM VATICAN CITY



THERE are signs of anxiety on "the fourth floor"—as the papal apartments overlooking St. Peter's Square are discreetly referred to—about the forthcoming gathering here on September 29th of the newly organized Synod of Bishops. This assembly, whose nearly two hundred participants—in contrast to the twenty-three hundred bishops who gathered for Vatican Council II—are elected by the various national conferences of bishops, was authorized by the Council to advise the Pope on weighty issues. This is to be its first meeting. A minor sign of anxiety was the Pope's statement at his recent consistory in which he rejected the idea that the Synod would replace the College of Cardinals, when no one had seriously supposed that it would. A more important and depressing sign is the Pope's appointment of Cardinal Michael Browne as *relator*, or spokesman, for the first item on the Synod's agenda, "Present-Day Dangers to the Faith." The aged Cardinal (he was eighty last May)—a hulking, six-foot-four Irishman and a former General of the Dominicans, who wears the white robes of his order rather than a cardinal's red—exceeds even Cardinal Ottaviani, head of the Doctrinal Congregation (formerly the Holy Office), in theological conservatism. At the Council, he fought against acceptance of the principle of collegiality—the basis on which the Synod of Bishops itself was formed—in a way that even Ottaviani was too enlightened to support. Everyone who was at the Council remembers Browne's repeated warning—"*Cavete, patres, cavete!*" ("Beware, fathers, beware!"), in Latin overlaid with a pronounced Irish brogue—against the terrible dangers of admitting that the bishops share in the supreme authority of the Pope. To cast this relic of pre-conciliar thinking in an important role at the Synod appears to be a significant gesture of retrogression.

One of the more immediate causes of anxiety among Vatican officials may have been the interesting restatement of the doctrine of collegiality recently put forth by Cardinal Bernard Alfrink, Primate of Holland, at a symposium of some seventy bishops from seventeen European nations—a kind of preview Synod—to which he was host at Noordwijkerhout, Holland, in early July. As Bishop Derek Worlock, of Portsmouth, England, said when the gathering had ended, "The most important thing about the symposium is that it was held at all." In his carefully balanced speech to the bishops, Cardinal Alfrink contrasted what he called "the vertical Church"—the one administered from Rome-centered offices—with "the horizontal Church," or the system of local churches throughout the world. While he made it very clear that the vertical papal system and the horizontal Church could, and should, coexist harmoniously, he pointed out that controversy and tension were inevitable if Rome attempted to overreach itself. He said that the intent of the Council in adopting a constitution defining the Church was to rehabilitate the theory of the local Church. Though this theory unfortunately had declined under centuries of domination by the papal system, Vatican II "instigated a renewed appreciation and experience of the local Church," he said, adding, "Without the reality of the local Church, the one Church of Christ is not to be found on earth." He used the term "autocephaly," meaning "self-leadership" or "independence," to describe the relationship that ought to exist between the local churches and Rome—a significant and bold move, since this term is used by the Orthodox Christians to describe their churches, which, though independent of one another, are bound together in the same communion. The word appears in the English and Dutch versions of Alfrink's speech, but it is not in the official text (in French), and the Cardinal explained that it had been dropped because it might be misunderstood. He also said that the papal system would become "a bloodless abstraction" if it failed to recognize the validity of the horizontal Church.

Many observers believe that this speech was a way of serving notice on the Curia that the Dutch Church, for one, will not allow itself to be intimidated. Lately, Cardinal Alfrink had himself nominated to the special commission of cardinals that is looking into the controversial Dutch catechism issued last year. Over five hundred pages long, it abandons the simple question-and-answer approach and is remarkably liberal about such matters as the virgin birth, the eucharist, and birth control. Since the catechism has already been published with the imprimatur of the Dutch bishops, the Cardinal noted in a radio talk, the commission is hardly likely to indict the entire hierarchy of a country by upholding the view of some Curial theologians that it contains fifty-eight heresies. No doubt the commission will settle for a number of verbal changes. (Father Edward Schillebeeckx and other Dutch theologians claim that the Curia does not understand what the Dutch are trying to do because it judges everything according to the standards of another age.) The Pope's personal theologian, Bishop Carlo Colombo, also spoke at Noordwijkerhout—at the express wish of the Pope—on the subject of Church authority. The assembly took a dim view of what he had to say, one bishop describing his whole approach as "hopeless." The texts of the various speeches were not made public, at the request of the French hierarchy, but apparently Colombo overstressed ecclesiastical authority without giving room to the concomitant notion of common responsibility, which the other speakers were intent on bringing out. Like his talk delivered a year ago at the University of Notre Dame, this one made a bad impression. His appearance at the bishops' symposium has given ammunition to those critics who insist that Pope Paul is tending more and more to shy away from the consequences of bringing up to date, or even adjusting, ingrained and peculiarly Roman habits of thought, although the Council has shown the way to renewal and reform.

When a high Vatican official was asked whether there was any significance in the fact that "Present-Day Dangers to the Faith" had been chosen

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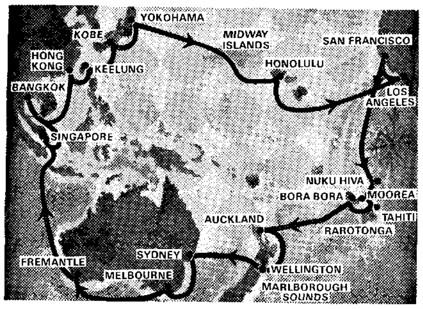

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as the first item on the Synod's agenda, he replied that not even the Pope knew exactly how the Synod would go; there had to be an agenda, he said, and this seemed an appropriate first item. Insiders are predicting one of two possible courses, depending on the bishops. There may be a revolt similar to the famous move during the opening days of Vatican Council II, when Cardinal Liénart, one of the Council presidents, refused to accept the Curia's list of appointees to various committees and thus freed the Council from the worst effects of Curial domination. The more probable course is that the bishops will play it cool at first, listening patiently to the papal documents and then suggesting amendments to bring them more into line with current thinking. The Synod of Bishops, incidentally, will not convene in St. Peter's, as the Council did, but in the much less accessible Borgia apartments of the Vatican. Just how secret the sessions will be remains to be seen, but it is already evident that reporters covering the event are going to have a discouraging time. The agenda in itself is discouraging; in addition to "Dangers to the Faith," the four areas to be covered are the liturgy, mixed marriages, seminaries, and reform of canon law. Obviously, Rome officialdom hopes to direct the Synod of Bishops with a heavy hand, but there may be a few surprises. The bishops, having found their voices and having discovered the collegial nature of their office at the Council, can no longer be pushed around, and the Synod will no doubt turn out to be exactly what they want it to be.

AMONG a pope's occasional chores is keeping peace in his own entourage. Within the past few months, Pope Paul has had to intervene in at least two major squabbles involving princes of the Church. The principals in the first were Cardinal Agagianian, the bearded Armenian head of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, and Archbishop Antonio Samorè, Vatican Secretary of State for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs. (He has since been removed from office by being made a cardinal.) Their quarrel over the disbursement of funds for missionary work in South America erupted into an acrimonious exchange; the dossiers ended up on Pope Paul's desk. Behind the contretemps was Samorè's apparent desire to be considered the savior of the Catholic Church in Latin America, which is suffering from an acute shortage of priests, among other ills. He tried to have all funds for

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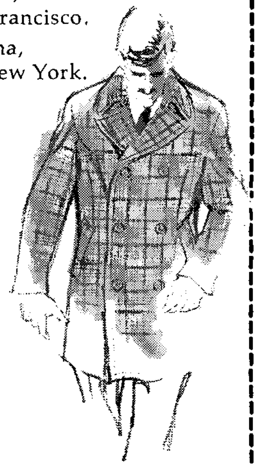

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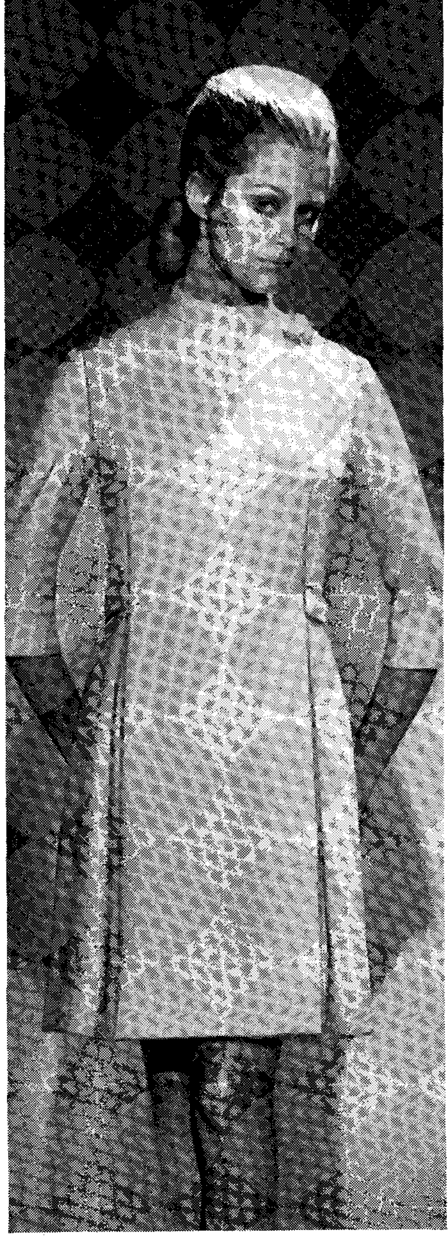
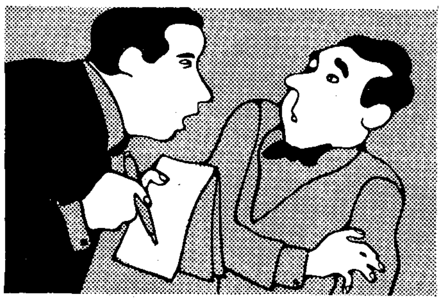


projects relating to missionary work and aid programs in South America channelled through his hands. On one occasion, when he chided the highly successful Dutch Jesuit missionary Father Roger Vekemans, whose institute helps educate and improve the lot of poverty-stricken Chileans, for making frequent visits to Washington instead of to Rome, the Dutch priest replied, "*Eccellenza*, one returns from Rome full of good advice but from Washington with cash." Samorè also attempted to get his hands on Propagation of the Faith funds, asserting the right of the Secretariat of State to exercise control over other Curial offices. He met his match when he tackled the Armenian cardinal, however, and it now appears his elaborate plans for a special secretariat for Latin-American affairs, over which he hoped to preside as a cardinal, have been scotched.

Of a more insidious nature was an attack on the Archbishop of Bologna, Cardinal Giacomo Lercaro, which was launched by the Italian writer Tito Casini, a former pupil of Cardinal Antonio Bacci, in a provocative booklet entitled "The Severed Tunic." In 1964, the Pope made Lercaro the head of a special commission to supervise the liturgical reforms decreed by Vatican II, and the booklet refers to the Cardinal as "a new Luther" who has introduced a host of evils into the Church under the guise of carrying out his duties as head of this commission. In a preface, Cardinal Bacci, who is indignant about the trend toward the abandonment of Latin in favor of modern languages in the liturgy, acknowledges the violent tone and intemperate language of the pamphlet but defends Casini on the score that he is really "a model Catholic" who is justifiably disturbed by Lercaro's attempt to subvert the Church's liturgy. Lercaro was alerted to the coming attack by a midnight telephone call from Cardinal Florit, of Florence, who informed him that while he himself had refused the booklet an imprimatur, the author had obtained permission to publish it in Rome from the Pope's Roman vicar, Cardinal Luigi Traglia, who is notoriously unenthusiastic about the changes ordered by the Council. Lercaro was to hold a plenary meeting of his commission in Rome the next day, and he apparently expected to receive some word of the Pope's continued confidence in him when he arrived there. Greeted instead by a mysterious silence from that quarter, he went to the Vatican telegraph office and dispatched a message to the commission



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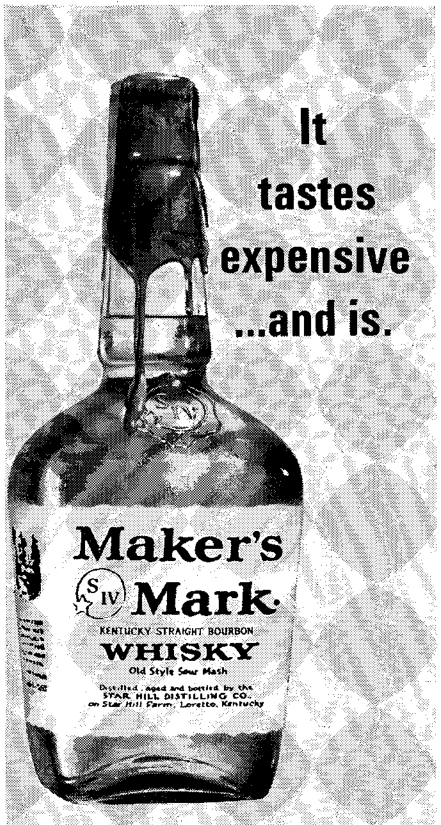

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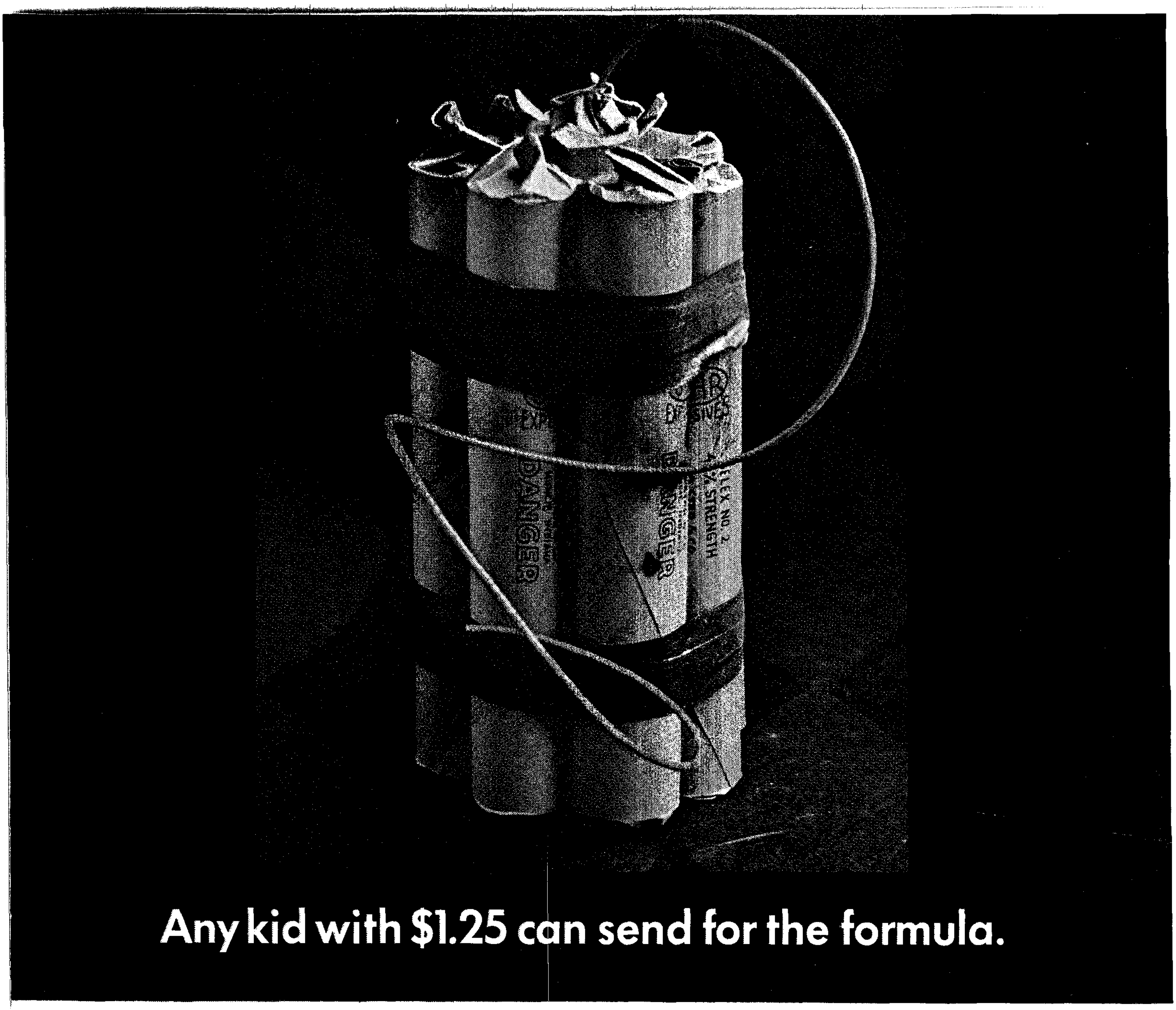

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members saying that it would be impossible for him to preside over the meeting until his name had been cleared, and returned forthwith to Bologna. Pope Paul then put in a personal appearance at the next meeting of the commission and in forceful terms rejected the attack on Cardinal Lercaro, expressing himself as being in entire agreement with what the Cardinal and the commission had done. As for the real issue, he rather benignly observed that although Latin remained the official language of the Church, there was no reason that the vernacular should not be used in the liturgy; in any case, the cause of Latin was not being furthered by such intemperate publications. After remarking that there was some opposition in various parts of the Church to the liturgical changes, he apparently could not resist the temptation to chide those in the less conservative camp who were introducing novelties of all kinds. Observers here noted that no attempt was made to have the offending pamphlet withdrawn from circulation.

Cardinal Bacci, undisturbed by the papal rebuke, continues to give his wholehearted support to an international federation that urges the restoration of a Latin liturgy and that recently addressed an open letter to the Pope on the subject, signed by W. H. Auden, Pablo Casals, Benjamin Britten, Salvador de Madariaga, the Arabic scholar Francesco Gabrieli, and the Italian poets Eugenio Montale and Salvatore Quasimodo, among others. A love of Latin is one thing, but a personal affront to Cardinal Lercaro is another, and many observers here feel that the pamphlet was only a part of a campaign to blacken his reputation and eventually secure his removal as head of the populous Bologna archdiocese. His left-of-center stand on political and social questions there, and, above all, the respect shown him by the local authorities of Bologna, that citadel of Communist influence in Italy, are unforgivable sins in the eyes of right-wing Italian industrialists and their ecclesiastical mentors. Earlier this year, when Cardinal Lercaro authorized the publication of an article (soon after the Pope had spoken on the subject) that dared to suggest that the Church may have to countenance divorce in Italy as the lesser of two evils, there were loud outcries from the rightists. It is known that Lercaro would like to leave the cares of his see to devote himself exclusively to the work of his commission in Rome. (He resigned his see last year, but the Pope refused to accept his

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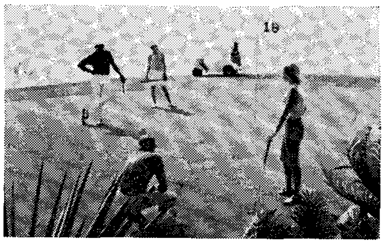

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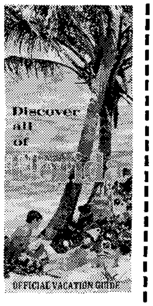

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resignation, partly because he could not decide who was to fill this key post in the Italian hierarchy.) Pressure is also being brought to bear on Lercaro through a threat to suppress the Bolognese independent Catholic daily, *L'Avvenire d'Italia*—the only Catholic newspaper of stature in Italy (outside of the Vatican)—which is recognized as his personal organ and was owned jointly by the Archdiocese of Bologna, the Vatican, and various private interests. The Vatican has now sold its shares to the governing Christian Democratic Party, which has let it be known that because of financial difficulties the paper will eventually be merged with the diocesan organ of the Archdiocese of Milan, largely under the thumb of northern Italian industrial interests.

PROOF that although the Pope may be anxious he is nevertheless determined to push ahead with reform was afforded last week by the publication of his long-awaited plan for the reorganization of the Roman Curia, slated to go into effect on January 1st. Progressives continue to be baffled, however, by the nervous manner in which the Pope sometimes acts. At his recent consistory in which twenty-seven prelates were raised to the cardinalate, he sounded defensive, rejecting the idea that there were "any reasons that would lead us to change the discipline handed down to us by our most venerated predecessors." It is being said here that the Pope, in speaking of "reinvigorating" the Sacred College by his nominations, was trying to cover up his embarrassment at their strongly Italian, pro-Curial nature, which has so mystified observers. Since nearly two-thirds of the names fall into this category and include some of the most ambitious monsignors on the Roman scene, it is obvious that he was—to a certain extent, at least—bowing to pressure from this quarter. One of those who have just made the grade as cardinal—a former secretary of the Congregation of Seminaries and Universities—is alleged to have spent two long hours last spring with Pope Paul demanding the red hat as his logical reward for having climbed the Curial ladder. Considerable indignation, on the other hand, was registered by Archbishop Pietro Palazzini—for many years secretary of the Congregation of the Council, which supervises all the clergy—who was unaccountably passed over in the latest consistory and is apparently doubly aggrieved because the valuable support he has long rendered the conservative cause was not

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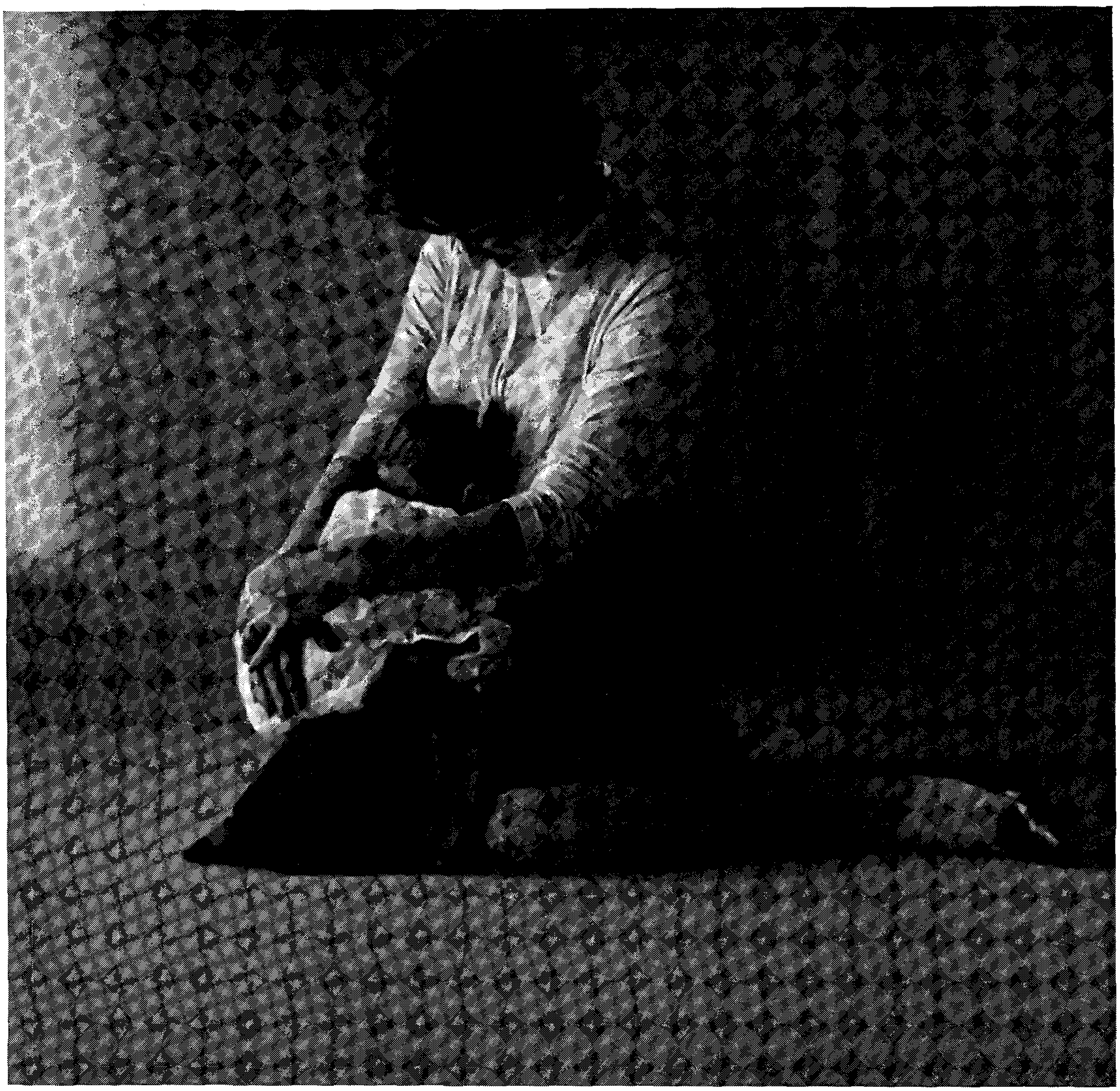

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recognized. After all, to receive a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a month, have a chauffeur-driven car, be accorded Italian police protection and honored as a prince, and live in an apartment owned by the Vatican, as Curial cardinals do, is a reward hard to forgo.

Even though the new regulations provide that prelates in the top Curial echelons must resign every five years (and whenever a new Pope is elected), thus making it difficult for flagrant careerism to flourish as it has flourished in the past, there is general agreement that Pope Paul has stirred up a hornets' nest of intrigue for himself by these appointments, which it is hoped will be the last of their kind. The new cardinals have been assigned posts on the various Curial congregations, and they will inevitably have considerable influence merely by being around as members of his official "senate," even if they are excluded from leading roles. Ordinarily, only mild regrets would have been expressed over the Pope's decision to revive the old custom of rewarding career diplomats with the red hat, but this time two of those rewarded have the unenviable reputation of being meddlers. No tears were shed in Holland when it was learned that the apostolic delegate, Archbishop Beltrami, would be leaving The Hague for Rome; he became unpopular with Dutch Catholics when he made ungenerous remarks about the late Bishop Bekkers, of 's Hertogenbosch, one of the country's most liberal prelates, and when he gave aid and comfort to the Curial investigation of the theological and liturgical ferment now going on there. Similarly, the apostolic delegate in Washington, Archbishop Egidio Vagnozzi, managed at one time or another during his long term to infuriate and embarrass just about everybody he came in touch with, including a majority of the American hierarchy and Catholic intelligentsia, yet no amount of private complaint could discredit him in Rome. His parting blast, however, turned out to have quite unexpected results. True to old-guard views of deference to ecclesiastical authority, he apparently believed that it was his function as the Pope's representative to repress all manifestations of liberalism in the American Church—and, in particular, in the theological faculty of the Catholic University of America, in Washington. At that institution, the thirty-three-year-old professor of moral theology, Father Charles E. Curran, was reportedly teaching heresy on the subject of birth control. During the

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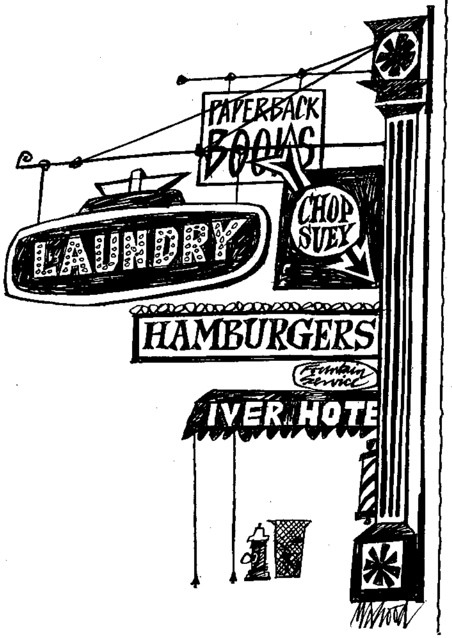
spring meeting of the United States hierarchy in Chicago, pressure was brought to bear by Archbishop Vagnozzi, Archbishop McGucken, of San Francisco, and Archbishop Krol, of Philadelphia, to have the rector of the university, Monsignor William McDonald (who has since announced his retirement to become Auxiliary Bishop of San Francisco), drop the liberal young theologian at the expiration of his two-year contract this August. Unannounced to the assembled bishops was the fact that the university's academic senate, on the recommendation of the theological faculty, had voted that Curran be promoted to an assistant professorship. When word of the conservative bishops' pressure leaked out, the theological students led the student body and the faculty in a four-day campus strike, which was settled only when Archbishop O'Boyle, of Washington, as chancellor, standing on the library steps, announced Curran's retention.

THE latest papal encyclical reaffirms that all priests of the Latin rite must continue to remain celibate. The Pope's decision no doubt brought relief to conservative minds, some of whom have been trying to persuade him to banish doubts on this score ever since a controversy over celibacy threatened to erupt on the Council floor. Yet the encyclical clearly relates chiefly to the past, and to theory, and has little to say about the real nub of the question: Why should the present discipline of the Church not be modified in accordance with modern needs? The document is, strangely, less than generous to—and, in fact, ignores—the Orthodox Christians' arguments in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favor of the coexistence of a married and unmarried clergy, normal for their churches from the beginning. (It was not until approximately the thirteenth century that the West began to impose uniform clerical celibacy. As late as the ninth century, in fact, a pope, Hadrian II, lived with his wife and daughter in the ancient Lateran Palace that housed the popes until they took up residence, much later, in the Vatican. Hadrian had been legitimately married and had had a child before he became a sub-deacon. When, in 867, he was elected pope, his wife, Stephania, was officially known as the *episcopissa*, or bishop's wife.) Perhaps in an attempt to sugarcoat the pill, a decree was simultaneously published instituting a married diaconate in the Church, but the Vatican let it be known that married deacons could not expect to go on to become priests, thus probably limiting interest in this form of the ministry to Latin America and missionary countries. Cardinal Alfrink's comment—"There can be no discussion of the content of an encyclical, because it is issued under the authority of the Pope, but there can be discussion of the information on which it is based"—seems to imply that the marriage of priests is not a closed topic. As one Vatican hand expressed it, "Rome wants to go on record as having asserted an absolute principle, then in the next few years reluctant permission for clerics to marry will be given here and there, wherever the bishops demand it strongly enough from the Holy See."

ALTHOUGH the deliberate pace at which Pope Paul prefers to work is well known, Vatican watchers consider it amazing that it has taken him more than four years to begin gathering together a circle of former friends and associates and assigning them to key posts in Rome and abroad—a task that more vigorous administrators, it is assumed, would have accomplished in a matter of months. A complicating factor, no doubt, is the Pope's peculiarly deferential, little-understood relations with certain leading figures of the Curial old guard, who have always seemed to exercise a kind of veto power over what Pope Paul does. There is the nonagenarian Cardinal Giuseppe Pizzardo, under whose auspices the youthful Montini first entered the Secretariat of State, and who is still nominal head of the Congregation of Seminaries (though he was relieved of all effective control last year, when the Archbishop of Toulouse, Cardinal Garrone, was appointed act-

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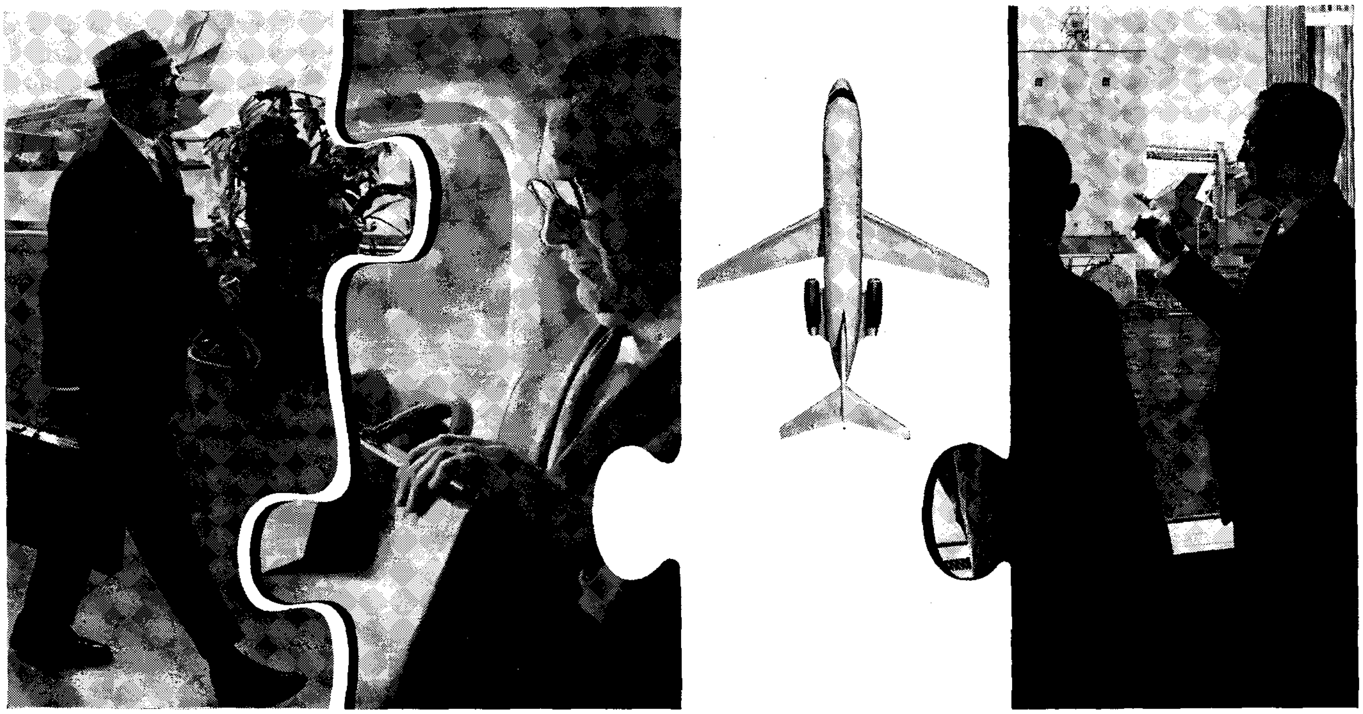

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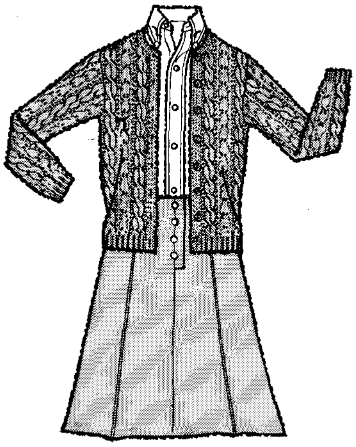

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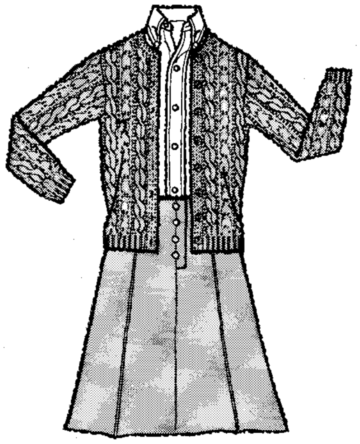

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ing head). There is the old and nearly blind Cardinal Alfredo Ottaviani of the Doctrinal Congregation, who is accused by the progressives of attempting to exercise a kind of dictatorship over Catholic faith and morals, and who as late as last January caused the Pope acute embarrassment by banning a scheduled Protestant-Catholic interfaith service in Rome—a ruling that the Pope himself countermanded as soon as he learned about it, but too late to do any good. (It is reported that Ottaviani offered to resign in the face of this contretemps but that the Pope would not allow him to do so. Since then, a kind of truce has prevailed between them. True to his motto, "*Semper Idem*"—"Always the Same"—the acknowledged leader of the conservative wing of the Curia stays on, outwardly conforming to the Pope's declared will but carrying on as usual, giving rise to the complaint that nothing has changed at the Holy Office except the name.) And there is—or was, for he died in 1965—the octogenarian Cardinal Clemente Micara, the Pope's vicar for Rome and one of the staunchest opponents of all change. He has been succeeded by the somewhat younger but no less intransigent Cardinal Traglia.

Rumors have long been circulating that Pope Paul's plan for the reorganization of the Curia would have been promulgated sooner if it had not been for the refusal of aged cardinals to resign. In fact, the Pope himself publicly stated shortly before last Christmas that promulgation was imminent. Only Cardinal Fernando Cento, head of the relatively unimportant Apostolic Penitentiary, which is concerned with indulgences, complied with the Pope's request to resign, it seems. He received in reply a personal letter appreciative of his noble gesture, but it failed to move any of his colleagues to follow suit. Since the new Curial regulations call for the resignation of high officials at stated intervals, it is clear that the Pope decided to go ahead without the concurrence of the cardinals. What is not clear at the moment is whether the resignations are to become effective on January 1st or in June, 1968, when the Pope will have completed his fifth year, or sooner. If, as some fear, the Pope is tempted to weaken the spirit of the new law by keeping on old hands (as he did last year by exempting Curial cardinals from the law that requires bishops to resign on reaching the age of seventy-five), he will seriously compromise his own good work. Many consider the

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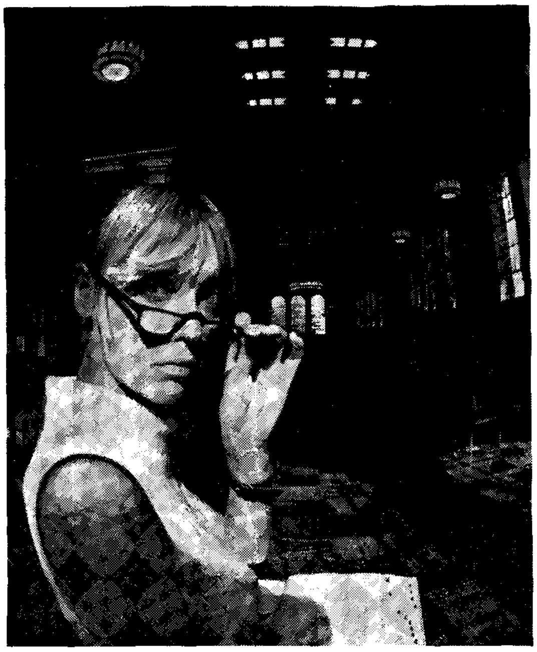

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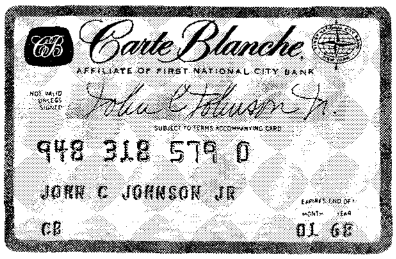
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provision requiring a periodic turnover of personnel (and a related one calling for practical pastoral experience) the real key to all else. Only a few of the new top names have been revealed, making difficult any assessment of how far Pope Paul intends to carry reform, but the signs point to changes that could go far to break the stranglehold so long exerted by a well-knit minority. Significantly, the Pope issued a separate decree providing that a certain number of diocesan bishops from all over the world were to be added to each of the nine (reduced from thirteen) Curial congregations, a gesture intended to impress the Synod; hitherto, only cardinals have been members of congregations. Archbishop Giovanni Benelli, a former personal secretary of Monsignor Montini when he was head of the second section of the Secretariat of State under Pius XII, in the late nineteen-forties, has been named to the same key post, but his authority has been increased, for the second section has been elevated to first rank, renamed the Secretariat of the Pope, and made responsible for coördinating the work of the rest of the Curia. Benelli has had wide diplomatic experience, unlike his predecessor, Cardinal Angelo Dell'Acqua, who served only a few years in Turkey in the nineteen-thirties. Comment has generally been favorable on the promotion of the sharp-witted but amiable Archbishop Agostino Casaroli, the Pope's trouble-shooter in the delicate negotiations now going on between the Vatican and Eastern European Communist governments. As head of the newly renamed Council for Public Affairs—formerly the first section of the Secretariat of State, concerned with diplomatic affairs—Casaroli replaces Cardinal Antonio Samorè. The new incumbents have not been slow to take the reins. Cardinal Dell'Acqua apologized to a visitor for having no office, and they had to transact their business walking up and down in one of Raphael's glassed-in loggias. Rumor has it that both Dell'Acqua and Samorè were reluctant to leave and tried to stay on as pro-secretaries (Vatican terminology for high-ranking deputies or acting heads of office) after being raised to the cardinalate but that the eighty-four-year-old Cardinal Cicognani, Secretary of State, put his foot down, saying flatly, "There will be no pro-secretaries as long as I am around." The primary question here is who will succeed Cicognani in the revamped post of papal Prime Minister.

Meanwhile, a kind of game of Italian musical chairs now appears to be going

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on. One surprise has been the return of the French Archbishop Paul Philippe, a member of the Dominican order, to the Doctrinal Congregation as deputy to Cardinal Ottaviani and successor to Archbishop (now Cardinal) Pietro Parente. In 1961, Philippe, judged a progressive although dulled by fourteen years of fence-sitting in Rome, was shifted to the Congregation of Religious, which supervises religious orders, as secretary, but he felt downgraded by the transfer, because the Holy Office is traditionally the *prima* congregation. (In the late nineteen-twenties, Parente himself, as rector of the College of Propaganda, was summarily banished from Rome, on the direct orders of Pope Pius XI, for disobeying a papal order to liberalize the treatment of students at his college. Under Pius XII, he got back as far as Perugia, as archbishop, and he returned triumphantly to the Holy Office in 1961, under Pope John XXIII.) Exactly where this leaves the No. 3 man under Ottaviani is not clear. Canon Charles Moeller, a liberal theologian from the University of Louvain, was brought in last year and put in charge of organizing theological symposia, but his efforts were constantly being negated by Archbishop Parente, and, feeling depressed by the whole situation, he let it be known that he would settle for the quieter rectorship of an institute for Jewish-Christian studies being set up in Jerusalem. This was a fatal mistake, in the opinion of old Vatican hands, who know that the only way to the top is to make one's expectations crystal clear. The new secretary of the Congregation of Religious, Archbishop Antonio Mauro, is also one of Pope Paul's former secretaries in the nineteen-forties. He is bound to have his hands full keeping an eye on the head of his congregation, Cardinal Ildebrando Antoniutti, one of the most determined Curial opponents of change, but perhaps not for too long, if the new rule about resignations is applied. The Pope's present private secretary, Monsignor Pasquale Macchi, is reported to be busy making a *piazza pulita*, or clean sweep, of all possible rivals on his level, and has already relegated Monsignor Loris Capovilla, one of the papal chamberlains and former private secretary to Pope John XXIII, to the post of Archbishop of the Italian town of Chieti.

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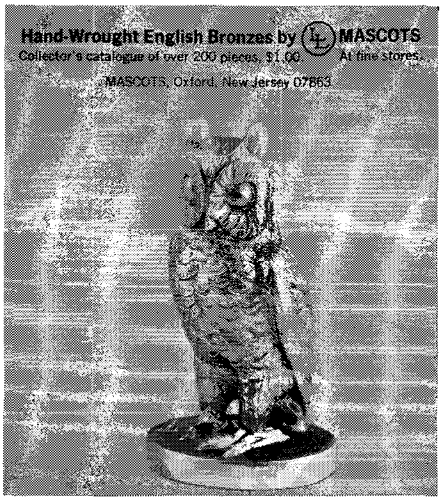

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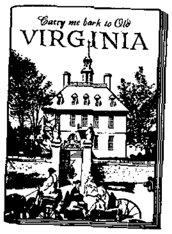

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able speculation about the real purpose of the trip. Little help was received from the unusually turgid and uncommunicative official communiqués in assessing the historical significance of Pope Paul's latest—his fifth—journey beyond the confines of Italy. According to the Turkish government, the visit was by one head of state to another, and every effort was made to upgrade the diplomatic side. When the Pope was not in the presence of the Turkish President, he was accompanied everywhere by the Turkish Foreign Minister; the cruise on the Bosporus on the President's yacht was insisted upon; and there was even an unwillingness at first to mention the visit to Patriarch Athenagoras as part of the protocol. When the Pope announced the trip in Rome, he stated that it was connected with the troubled situation in the Middle East, the safeguarding of the holy places in captured Jerusalem, and the renewal of ecumenical contacts with Athenagoras, but he did not make it clear which of these objectives was foremost in his mind. One notion put forward was that the Pope's presence was required to pave the way for an eventual visit by Athenagoras to Rome—and this has now been announced for late October. Certain Orthodox leaders have complained about what they regard as the Patriarch's subservience to Rome, but their chief spokesman, Archbishop Chrysostomos, former Primate of Athens, has been replaced by the much more ecumenical-minded Archbishop Hieronymos, who has lately been seconding the Patriarch's moves. Since Athenagoras has publicly stated on a number of occasions that he regards the Pope as "the first in honor among us," he cannot have regarded the misgivings of his Orthodox colleagues as an insuperable obstacle to a visit to Rome. The total absence of any mention in official statements that important decisions were reached lends credence to the view that Pope Paul did not go to Istanbul mainly to cater to Orthodox susceptibilities. The most plausible explanation is that he went to save the Patriarchate from harassment, and perhaps expulsion, at the hands of the Turks. For some time, the Turkish government has been tightening the noose around the Patriarchate, applying ever more severe measures, holding the Patriarch and his associates virtually as hostages for the Turkish minority on Cyprus. The Turkish communiqué significantly referred to the fact that the subject of Cyprus was brought up in the discussions between Pope and President.

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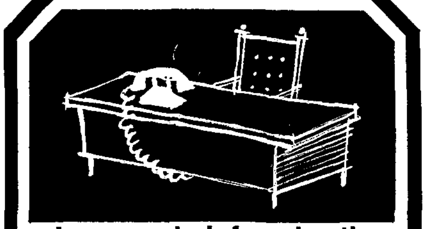

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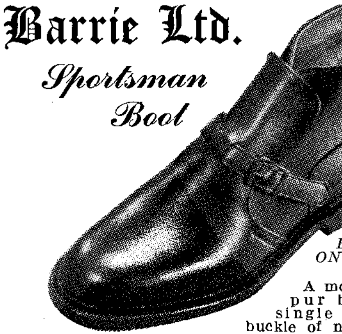

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Possibly the government had merely let it be known that if Patriarch Athenagoras went abroad on his long-intended series of fraternal courtesy visits to leading Church leaders, culminating in a call on the Pope, he would not be allowed to return to Istanbul. In this case, of course, he could never leave. It is to Pope Paul's credit that he took the unprecedented step of going to Turkey to plead for Athenagoras in person, depending on world opinion to strengthen his hand. The Turks have long enjoyed good relations with the Holy See—a factor he undoubtedly took into account. In this light, Athenagoras' words may have had more meaning than reporters realized when he said before the Pope's visit to Istanbul, "We are nothing, nothing at all; all we have we owe to him." In any event, the Patriarch's parting words to the Pope were full of confidence: "*Arrivederci a Roma!*" —XAVIER RYNNE

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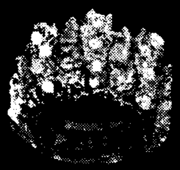

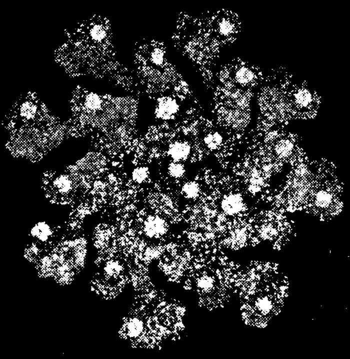

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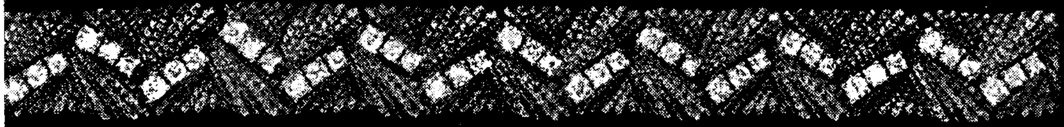

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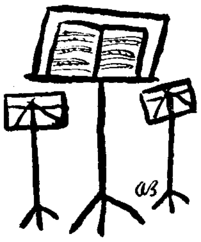
# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *East Is East*

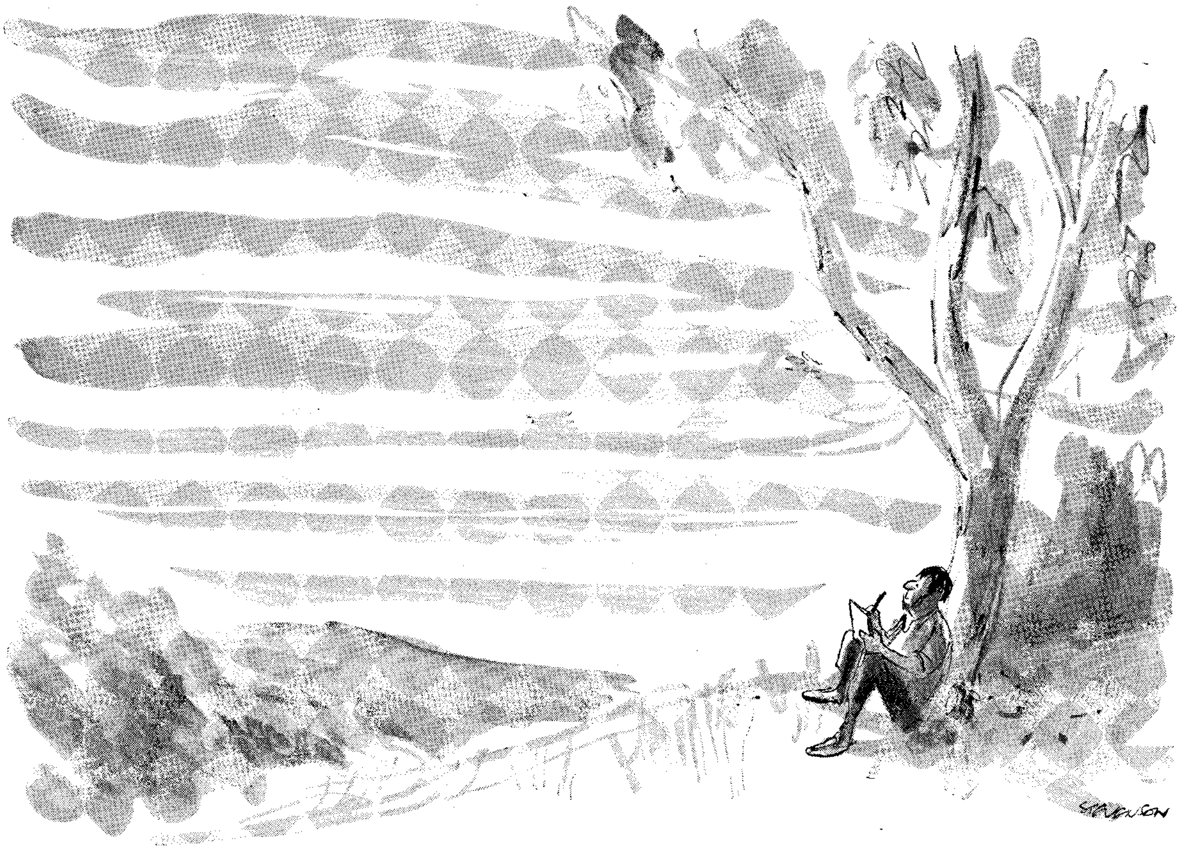


THERE were interesting things about the recent visit of Moscow's Bolshoi Opera to Montreal's Expo 67—the first visit it has paid to this hemisphere and the second it has paid anywhere outside Russia. (It visited La Scala, in Milan, a while ago.) It was gratifying to hear Russian opera sung with the particular edge the Russian language gives it, and the opportunity to hear two or three operas that are seldom produced in New York was welcome. But the dominant impression was one of complete isolation from the world west of the Iron Curtain. This impression of isolation extended not only to the company's sets and its old-fashioned style of acting, which generally resembled the exaggerated mugging that often characterized operatic acting in this country fifty years ago, but to the singing, too. During the five productions I heard, I was unable to find more than three or four singers who would measure up to the minimum standards of operatic vocalism here or in any Western European country. Unlike most of the companies of Western Europe, which nowadays are truly international troupes drawing the best singers from everywhere—and unlike our own Metropolitan, which does the same thing—the Bolshoi is a purely national outfit. Its singers are not only exclusively Russian, they are exclusively Russian-trained, and there was considerable evidence during their Montreal season that Russian vocal training is poor indeed. The company apparently contains no coloratura sopranos at all. What lyric and dramatic sopranos it has (with an exception or two, whom I shall presently point out) either wobble or shriek. Its tenors either shout or bleat. Its baritones and basses are more acceptable but still not in any instance remarkable. I blame the vocal training because it is inconceivable that a country as large as Russia is devoid of vocal material.

As for the matter of scenery, there were good and bad productions. The influence of "socialist realism" was obvious in most of them. The days when the great Vsevolod Meyerhold, influenced by Gordon Craig and Adolphe Appia, transformed the Russian theatre into an object of admiration throughout the world are over. Socialist realism has affected different arts in different ways. Nearly everybody agrees that its effects on literature and painting have been disastrous. But music has never been much of a success as a realistic art, and here the effects of socialist realism have been merely to discourage the general silliness that characterizes our own avant-garde and to promote a great deal of worthwhile composing by men like Prokofieff and Shostakovich. Perhaps the art of music flourishes best under tyrants. History provides a good deal of evidence for this. But the argument is not really that pat. What good is a fine opera if its staging must conform to edicts that insist on a method of production so literal that it seems designed for children?

The production of Prokofieff's "War and Peace," the first Bolshoi opera I witnessed, is a case in point. The opera is, by modern standards, a good one—well written for voices, melodious, and dramatically fairly effective. It has weak points, as I remarked several years ago of an abridged version presented by the N.B.C. Opera. Among these is the character of Napoleon, a cardboard figure who elicits from Prokofieff only a stock repertory of dissonances expressing hatred as it is expressed by people who hiss villains in parody melodramas. (In extenuation, it might be remarked that "War and Peace" was written as the Germans were doing their worst in Russia during the Second World War.) There are, however, beautiful moments—the first scene, in which Andrei sings in the garden of Count Rostov's estate and listens to Natasha and Sonia at an upstairs window; Kutuzov's noble ode to Moscow; Andrei's death in Natasha's arms. There are also rather dry passages in the ballroom scene and in nearly all the battle music. But the general effect of Prokofieff's contribution is forthright and enhancing. If "War and Peace" is not quite the masterpiece that his ballet "Romeo and Juliet" is, it is at any rate a respectable opera.

Now, what does the Bolshoi Opera do with it? It subjects it to a socialist-realism production in which nothing is



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left to the imagination. The setting in which Andrei and Natasha meet is an elegant, baroque ballroom of the sort one sees in many Russian ballets, but the battle scenes are simply comic. Since the Russians need a mound to mount a cannon on, they are provided with one—obviously made of steps covered with tarpaulin and green paint, like the ones used in the "Ring" hereabouts half a century ago. The burning of Moscow followed with almost photographic fidelity a stage production of "The Last Days of Pompeii" I witnessed shortly before the First World War. And then there was the acting—all of it breast-beating, glowering, hands-raised-to-heaven. The abbreviated N.B.C. version was infinitely superior—possibly, in part, because it *was* cut. The version displayed in Montreal was as long as "Parsifal" and not nearly as musically rewarding.

Among the more than fifty singers involved in principal roles and walk-ons, the best were the tenor Alexei Maslennikov, who sang Anatole Kouragine with a hearty voice and acted it well, and Tamara Milashkina, a lyric soprano with a voice of nice quality but no upper range, who did Natasha. Valentina Levko, a deep mezzo, sang well as Pierre's wife, Helen, showing abilities as a character actress that I was also to note later on. Yuri Mazurok, a baritone, made a bearable Andrei, but Alexander Vedernikov, a small-voiced bass, was totally inadequate as Kutuzov, and the role of Pierre fell to a strangling tenor named Vladimir Petrov. The orchestra, on the other hand, played magnificently under the baton of Gennadi Rozhdestvensky, a veteran conductor who is already familiar in this country.

MY second production was Tchaikovsky's "Queen of Spades," which, next to "Boris Godunov," has been the most exportable of Russian operas and which is quite familiar hereabouts. On the whole, it was done a great deal better than "War and Peace," and it is, to begin with, a much better opera. The scenery, though entirely conventional, was attractive—a charming opening garden scene, Lisa's gigantic but tasteful anteroom, and a splendid ballroom, which had obviously been cut down. (There is a great difference in size between the Bolshoi stage in Moscow and the Salle Wilfrid-Pelletier stage in Montreal.) The Bolshoi designers, let it be said, are good at ballroom scenes, possibly because so many fine eighteenth-century baroque

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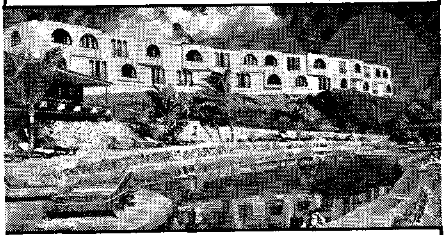

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palaces survive in Leningrad to serve as models.

It was in the second scene of Act II that the most striking elements of this production began to appear. Herman's entrance into the old Countess's darkened bedroom was spine-chilling in a way that has been rare in my experience. A life-size statue of the Countess as a young woman stood on a large pedestal at the right, and the elegant evening gowns she had worn in her youth were hung on racks at the left—like so many mannequins, who might even be alive. This scene was exceeded in spookiness by the following one, in which the Countess's ghost appears to Herman in his squalid barracks. The ghost is the Countess as a young woman, looking like the statue rather than like the old crone, and she taps insistently on his window three times—the symbol of the three cards with which Herman hopes to win at the gambling tables. (The taps are clearly indicated in Tchaikovsky's score.) Then she forces an entrance, the way the statue does in the last scene of "Don Giovanni." Herman tries twice to close the door, then gives up, and the ghost enters as he sinks back, appalled. The three attempts to enter likewise symbolize the number of cards involved. I mention all this detail because a great deal of thought went into the dramatic side of the production—the thought, according to the program, of the director, Boris Pokrovsky, as well as of two stage designers, named only as V. Dmitriev and V. Klementyev. The remainder of the production was conventional, except for two elements: Lisa did not jump into the canal but simply made her way toward it, and the last scene had a green gambling table large enough to parade a team of circus horses on.

Valentina Levko, cast in a role entirely different from the one she did in "War and Peace," was excellent as the Countess. She is not a great singer, perhaps, but she is an actress of obvious versatility, and an artist capable of coloring her voice to suit different dramatic situations—rather a rarity in this company. Zurab Andshaparidse, obviously a Georgian, was Herman, and did him acceptably, though his tenor occasionally wobbled and generally lacked support. Miss Milashkina, the Lisa, coped with her role quite decently until the high notes of the last act, then faltered. The Yeletsky was Eugen Kibkalo, about whom the less said the better. The chorus, which included thirty French Canadians trained for the occasion, sang nobly and the orchestra, this time under Boris Chaikin, was

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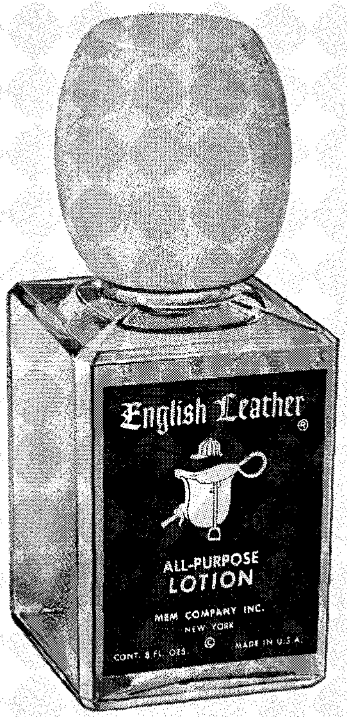

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again among the excellent features of the performance.

THE least one expects of a company with the reputation of the Bolshoi is a great "Boris Godunov," but it was only fair, with an obviously old, if conventionally effective, series of sets and an experienced Boris who had seen his best days as a singer. Again, Rozhdestvensky conducted, and the orchestral and choral elements of the production were striking. The Boris was the veteran Ivan Petrov (not to be confused with Vladimir Petrov), a singer of considerable style who has appeared in recital in New York and an actor of at least routine abilities, but not by any means the gripping figure we associate with this role. He was probably once a fine Boris, but now his mad scene is moderate and his death cautious. Mark Reshetin had the low bass notes and the presence required for the role of Pimen, and Andrei Sokolov, though he is a bleating tenor, was quite acceptable as Shouisky, who is *supposed* to bleat. Arthur Eisen, a loud singer and a somewhat exhibitionistic actor, made an effective, rather Falstaffian Varlaam. The other singers were simply inadequate. The Marina was Helen Obraszova, a mezzo-soprano with a hard, expressionless voice that occasionally was downright raucous. Grigory, or the false Dimitri, was sung by George Andrushenko, a loud but colorless tenor. Larissa Nikitina, as the Lady Innkeeper, sang in an unassured manner, sometimes out of tune, and Xenia was done unimpressively by Tamara Sorokina. The staging was generally routine and the acting semaphoric, except for Mr. Petrov. The uncut Rimski-Korsakov version of Moussorgsky's masterpiece was used, which meant a little over four and a half hours. For some reason, the bells in the Coronation Scene were amplified to such an extent that their musical relationships—which are important in the Rimski-Korsakov version—were completely destroyed. Miss Obraszova appeared in a modern evening gown in what was supposed to be seventeenth-century Poland, and the scenery for her dressing room was shoddy. Perhaps it was only a travelling set. The Bolshoi company undoubtedly had many problems in cutting down sets, and in some cases may have used secondary ones designed for touring.

THE last performance of Borodin's "Prince Igor" in New York, as far as I am able to ascertain, occurred at the

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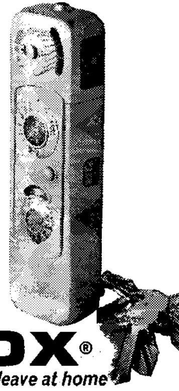

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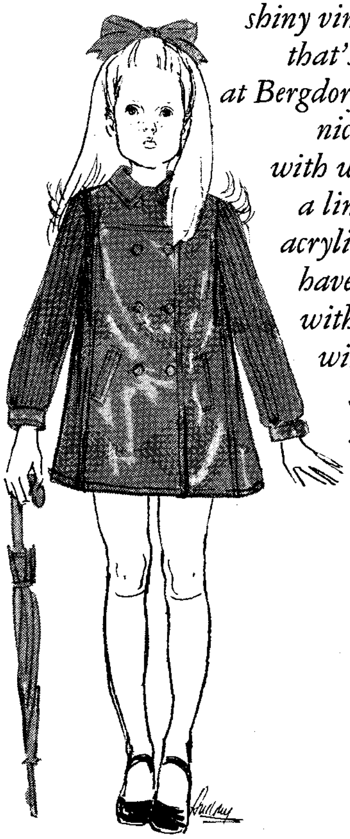
Metropolitan in 1918, and, having never in my life encountered the opera, I wanted to see it. It was, like "Boris," uncut, and it lasted until nearly one in the morning, constituting, that is, five hours of opera. As a drama, "Prince Igor" sets forth a part of what is known as "The Legend of Igor's Army," and, like most Russian epics, it deals with the interminable conflicts between the Russians and the pagan tribes that were always invading Russia from the East—in this case, the Polovtsi. The Polovtsi were not Tatars, but they were being pushed by the Tatars out of their own territories and were consequently pushing the Russians back into theirs. On the whole, the opera depicts them as a warlike but fairly gallant people, and "Prince Igor" is the only opera I can think of about a hero who is a loser. He is conquered by the enemy, lavishly entertained, and then escapes. He is, of course, Prince Igor. In a prologue a little like a scene in "Lohengrin," he goes forth with his son Vladimir to do battle with the heathen foe, leaving his wife, Princess Yaroslavna, in the care of her brother, Prince Galitzky. Galitzky is a double-crosser who hopes to gain the throne. He is also a cad, and he allows one of Yaroslavna's waiting women to be abducted, just for the fun of it. Everybody prays for Igor's return. But Igor has been captured, along with his son, by Khan Kontchak, chief of the Polovtsi. The Khan treats him well, and Vladimir falls in love with the Khan's daughter, Kontchakovna. The Khan offers Igor his liberty on condition that he cease fighting against the Polovtsi, but Igor is too noble to accept. The Khan, overcome by admiration, puts on the Polovtsian Dances to entertain him. In the last act, Igor returns home, much to everybody's relief, and vows a new crusade against the Polovtsi. As far as I can make out, Vladimir remains with his lady love among the Polovtsi—a situation that could make for future complications, though it is an admirable demonstration of desegregation. But here is where the plot ends.

The music Borodin wrote for this drama is lyric, a bit loose in construction, and almost on the level of comic opera. No doubt it was considered excitingly "Oriental" at the time, but it sounds so no longer, its Orientalisms being similar to those of "Chu Chin Chow" or "The Desert Song." This is not to say that it does not contain many beautiful moments and many beautiful melodies, the Polovtsian Dances being among the finest. But "Prince Igor" is not, as a whole, an



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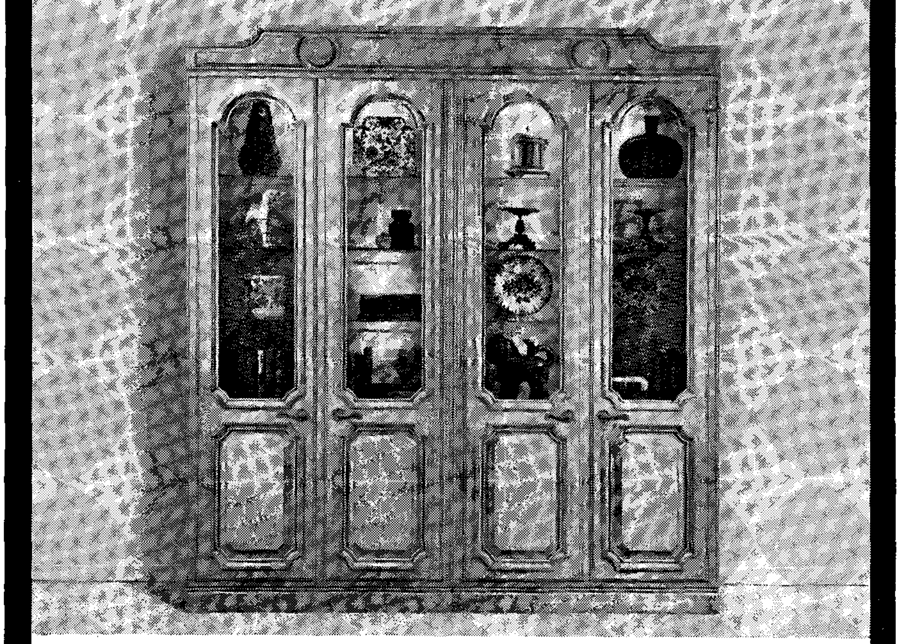

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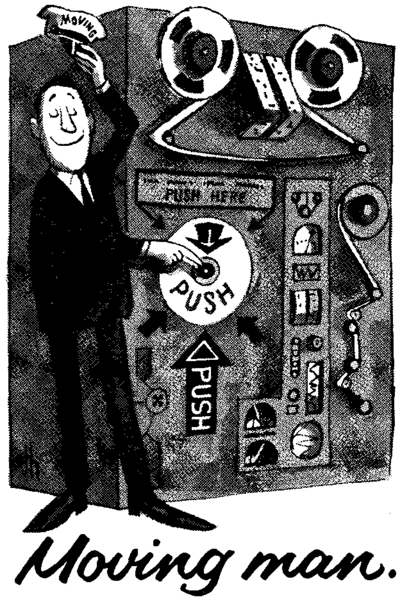

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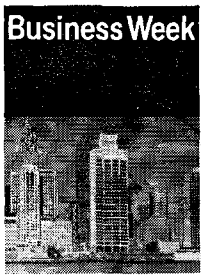
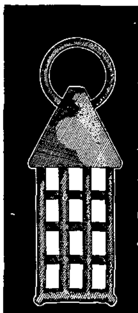


exportable Russian opera, and there are good reasons that it has not entered the standard repertory, among them the looseness of its plot and the inconsequentiality of much of its music.

The scenery provided for the Bolshoi production was no doubt historically authentic, but it was also a bit mystifying. It was also unevocative and highly conventional. Igor's palace was an edifice of wood looking out upon a strange scene—fields decorated with what appeared to be tombstones, a cathedral, and watchtowers. The town of Putivl, in which the palace is supposedly situated, was nowhere to be seen. Perhaps the palace was in a country estate, but then what was that cathedral doing on it—the cathedral, by the way, that we had seen in an earlier scene in the center of town? The Khan's camp was more convincing—a ring of round tents and plenty of space in the middle for those Polovtsian Dances—and the last act was simply the wall of the town, where Yaroslavna awaited Igor's return.

Some of the staging was unbelievably naïve. The villainous Galitzky ranted and grinned evilly; the romance between Vladimir and the Polovtsi maiden Kontchakovna was exceedingly coy, especially since Kontchakovna was naked from the hips up except for a brassière; Vladimir pursued Kontchakovna, and Kontchakovna fled, hiding her face in her hands coquettishly, and Vladimir caught up with her, and there was a clinch. Generally, Kontchakovna's acting reminded one of Theda Bara. The best voice was Arthur Eisen, the Varlaam of the preceding night's "Boris." Again, he was hammy, but at least he could sing out. Igor was done by Vacheslav Romanovsky, a rather good baritone by Bolshoi standards. The women were uniformly dreadful, and since we are unlikely ever to hear of any of them again it is pointless to name them. Once more, the great Bolshoi chorus and orchestra did nobly, under the baton of a conductor named Mark Ermler.

THE last opera I heard was Rimski-Korsakov's "The Tale of the City of Kitezh," which has been referred to as the Russian "Parsifal" but which turned out to be the shortest production of the week. Here, we are back again among the battles between the Russians and the eastern hordes, this time the Tatars, and the Russians are fighting under the banners of St. George and Jesus Christ against the pagans. Kitezh's geography is important. There is a Little Kitezh, in-



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habited by likable peasants, which is burned to the ground, and there is a Great Kitezh, inhabited by nobility and priests, the entrance to which is connected with Little Kitezh—just how is a mystery. Great Kitezh is a grand city, and after the proletariat of Little Kitezh has been killed off, prayers render Great Kitezh invisible to the Tatars and so save it from destruction. The opera begins with a forest scene in which the heroine, Fevronia, is living on nuts and herbs, with several animals, notably a realistic bear and moose, and birds, notably a realistic goose, as her friends. Lo and behold, a prince enters and falls in love with this pure creature. He is Vsevolod, son of the Grand Duke of Kitezh, and he immediately proposes marriage. A wedding procession is held in Little Kitezh, but before the marriage can take place the Tatars overwhelm the town, burn it, and abduct Fevronia. The aristocrats of Great Kitezh, who disapprove of the marriage and have persuaded a drunken character, Grisha, to taunt Fevronia about her humble forest upbringing, now prepare an assault on the Tatars. Grisha turns traitor and agrees to help the Tatars discover the secret passage to Great Kitezh, but he goes mad before he can carry out his scheme. Fevronia escapes and makes her way back to Great Kitezh. Now something confusing comes to pass: either Vsevolod has been killed by the Tatars, and comes alive again to resume his place in the interrupted marriage ceremony in Great Kitezh, or else Vsevolod has not really been killed but his sword and cross have been captured by the Tatars, and so he turns up in Great Kitezh without difficulty. I suspect that Marxist ideology has transformed what Rimski-Korsakov intended to be a religious opera with a wedding in Heaven into a socially realistic opera that remains on earth, and so the doings of the last act no longer make sense. In any case, Great Kitezh has become invisible.

The scenery of this opera was more modern than what I had been seeing, reflecting the icon-cum-Giottesque-landscape style that became popular in Russia in the twenties. Drops were used for the first time, and scenes were changed with a certain amount of magic. Little Kitezh was a delightful peasant village, full of the folk symbols that Chagall made so much use of, and alive with brightly costumed peasants. Great Kitezh was pretty stuffy, and Rimski-Korsakov's music (though it is everywhere highly sophisticated and beautifully orchestrated) reflects the

Alan Paine

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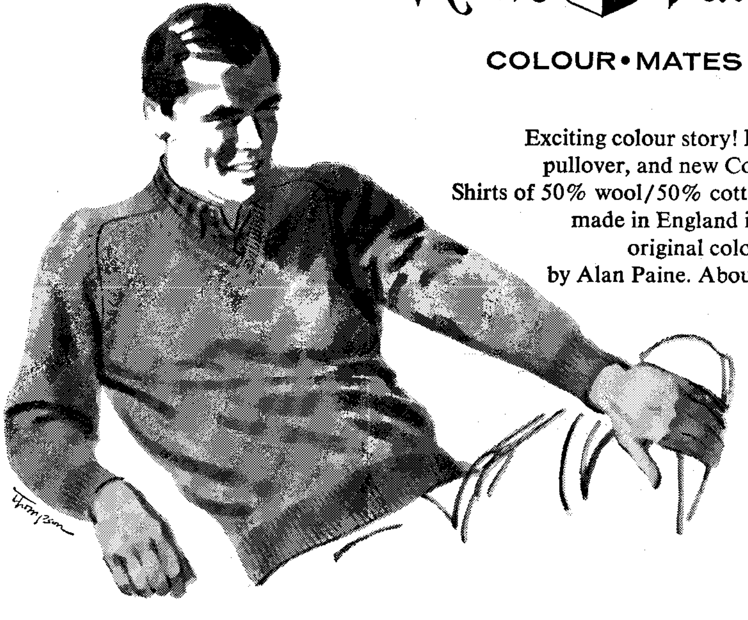

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difference. In Great Kitezh, it is full of pompous rhetoric. There is even a theme that closely resembles the bell motif in "Parsifal," as the assembled knights make ready to attack the foe. In Little Kitezh and in the forest, the music is poetic.

It was in this opera that I discovered my first really fine singer in the troupe—the soprano Tatiana Tugarinova who sang Fevronia. Miss Tugarinova has both warmth of tone and a considerable range. She is a genuine dramatic soprano, and is, I suspect (aside from the well-known Galina Vishnevskaya, who did not appear in any of the productions I heard), the company's most gifted singer. Rodzhdestvensky conducted; the chorus and orchestra again were admirable. Vsevolod was sung by Andrei Sokolov, who was scarcely audible. Vladimir Petrov was happier as Grisha than he was as Pierre in "War and Peace," for the reason that Grisha has very little real singing to do. Alexei Bolshakov, a fairly presentable baritone, had one of the lesser roles—Vsevolod's companion. Alexander Vedernikov, the Field Marshal Kutuzov of "War and Peace," again disclosed a small voice as Prince Yuri, Vsevolod's father.

I LEFT Montreal considerably disappointed. I had not expected great singing in every role, but I *had* expected that bent for spectacle the Russians have always been noted for. The isolation and the attendant air of backwardness and provinciality are perhaps not entirely the fault of Russia's cultural standoffishness. The fact is that Western singers can rarely sing in Russian, and though a scattering of them have appeared with the Bolshoi as guests (usually to great acclaim), there is little prospect of bringing Moscow into the international operatic circuit. Even so, I cannot account for the Bolshoi's low standard of vocalism except on the ground that there are no good vocal teachers in Russia.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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Due to lack of interest of both Yale Alumni and Harvard Alumni members, the meeting originally scheduled for September 2, 1967, at Kebo Club, Bar Harbor, Maine, has been canceled for 1967.

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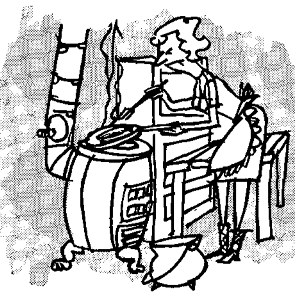

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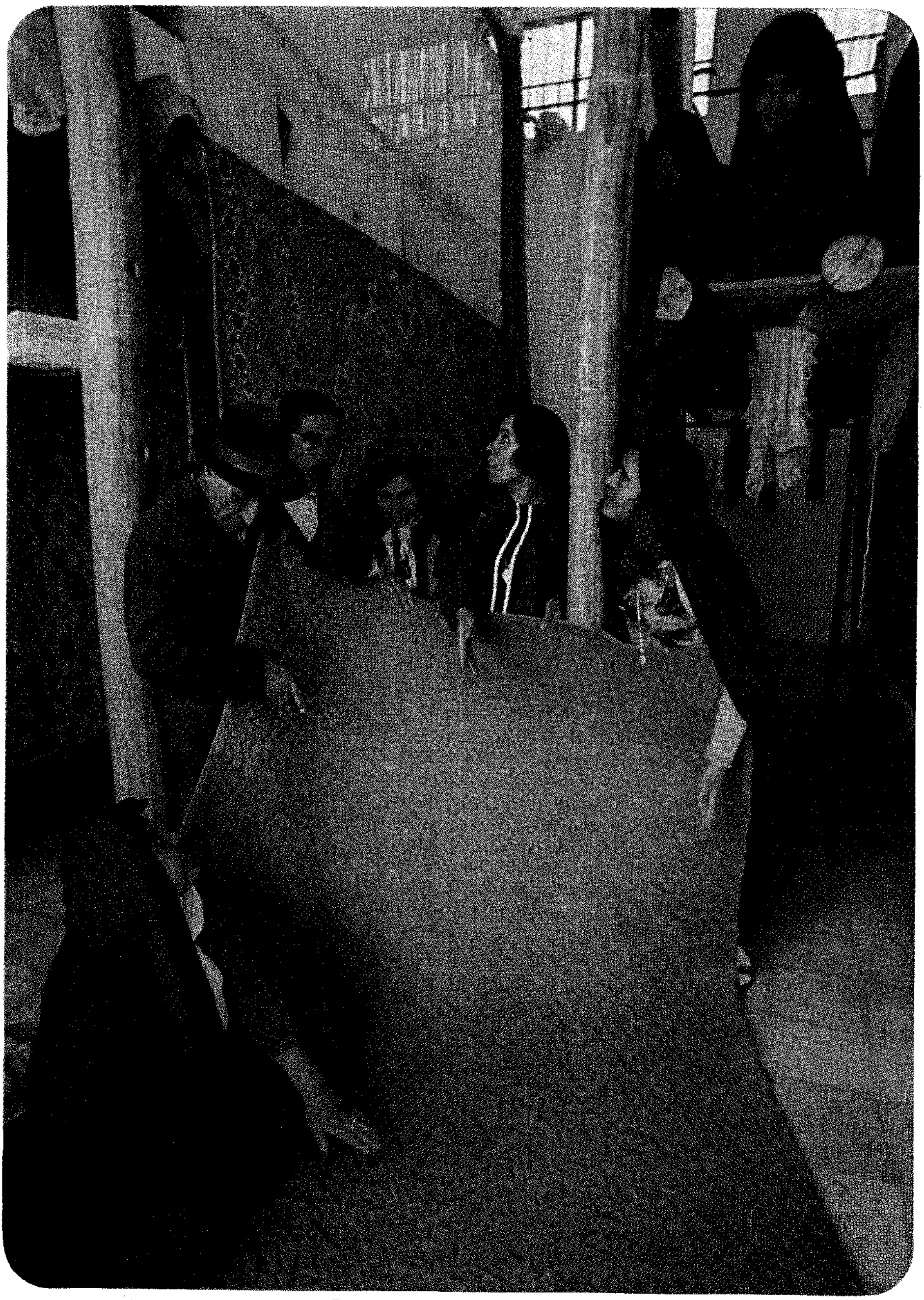

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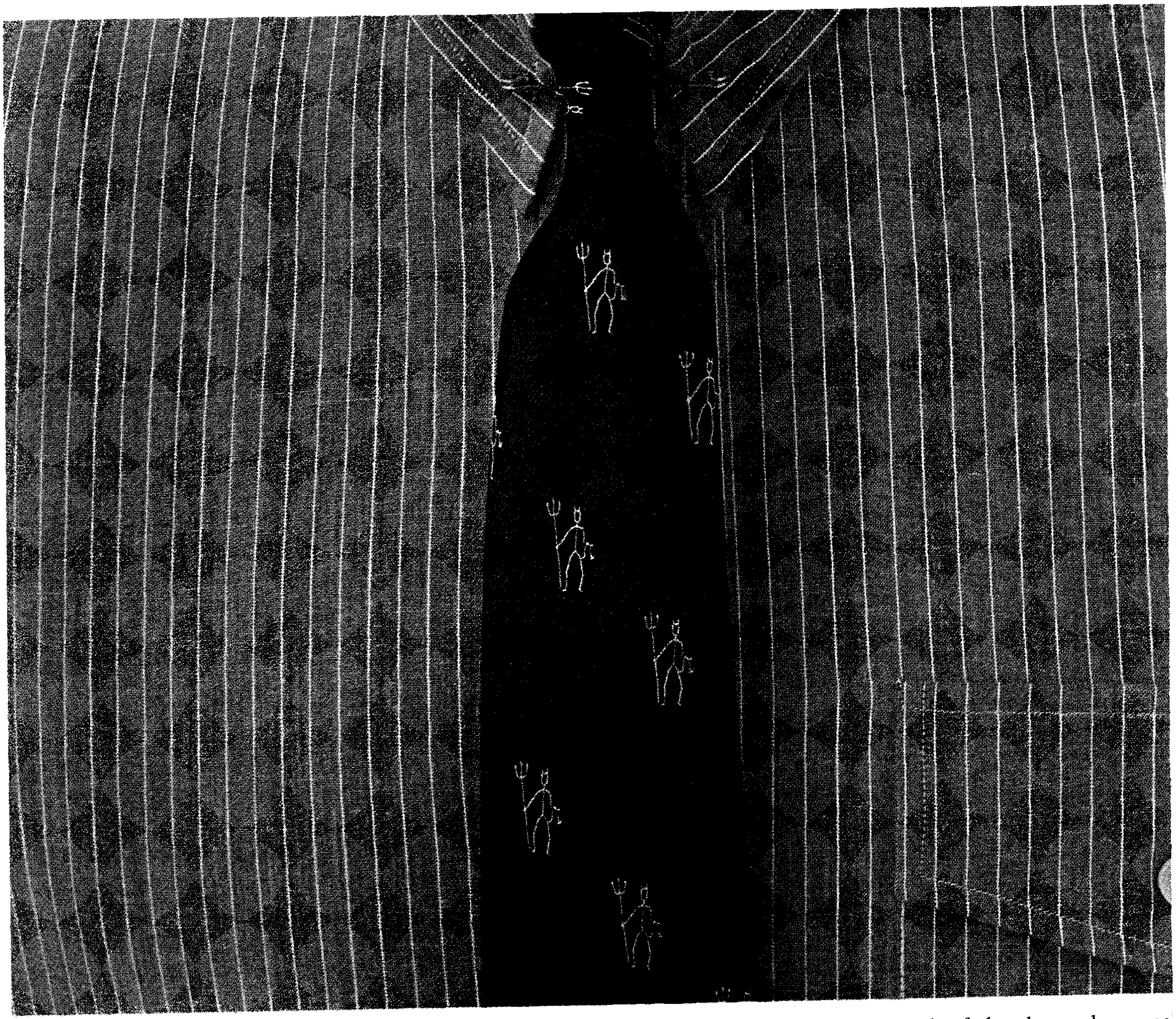

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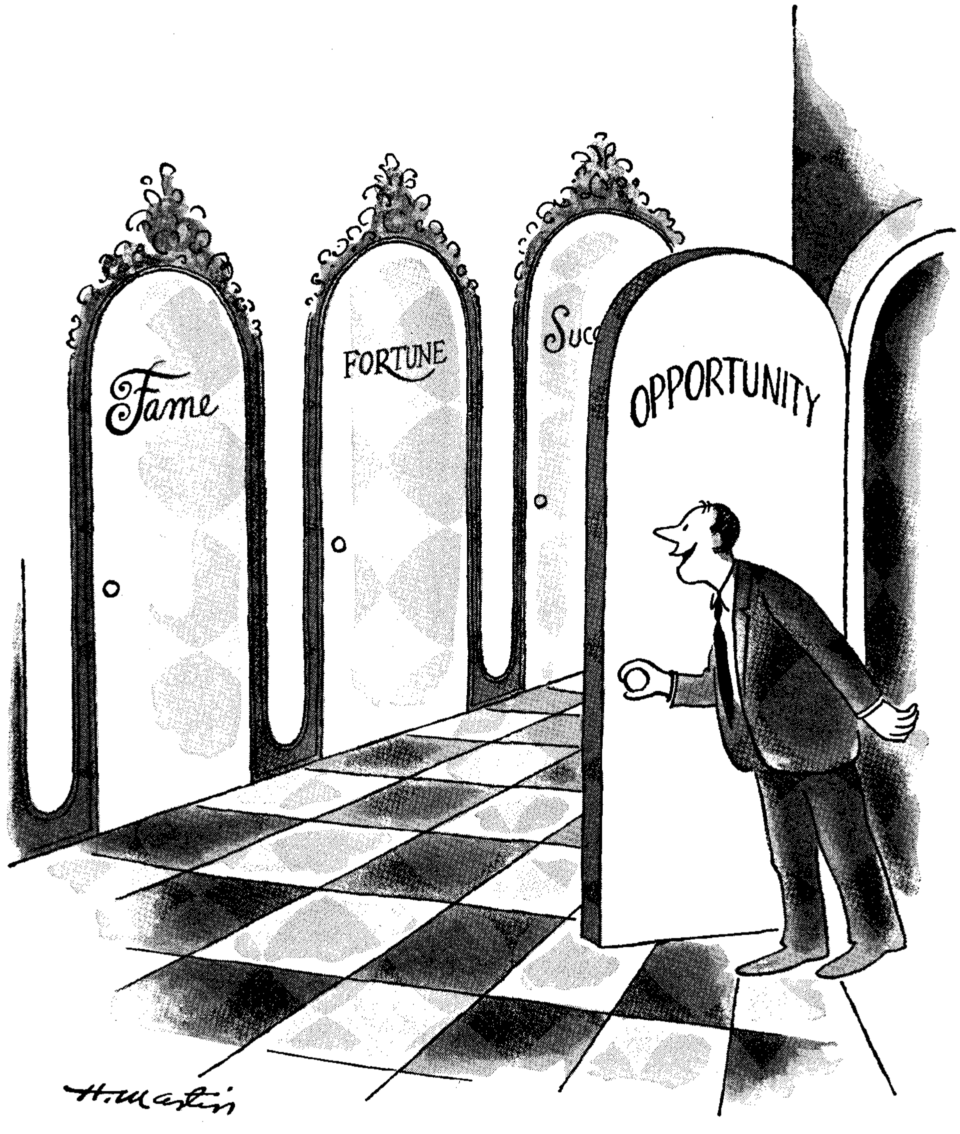
*We had this all spelled out but Whosis's estate said nix.

# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## FEMININE FASHIONS

SOMETHING is always coming to a pretty pass in the fashion industry, forever a scene of alarums and excursions, and this week's pretty pass is the shortage of real Russian crown sable—a commodity none of our governmental organizations has seen fit to stockpile. And so the custom milliners—the likes of Sally Victor and Adolfo, to name two—do not know which way to turn, especially since mink is no longer quite the heroine it has been. The status symbol, which for the past few years has been that huge mink beret that dangled down to the shoulder blades and gave one the look of a turtle from the rear, has instead become Dr. Zhivago. Consider Adolfo's brand-new Cossack shape done in natural sable, nearly a foot high, with a small scarf to match. (It can be done in fisher and even mink, too, if that is what suits.) Consider Victor's sable beauty, likewise in the Tatar tradition, constructed of three skins, the bottom one of which is turned up into a deep cuff but is also willing to be turned down to produce the effect of a deep, narrow cloche. Consider the work of Vincent Harmik (on an upper floor of 14 East 52nd Street, which is reached by an elevator with a mind of its own)—first, a hat of black Russian sable with a base and a top of black antelope, the whole thing pulled a trifle to one side, like a Cossack about to topple from the saddle; next, an enchanting shako of white mink, seven and a half inches tall, and that's *tall!*

Well, that's the gist of the high-life news; the most interesting *fashion* news (news about what the great majority of us will be thinking of wearing) is the invasion of brimmed hats of very masculine derivation to go with the tweeds and jerseys that now prevail in the New York daytime. Many of these hats are curled up in back and at one or both sides or all around, in cowgirl or Mississippi-gambler style, but some of them are reminders of Robin Hood, wearing a pheasant feather shooting jauntily up one side. There must be something appealing to men about the sight of a minx in a version of their own headgear. Fedoras are part of this manifestation. Halston, of Bergdorf Goodman, contributes to the start of a gamut with one of black Persian that has no trimming at all (which is the situation among a lot of the season's brimmed hats) and ends the gamut with a feminine, romantic black velvet hood, edged by black sable, which tapers into ends that cross under the chin and then swing down the back. Emme has done a mink fedora with a matching band of jersey and a creased crown. And so on. As for the Robin Hood touch, Archie Eason has worked out a delightful felt hat—to be worn with Donald Brooks's clothes and called Robine Hood (not *mea* culpa)—that tapers as it goes forward, like the crease that runs along its center; a pheasant feather ascends at one side. The derby is abroad, too; Eason's has a fat crown and a wee brim that dips slightly in front. The hue is brown, the wherewithal is soleil, and a boa of turkey feathers goes along with it. Some of the brims about town are really big (four-inch ones are not unusual this season), but no one seems able to swirl a brim downward to the right precisely as Mr. John does when he wants to make a Marlene Dietrich out of a customer. One sample of this appears in felt of a peridot green with a matching crushed hatband and a big scarf that is truly oooooh! Another sample, a cloche, wears the big brim deeply curved in front. These, of felt (Mr. John has specialized more than usual in this stuff), are for travel, and the accompanying triangular scarf, which is almost inevitable, is attached beneath the brim in back and blouses out below, bustle style, before the ends come forward to tie under the chin. (Mr. John does not like hair to be visible, and even the word "tendril" gives him gout.) The most swashbuckling of the new brims, though, may be the ones Victor puts on her Canadian Mountie



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hats of felt in a bright red, which come equipped with a black chin strap and a black headband. Emme's most triumphant experiment of the sort is Banderillero—a vast job with a stitched brim and a tall, oblong crown; this she shows in white felt. It is to be worn back on the head and turned up at the sides. Vincent Harmik does a velours in black that would become a Mississippi gambler and a repeat in white that would grace a Kentucky colonel. These involve a tall, creased crown and a thick-edged brim that is turned up all around. There is no trimming anywhere on them, and members of the male sex are threatening to wear them for those picnics along the banks of the Pedernales, if nowhere else.

SALLY VICTOR: Berets, snoods, a few pillboxes (and a few is too many for me), and turbans are still about the town, and Victor is, as ever, a champion among turbans. And among leathers, too. A tubular turban of hers was shown to me in coffee leather with white jersey wrapped about its midships; another such mingles the same leather with matching jersey. She uses plenty of leather trim (*that* much can be seen elsewhere as well), as in a swooping, wide-brimmed hat of black velours with a band of crushed white leather. To roam randomly through her infinite variety, I shall point out a dome of white mink, which looks like a visorless polo helmet, and a roller of white India lamb. To go with a terrific Zuckerman ensemble, the coat of which is widely banded, hem and all, with sheep, Victor has made a Cossack hat of sheep in greige, its natural color. Her medieval riding hats are utterly coquette. On one, the brim dips in front and curls up sharply at the sides; grosgrain ribbon runs from the top of the brim on each side across the crown, to make sure that there will be no uncurling. Another, a tiny number, is tipped way over on one ear, and a quill zooms aloft from the up side—very Queen Guinevere. King Arthur may be the source of a pillbox like a chess crown; the shape, viewed from above, is sort of four-leaf-clover, and the thing is made of velvet with fine grosgrain piping. Even more coquette are the Victor daytime ventures into ostrich—a complete defiance of the naked felts I have been talking about. A green ostrich plume is attached to a green beret toward the rear, and it trails down over one shoulder. Empress Eugénie would wear this, and good it looks, too. After all, there must be *some*

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women who don't wear tweeds and jerseys to lunch.

I'VE already gone on about Mr. John's fondness for big, swirling brims, but he also works in *small* ways his wonders to perform, such as tiny bathing caps, designed for evening, to accompany the "little-nothing" dresses he composes. One absolutely plain black felt is squired by huge attached onyx-and-pearl medallion "earrings," which descend to the shoulders. Other felts are trimmed with bands of rhinestones, such as the one that wears rhinestones looped under the ears and across the wearer's back; on another cap, strips of rhinestones create a pageboy look. The Renaissance has lately been troubling Mr. John's dreams (and the dreams of quite a few other milliners, by the looks of things), so he is inclined toward big, falling-over-backward berets. One, very wide, and low at the sides, is of ranch mink; another, of otter, keeps company with an otter stole no more than five inches across. Knights in armor are night-riding, too (we are even getting hats named Camelot these days), so here is an evening helmet—or hood, really—of Australian possum, which exposes the face up to the brows but hooks under the chin and falls straight down onto the shoulders. The skins are worked horizontally there. I don't know, though, *what* dreams are responsible for Mr. John's deep caps of Persian lamb (dyed amethyst, honey, or such) over which fronds of ostrich trail.

ADOLFO'S bent has always been to adapt hats from the man's world into Dorcas's domain. Sailors' hats and planters' hats have in earlier years undergone his transformation; this season, without breaking stride at all, he has seized upon the gaucho's headgear. (So, I discover, have both Halston, of Bergdorf Goodman, and Emme.) In its new guise, it has a medium-width straight brim, worn very tilted, and a chin strap. (You've seen pictures of Jackie Kennedy in her Spanish riding outfit.) Adolfo's chin strap is individual; it's tied up under one ear. The brim is minutely piped with grosgrain. Velours or felt does this entire trick. His pet fedora was shown me in felt of a soft reseda-green hue, the crown all punched in, the brim turned up in back, a brush ascending one side, a wide band of English pheasant feathers—very mild blue, and russet brown, and whatever, but never as flamboyant as our own pheasant feathers. "Under-

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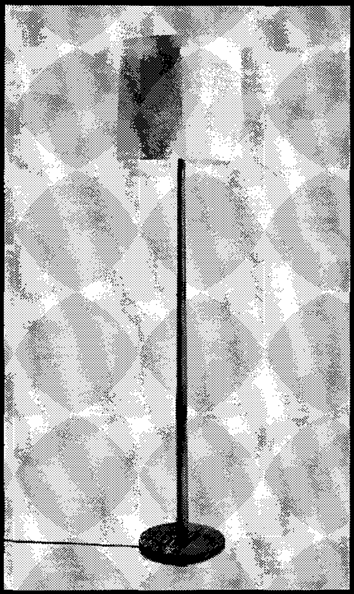

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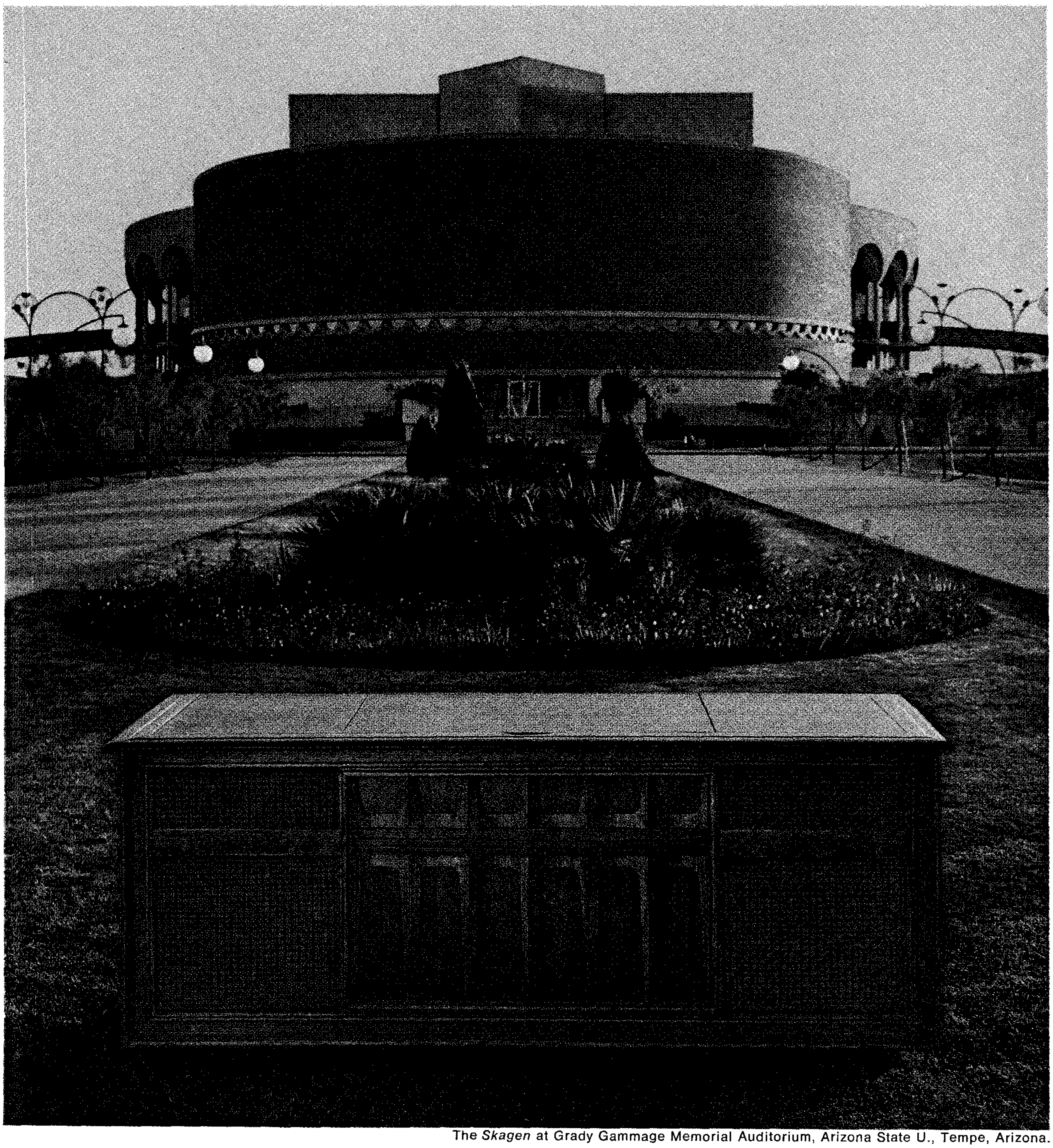

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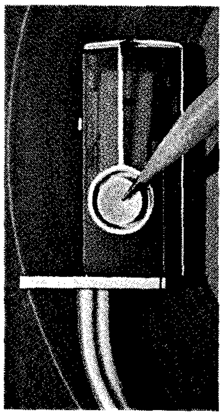

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stated" is the British word for this. Sometimes the hatband of the fedora is draped jersey and the brim is all stitching. The most recent Adolfo berets are fat and puffy, some with a pompon on top, some with insignia on the headband, and always soft and irregular in shape. Then, Adolfo essays two riding hats that should please even women who are as afraid of horses as I am. One is a narrow black velvet bowler, a long one, curled up at the sides and finished off with narrow grosgrain binding; the other is of white velours bound in black grosgrain, with a brim that turns up in back and his favorite device—a big bow—across the hair below the turnup. For these he will do circular skirts of felt that come to within fourteen inches of the floor, to be worn, as well, with a turtleneck sweater. The cricket cap has also come under Adolfo's stern scrutiny, and one result of this inspection is a hat of black vinyl with a long, narrow visor slanting way down and that bow, now quite incongruous, in the back hair below the hat. Me, I prefer this in two-toned mink (black and white, say) with the skins worked in chevron fashion. Or just give me his brimmed slouch hat in white and Autumn Haze zigzag fur.

EMME is forever digging up new fabrics that I never seem to see anywhere else. This year, it's what she calls "mottled leather," which is another two-tone deal—for one, a russet ground with a smudged, irregular pattern of brown all over it, the result being a tortoiseshell look. There are other mottlings, too—one in a darker brown, one in a gray-green. Good old reliable patent leather in what is called Winter Patent—that is, dark red, lentil green, and so on—is another ingredient for Emme hats. (Andrew Geller is making shoes of the same stuff, by the way.) And English pheasant feathers (I've already discussed *them*) are in use here, too, not only for hats but for companion feathered vests (these sport three gold buttons) and sweaters (in black) with feathered fronts. As for the hats, these feathers adorn a small English riding derby as well as a briefly brimmed fedora that comes down over the eyes. From these, we proceed to a rain hat of white vinyl with a deep crown and a sparse stitched brim that ducks down past one eye. This draws a chin strap as extra equipment. From vinyl, in a greater leap forward, we proceed to fur, such as violet Persian that contrarily comes from Afghanistan and that looks white until you see it

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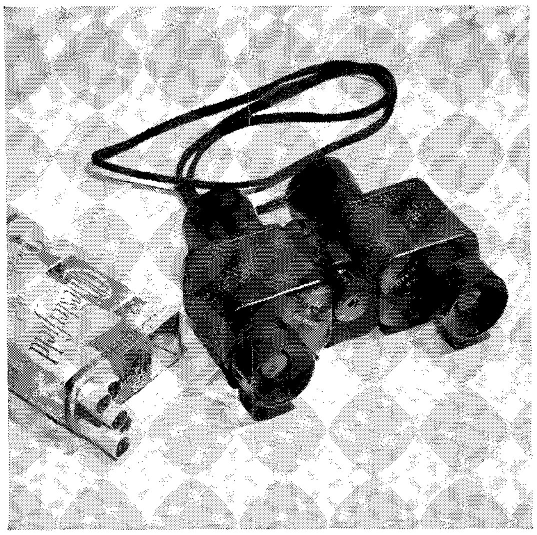

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next to real white. One of Emme's round domes is made of this, and the dome can be duplicated in golden sable. The earmuffs of a lid built of black mink are separate, but the squared-off visor is firmly attached. More sable appears in a hat with a double, rippled brim that slants downward a bit.

Vincent and Harmik, of (naturally) Vincent Harmik, are a versatile pair, and meticulous, and painstaking, and things like that. Their big smash of the season is a hat of white felt with a brim that is fattened along the edge by horsehair tubing, that curls up at the sides, and that drifts down to shelter the right eye. Another trick of theirs is a gangster sort of felt, turned way up in back, with a headband that goes through slots at the base of the crown. This lacing-through technique is also employed for other matters, such as a large cloche with a punched-in crown; the means to this end is white velours faced (and laced) with black water snake. V. H. hats can be wee. One instance is the pair of tiny round caps stacked, bottoms up and one upon the other, in a cockeyed fashion; navy and camel velours are the goods. Down over one ear is the way these things tumble. Bottoms up, too, is the coal-scuttle shape of bronze velours—oval and over one eye. Somali leopard is in fair supply, some of it going into the making of a kepi with a very deep crown creased fore and aft and a visor that descends to the brows. For fairly formal daytime occasions, there is a pagoda pillbox of black mink that rises to a slight peak; in back sits a bow of the mink. For fairly tweedy daytimes, on the other hand, kangaroo fur dyed white and stencilled with a big brown overcheck produces a fedora.

Halston, Bergdorf's reliable, has kept the faith with the beret and the snood; witness a snood beret, shown in red leather, with arched folds above the face. This is ample enough in back to cup the longest hair. Wholesale (or do I mean retail?) luxury is represented by a job that requires four sable skins, one wrapped about the face and the others stacked above in beret formation. Another goody is a puffy beret of white mink, piled high to the left and punched toward the back of the head on the right. Tassels ending in mink pompons are part of the deal.

Archie Eason's Robine Hoods are of green felt, level across the eyes and creased down the crown. A rolled cord of black leather is the headband as

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Jane Holzer

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"And I think the gossip columns are great, too," said Mrs. Holzer who was wearing definite nighttime drag as she looked into the daylight from the window of her Park Ave. apartment.

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well as the chin tie. Rich Ranchers are another Eason invention. The brim of one in white felt is curled up all around, cowgirl style, and leather lanyards drop down from the ears and knot casually below the chin. A mini version of this, in coral velours, wears a brim that is softly rolled. A real sombrero is done in cream felt; the crown goes up to a rounded peak and the brim has a rolled edge. The ancestry of one cap is Scotch—quite deep, and outsize. I especially admired it when it appeared in bronze beaver, with a deep, overseas-cap crease, plus feathers up one side.

Conscientious though I am, I do not keep my nose to the grindstone; *my* nose is for whatever news it can sniff out, and here is some that has to do with that mysterious ingredient called distinction—an ingredient not noted for being omnipresent at any time. I have been contemplating a few perfumes that, at first sniff, seem to possess this ingredient. One is Kenneth's Ramû, which is on tap at the Kenneth salon and at Bergdorf—an exotic (and I use the word legitimately), spicy deal that becomes warm and voluptuous as it dries on the skin. Emilio Pucci's Vivara (in lots of shops) is all sunshine and flowers—a bit sweet but not too much so. Cardin's Singulier lives up to its name by being available only at Bonwit's. It has a sharp, very "green" scent. Guy La Roche's Fidji is ravishing enough, I suspect, to be the start of something big. It's a floral blend for grown women who have not succumbed to miniskirts, and it is a perfect complement to a sable (or even mink) hat. St. Laurent's Y (that's *not* a question) has been around for some time; I speak of it now because it has acquired the usual side effects—purse spray, bath powder, bath oil. Bonwit's will be happy to let you have it and them. Erno Laszlo is back on the counters at Saks with cosmetics that are responsible for some of those dazzling complexions visible about town on females who have themselves been about town for thirty years and more but, because of Laszlo, do not exactly look it.

Let us now leap from the sublime to the ridiculous, which is to say the giant-fishnet white stockings that were prevalent this past summer (that was *summer*?) below the miniskirts. For even the best-planned young girl, the vista from dead ahead is poor enough; from astern it is deplorable. The patterned stockings, about which I do not feel quite so gruesome, are here to stay

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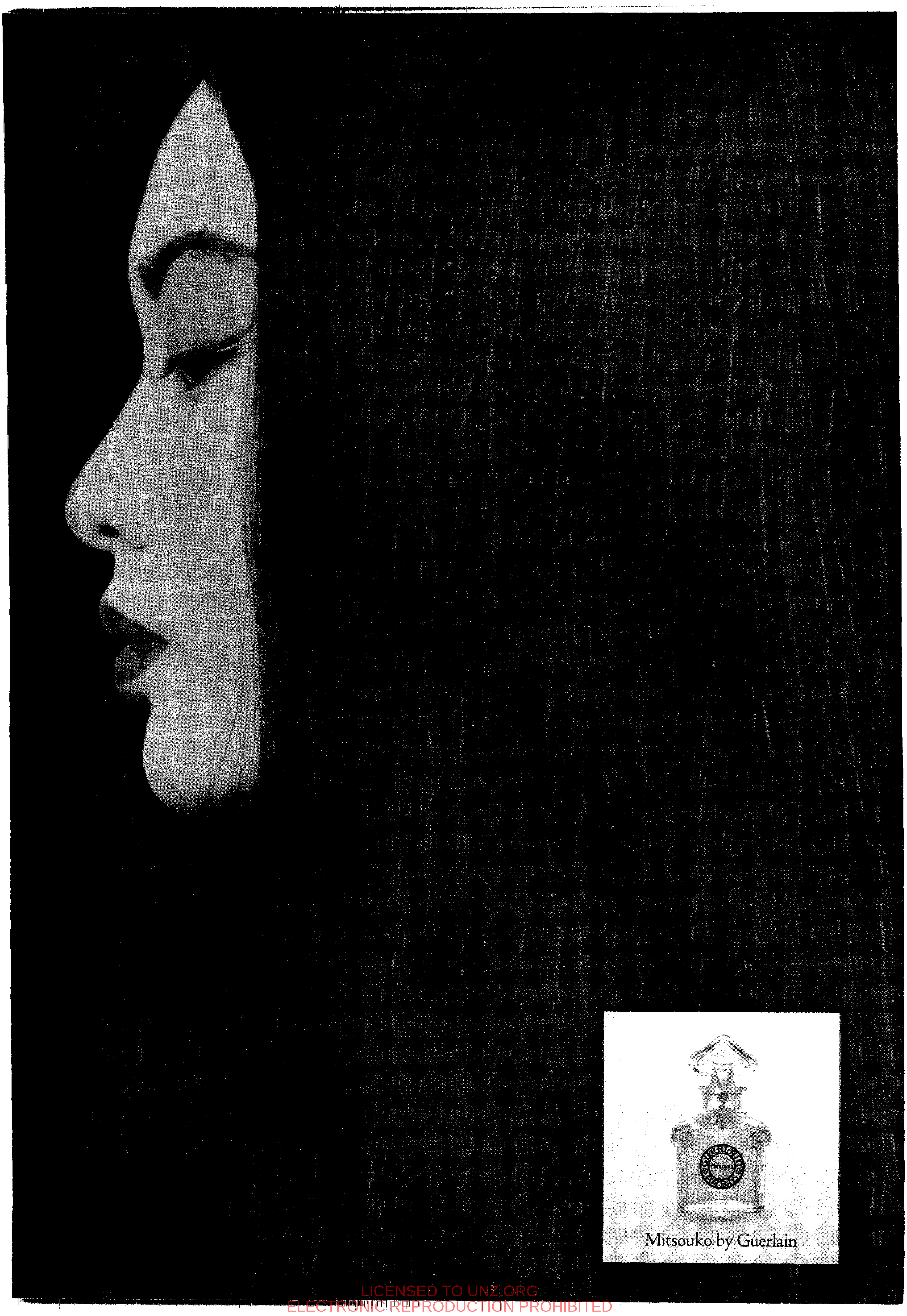
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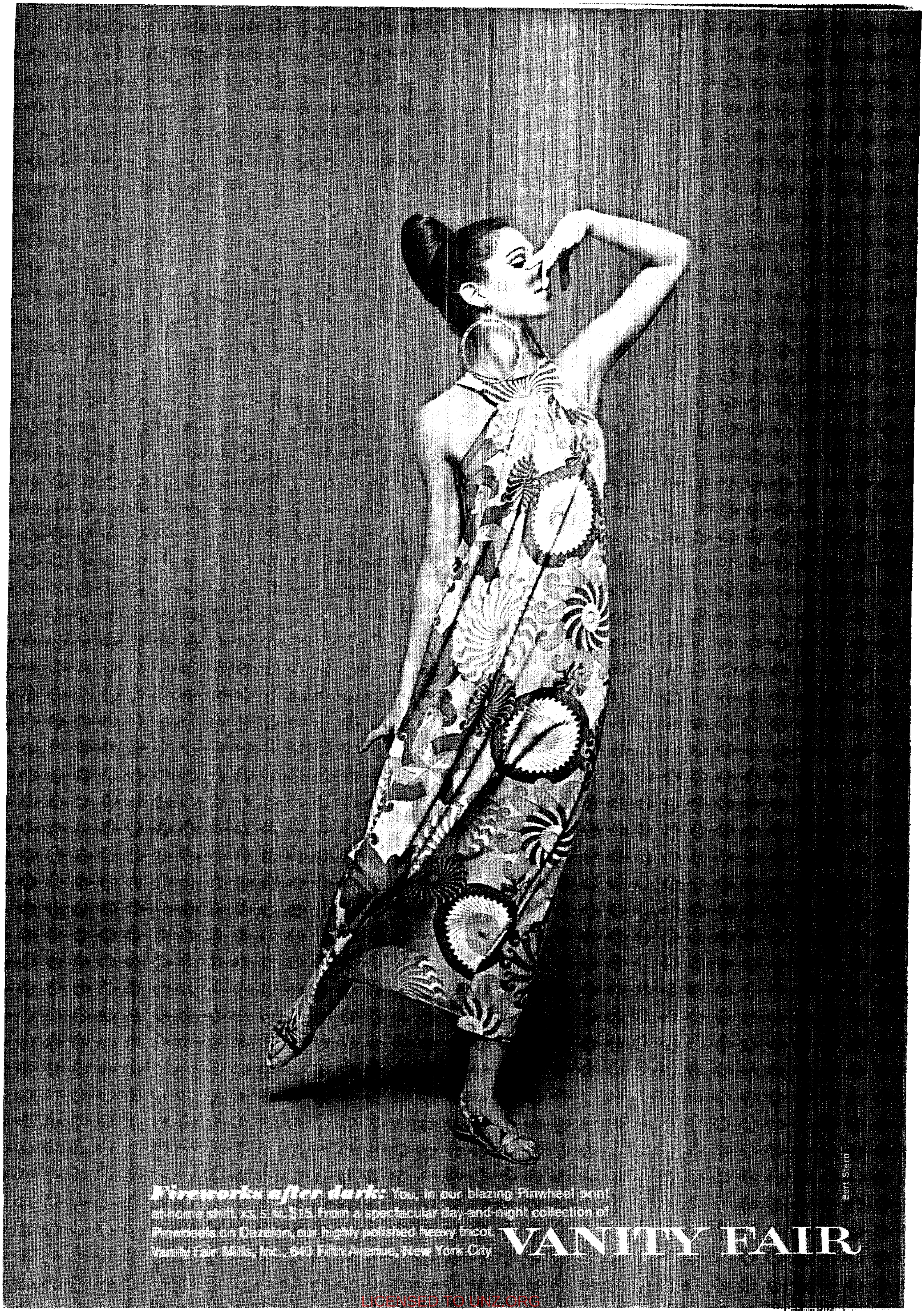

Bert Stern

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for some time, I'd say. Well, all right, but I do wonder about the soon-to-arrive Galanos scheme of three layers of stockings for each leg, each layer in its own shading, to produce a tweedy look. First, who is going to find the time to ease six stockings on? Second, what to do if one develops a run? And what about the really wee women (the ones who are under size 4, even though Americans are supposed today to be so much bigger than their forebears) who are poaching on the children's departments for their clothes? This is why we see babies' christening dresses going around in public on grown girls. Which may be all right, too, until we get to the ones that are made in adult sizes, from twelve on up—something that simply will not do. And what about the quick new rage for those chain-link belts of metal that slop somewhere near the hips and go jingle, jangle, jingle all day, all night long? Clatter like this is not becoming to women. I have spoken. —Lois Long

•

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[*From "'You-Are-Thereness' in Fiction," by Joan Williams in The Writer.*]

Beginning writers are troubled sometimes by wanting to write about places they have never been. But it is easy to borrow particulars from around you and transfer them to other settings. Perhaps you are writing about New York and have said everything you know. There are tall buildings and crowded sidewalks and busy streets. Then go outdoors in your own town and see how the sunlight falls across a building or your own house at five o'clock in the afternoon. Why can't it slant across a New York building in the same way? Looking up from a busy street, your character sees late afternoon sunlight glancing off the Empire State Building. What does it matter if the reflection on the windows is really the way the sunlight looks against your own bedroom window some place else? Go to your local bar or restaurant. Particulars you see there can be transferred to a sidewalk café in Paris.

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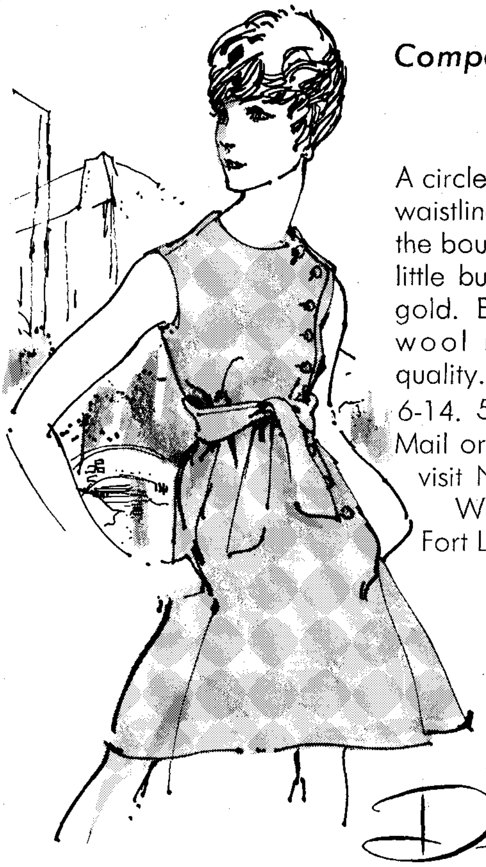

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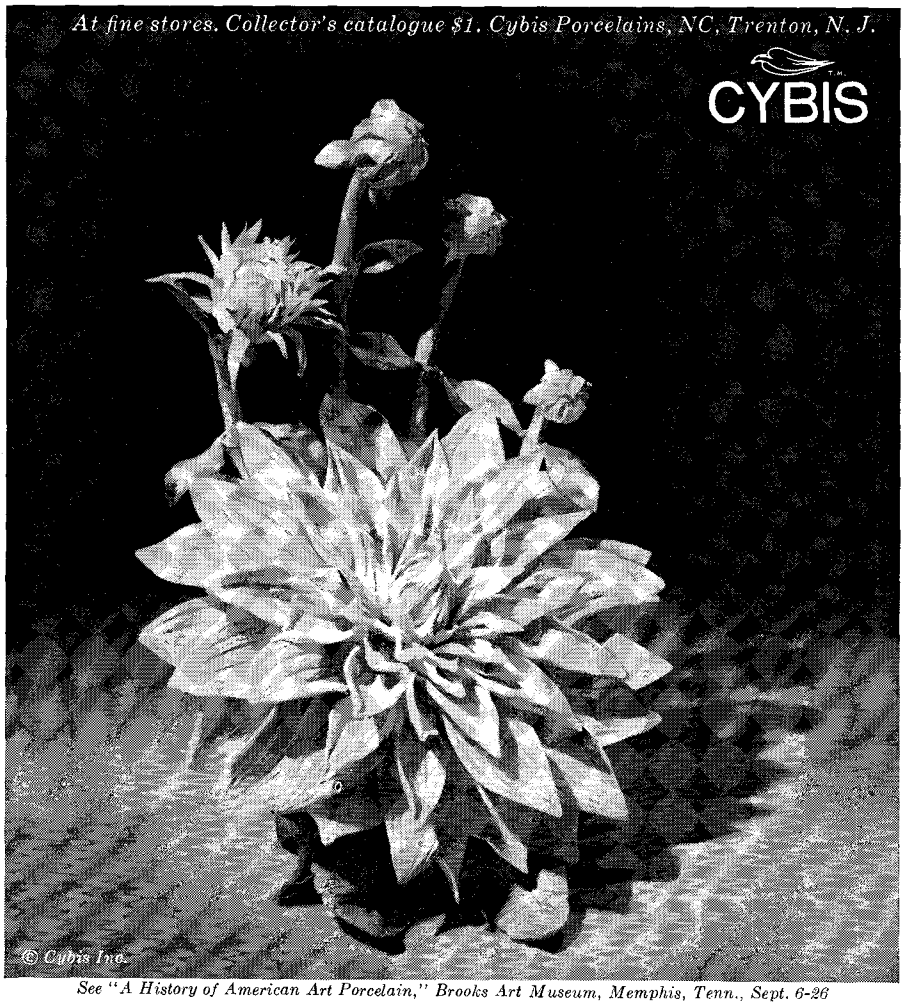

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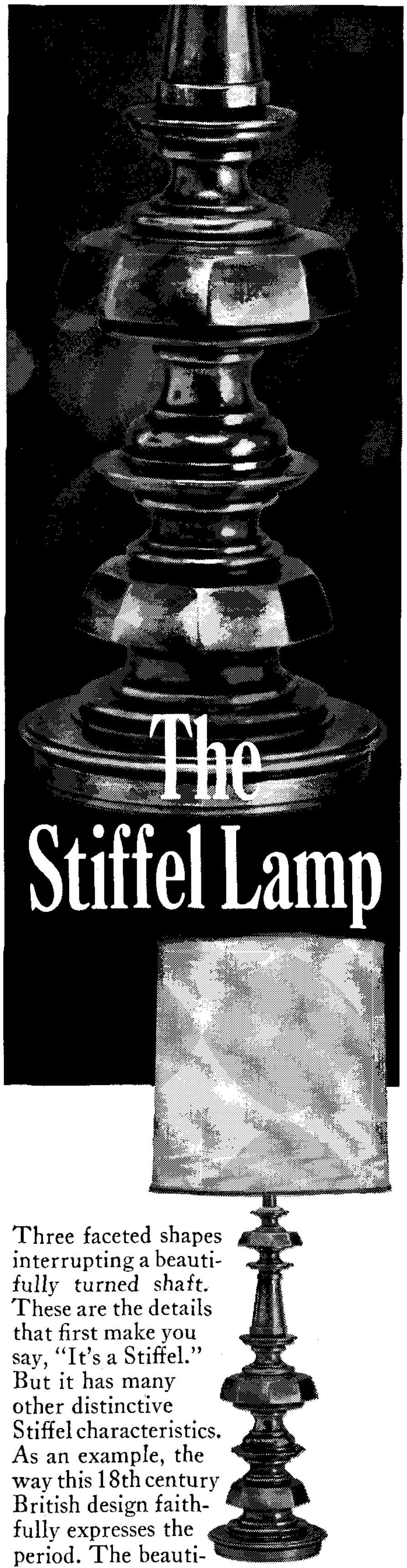

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# A MAN AND HIS MATRIX

A VOICE is singing in the land, strong and clear and true. Its timbre echoes the high-piled cities, the very soil and waters of America; its rhythms reflect the pulse-beat of this land. Somehow it has reached the secret place in each of us where we truly live. The possessor of this voice, and the creator of the distinctively American songs it sings, has been striding like a colossus across the world of folk music these past few months, his records outselling all others in the field, his concerts—at colleges, arenas, hip night clubs, and folk festivals—drawing unprecedented crowds. Only once in a decade does a musical figure generate the electricity of an Arthur Moultrie Gerstenson, known to an idolatrous world as Art M. Gerstenson.

The nature of Gerstenson's music and its impact on our youth—his status as the current rallying point for rejection of the System—are too well known for us to rehash here. What we need at this point is a hard look behind the Gerstenson saga at Gerstenson the man. Because of his diligently maintained public image, the truth is difficult to pinpoint. In the gray, conformist world of folk music, made up as it is of alienated wanderers, Cree Indians, leathered-up motorbikers, and check-shirted, open-throated, bell-bottomed free souls, all indistinguishable from each other, Art M. Gerstenson stands out like the Eddystone Light. When the white spotlights pick him out as he strides to the microphone, the effect on his audience is akin to being poleaxed. A few carping voices have been raised against the studied theatricality of his dress—the inevitable blue or dark-gray sharkskin three-button suit, the white-on-white broadcloth shirt, the invariable rep or foulard four-in-hand, the almost-too-much black wing-tip London Character shoes—but there is no gainsaying the emotional impact of the costume, its shout of defiance.

And yet it is Gerstenson's fiercest admirers who are most embarrassed by his public posture, who say that a man with Art M. Gerstenson's voice and message has no need for such tricks as his ostentatiously flaunted high-school class ring, or his hairstyle, which suggests, particularly behind the ears, that the second-best barber in Ottumwa, Iowa, has laid on a little heavily with the electric clipper. Defenders against these charges refer critics to the con-

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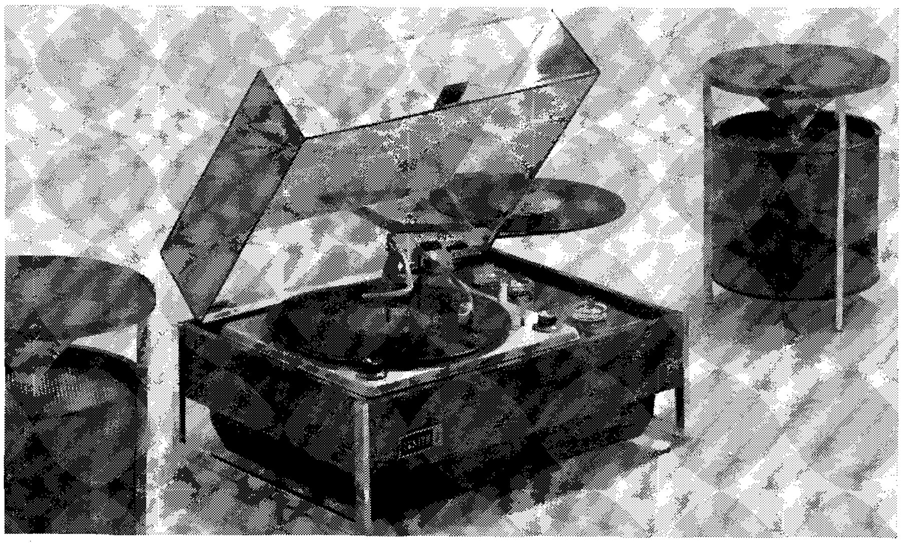
trolled fury in the opening lines of the song Gerstenson fans look on as the ultimate cop-out, "A Man and His Matrix":

> The matrix of a man is his momma,
> His momma and his pop and his
> school,
> For the parent who'll deflate a boy
> And the teacher who makes math a
> joy
> Are a man's basic tool, all he needs
> to rule—
> All a man ever needs to rule.

Gerstenson's life story, as it unfolds in the official biography his managers foist on eager journalists, is such a mishmash of the wildly improbable and the borderline fantasy as to raise the suspicion that it was manufactured from whole cloth with an eye to instant notoriety at a time when Gerstenson was struggling for recognition in a keenly competitive field. According to this document, he was born twenty-six years ago in Schenectady, New York, of Myron D. and Flora A. Gerstenson, and that his father was an insurance salesman who, in 1946, came close to writing half a million dollars' worth of policies, and that young Arthur's first trouble occurred in his ninth year, when his family moved to Albany in the middle of the winter school term. With the help of an understanding school administration, Arthur overcame this trauma sufficiently so that by May he almost made the honor roll. We are now asked to believe that Arthur ground through high school with an 81.2 average, and served as assistant manager of the basketball team and, for two semesters, as an ad salesman for the senior yearbook.

Hurrying us past the dizzying array of "facts" cited above, the official biography plunges ahead to brief descriptions of summers at the family bungalow on Schroon Lake, where young Arthur mastered the art of table tennis and made several attempts at water-skiing. Then we are led on to the next crisis—the question, at Cornell, of whether to major in Romance Languages or Hotel Management, and the ultimate decision to opt for Marketing. The Cornell years, we are told, were fruitful ones for Arthur, filled with activity—French Club, intramural sports, and again, as in high school, serving as assistant manager of the basketball team. And it is at Cornell that we get our first inkling of the musical genius Art M. Gerstenson was to become—not yet as a singer but as second triangle in the fine Big Red marching band.

After his graduation (to follow this



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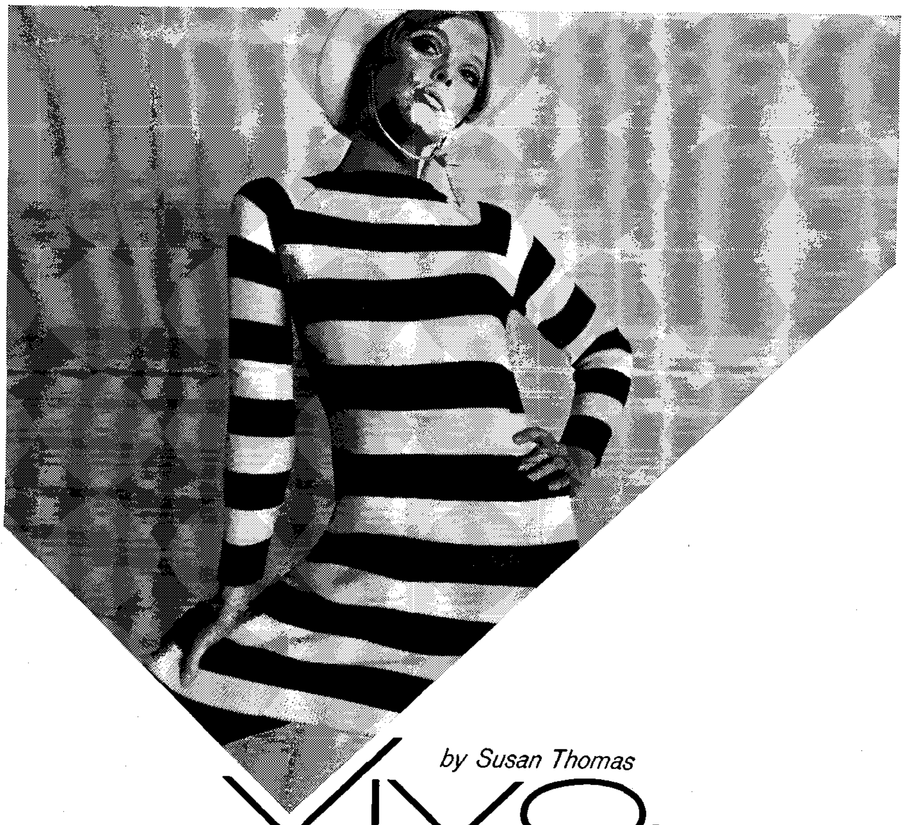

by Susan Thomas
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way-out document to its conclusion), we have Arthur's employment by Fenner & Greaves, of Albany, marketing consultants, and his absorption, very soon thereafter, in twice-weekly singing lessons to ease the disappointment of his rejection by the draft because of a deviated septum. Six months later, we are told, there came the dramatic moment that proved his career's turning point. While attending an engagement party for a co-worker, he raised his voice with an informal group gathered at the piano. After a few moments, a fellow-employee, Jonathan Hummel, remarked—and Arthur remembers the words exactly—"Arthur, did you ever think of taking up singing professionally?" The rest is history, except for Arthur's decision, early in his career, to write his own songs. The pertinent quote in the official biography reads as follows: " 'I soon realized that if I provided my own material I could cut down on the dispersal of royalties from record sales, and since I had always been a B-plus student in English (with seven college credits in composition), I thought I would take a crack at it.' "

JOURNALISTIC honesty compels us to ask whether this startling document squares with the facts. Diligent research indicates, alas, that it probably does not. At least one person who has been privileged to come upon Art M. Gerstenson when he was not wearing sharkskin trousers and clocked short socks reports seeing, at knee and instep, the telltale knobs of a veteran surfer. A reporter who traced down the record swears to have photostats proving that Gerstenson dropped out of school, beginning in kindergarten, no fewer than eighteen times, and that Cornell never heard of him. At least one source places him, during the "Cornell" years, in India; another claims to have seen a photograph of someone bearing a remarkable likeness to Gerstenson practicing ragas at the feet of a master of the sitar in Benares.

A closer examination of Gerstenson's highly dramatic family background brings that "history" into closer accord with the everyday world. Court records in Fargo, North Dakota, indicate that Mrs. Gerstenson is half Shoshoni and half Sioux; Mr. Gerstenson senior—as nearly as can be made out from Social Security reports—was probably a railroad detective who uprooted the little family on an average of three times a year until he settled into the position of assistant ski-waxer at the University of Colorado. To complete the picture, payroll

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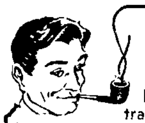

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records at Fenner & Greaves, in Albany, disclose no one named Gerstenson ever employed there. On the other hand, several witnesses from Duluth claim that during this period a young man they would be willing to swear was Gerstenson, if his hair was unshorn, ran a school in an abandoned icehouse on the shore of Lake Superior, where students were taught to construct thumb pianos for children in Central Africa who had lost all hope.

The Art M. Gerstenson America loves—the high-voltage singer whose ballads jolt the Establishment—has become too big, too true in his art to need a string of visual gimmicks and a spurious publicity façade to attract notice. As he himself has so subtly put it in the third verse of his searing work "The Ballad of Justin Claypole":

> Salinas man a-sittin' in the sun
> Countin' most a million pails of
> snapbeans,
> Baskets of lettuce and baskets of
> greens,
> When the long summer's pickin'
> is done.
> Who's that man who meets the
> Wetback payroll?
> Nobody else but Mr. Justin Clay-
> pole!
> Sing rolleo-polleo, rolleo-polleo . . .
> Tall and proud, Farmer Justin
> Claypole
> Meets every Mexi-pickin' payroll!

So, how about it, Art M. Gerstenson? Come out from behind that put-on, stand tall and proud, and meet your responsibilities to your public!

—Gordon Cotler

•

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In the main shipping channel to Saigon, Vietcong guerillas yesterday fired on an American freighter until they were financially driven off by American helicopters and patrol boats within 10 miles of the capital.—*Hong Kong Tiger Standard.*

It's this damned dollar economy of ours.

•

### A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Cortland* (*N.Y.*) *Standard*]

Accompanying his talk with a film, the speaker discussed all the areas of work covered by the police department and also noted the problems encountered in their work. A policeman is very much handicapped by the laws, in carrying out his duties, he noted.

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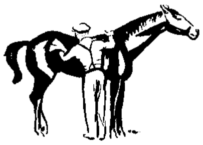
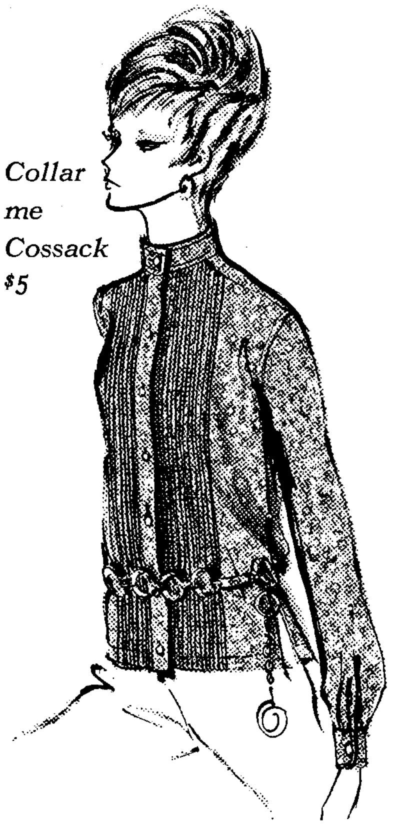
# THE RACE TRACK

## *Aqueduct Again*



THE autumn racing at Aqueduct—it goes on for ninety-five days—began with a bang last week, when Mrs. Edward Lasker's Indulto brought off a 15–1 chance in the Fall Highweight Handicap, the traditional opening-day event. It was a lively affair, and a claim of foul was lodged against Indulto after he had passed the post a neck ahead of Full of Fun, with Flag Raiser third, a length behind. The claim was made by Belmonte, who rode Flag Raiser; he charged that Indulto had impeded him in the run down the backstretch, but the stewards dismissed it, for their movies in slow motion showed that Indulto wasn't to blame. Next day, however, they suspended Ussery, who rode Disciplinarian, and Ycaza, who rode Kilmoray, for ten days each, for failing to keep a straight course. The villain of the piece was Disciplinarian, who bore out from the rails and caused the jam. He led for half a mile, tired, and finished next to last. The reason Indulto was the longest odds of the lot was that early in the summer he'd sulked in a couple of his races, so it was no sure thing that he'd leave the starting gate with the others. I doubt very much if Max Hirsch, his trainer, had him psychoanalyzed, but Indulto has had a rest since June and apparently feels different about racing. Anyhow, it was a big afternoon for his eighty-seven-year-old trainer, who has been recovering from a heart attack. As the man said, "There's nothing a winner won't cure."

IT looks as though some interesting racing were coming up at Aqueduct. After the Matron Stakes this Saturday, for which Queen of the Stage heads the list of two-year-old fillies, there is, next Wednesday, the Jerome Handicap, for three-year-olds, which was first run in 1866, a year before the Belmont Stakes was started. Among the eligibles are Bold Hour, Successor, Gala Performance, Reflected Glory, and Tumiga. There's also a colt named Aczay. Do you suppose that's an anagram? The Beldame, which offers the meeting's biggest prize for fillies and mares, is on the sixteenth; the Futurity—in my book, the blue ribbon for two-year-olds—on the twenty-



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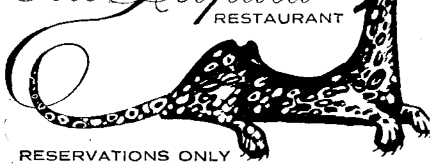

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third; and the Woodward Stakes, in which Buckpasser is expected to meet Damascus, Handsome Boy, and Dr. Fager (though I'm doubtful about Dr. Fager), on the thirtieth. Then comes the Belmont-at-Aqueduct meeting, the five-star events of which are the Champagne Stakes, the Man o' War Stakes, and the Jockey Club Gold Cup.

BY the way, I've never seen the infield at Aqueduct more attractive, or the trees greener and the flowers brighter and fresher. The recent rains have done a lot for the place. That goes for Belmont Park, too. I was out there the other morning, and I was amazed—and pleased, if I may say so—at the progress that has been made on the new grandstand since I had a look at the work early in June. Indeed, with luck, we may be racing this time next year, which is all right with me. Ned Lord, general manager of the New York Racing Association properties, is keeping a special eye on the paddock, and his landscape gardener, R. Theodore Bullington, is growing flowers and shrubbery to decorate the grounds and the stand come opening day. With Mr. Bullington, I explored the big greenhouses in the stable area and several plots of land around them, and they were all full of greenery, much of which your correspondent, whose knowledge of botany amounts to what chemists would call a trace, had never seen before at close range. Some of it is semitropical, and all of it will be worth waiting for. Mr. Bullington also does the landscaping and the floral décor at Saratoga and Aqueduct, which keeps him hopping. For example, this being chrysanthemum time, thirty thousand chrysanthemums—five thousand raised at Belmont Park and the rest bought from nurserymen—will be set out at the Big A in the next couple of weeks. That's not all; their growth has to be timed so that they don't all bloom at once. As for numbers, Mr. Bullington speaks quite casually of putting out fifty thousand pansies at Aqueduct every spring.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

After reapportionment handed Southern California numerical control of the historically northern-dominated Senate, some felt the southland would dictate its wishes to the upper chamber. It didn't happen.

A prive example was a bill to give MORE — MORE — MORE — MORE —*Sacramento Union.*

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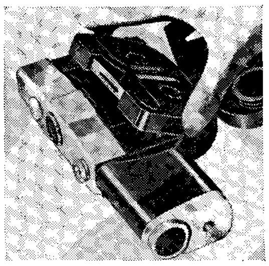

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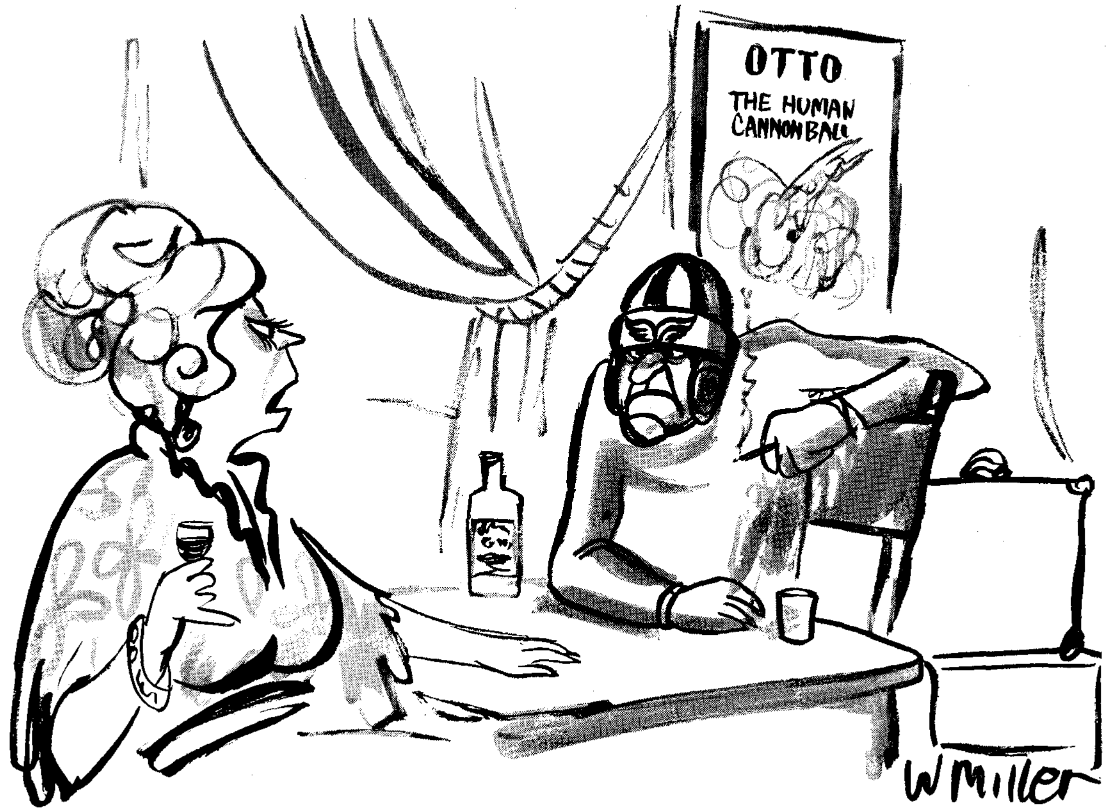
# BOOKS

## *Noblesse Oblige*

IN 1944, one of Harold Nicolson's best friends told him that he was "a national figure—of the second degree." Whatever the accuracy of that assessment, "The War Years, 1939-1945," which is Volume II of Nicolson's diary (a Book-of-the-Month Club choice, edited by Nigel Nicolson, published by Atheneum), is of the first degree. Nicolson, a professional writer and a Member of Parliament, kept a day-by-day record, intending that eventually it would be read as history. And now it is: an informal, immensely informative account of British political life during a decisive epoch. The editor, who is the author's son, explains that the diary was so long that he has been able to print only a twentieth of it, so the book's uninterrupted parade of fascinations may owe almost as much to the younger Nicolson as to the elder. Still, the work's rich texture is entirely the product of Harold Nicolson's talents and temperament and of such virtues as intelligent good nature. Throughout, he demonstrates his disinterested interest in other men by putting them on paper without self-consciously intruding himself. As a diarist, he has nothing in common with Boswell; except when he speaks in Parliament, he rarely worries about the impression he is making, and, possibly because he was not put in charge of anything (he was only a junior Minister at the Ministry of Information for fourteen months), the diary is wonderfully free of self-extenuating passages and complaints of being misunderstood. Nicolson spent most of the war years with well-informed, lively people, many of whom were famous in politics, journalism, or literature. While Parliament sat, Nicolson stayed in a bachelor flat in London (his wife was in the country and both his sons were in the Army)—an arrangement that encourages any man, especially one as sociable as Nicolson, to accept luncheon and dinner invitations. In company, Nicolson was usually willing to please or be pleased. Even when he found social pleasure difficult—he was never happy with people who had framed or acclaimed the Munich agreement—he nevertheless grasped what was most interesting about or most characteristic of this and that person. People spoke freely to him; in 1942 Admiral Muselier confided his side of his quarrel with de Gaulle, and in 1945 Churchill, joining Nicolson and Lord De La Warr for drinks after a foreign-policy debate in the Commons, said privately what he could not say publicly—that Great Britain had to accept what the Russians were doing to the Poles because the Russians were in Poland in force. The reader probably already knows the substance of the confidences Nicolson received—at least, those that had some significance—but, as secrets at the time of the diary, they are historically illuminating; they show what people supposedly in the know did or did not know, and what truths, rumors, facts, opinions, and anxieties shaped great events. Whether Nicolson's relation with a person was social or confidential or business, or even if he merely observed someone—he saw Neville Chamberlain in Parliament but not in private—the diary's portraits are brilliant: as close as words can get to motion-picture likenesses. Nicolson presents national leaders, such as Churchill and de Gaulle; men as diverse and with as disparate kinds of charm as Aneurin Bevan and Stanley Baldwin; and women as dissimilar, politically and personally, as Nancy Astor and Lady Violet Bonham Carter.

Nicolson's diary is also a story. The reader finds himself caught up by narrative suspense: Will the blitz destroy London? (Nicolson knew, in October of 1940, that only Paddington and King's Cross, of all the city's railway stations, could still handle the morning mail.) Can England win the war? And how? Nigel Nicolson has included some of the misinformation that came his father's way, as well as his father's and other men's bad guesses, and these add to the suspense. When Nicolson writes, in March of 1940, "We have won the war at sea," the reader worries about what will happen when the war at sea really begins; it is



*"When I married you, you were a big deal, but guys weren't walking around in space then."*

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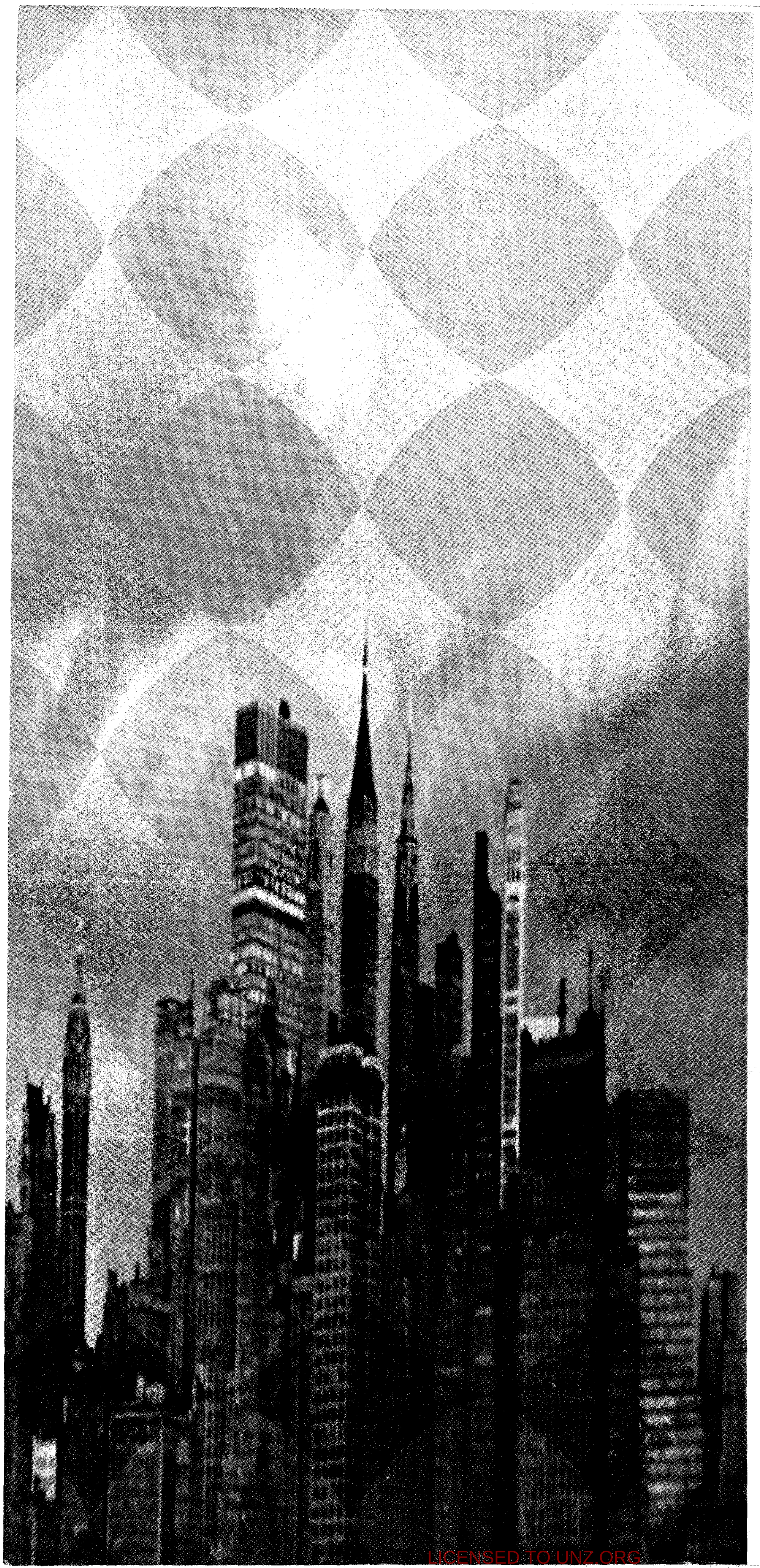

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like letting the reader follow the hero of a thriller into danger without being able to warn him. This achievement, too, owes something to editing, but Nicolson's fluent prose, which reflects his eagerness, and his curiosity about every day and every experience, gives the story its pace.

And Nicolson's story makes one of history's peculiar contributions to wisdom: it readjusts our perspective and improves our sense of proportion. Great Britain's part in the Second World War was noble. But as Nicolson's diary moves slowly across that distant and blurred panorama of British courage, we realize that—except for moments here and there—most Britons pushed along for seven terrible years without feeling themselves to be especially brave or good. (English understatement may reflect genuine modesty, or nations may not know when they are being heroic, just as individuals often have no idea that they are happy.) Nicolson records Great Britain's (and his own) moments of pride and elation; he also records patches of despair, uncertainty, mistrust, and fear. He describes the depression in Parliament when war was declared, and notes with anxiety that even then many Members still hoped Hitler would offer acceptable peace terms. Churchill has scarcely become Prime Minister before Nicolson finds some complaining M.P.s speculating about who might replace him, and Nicolson's account of Churchill's struggles to keep Sir Stafford Cripps happy recalls some of Lincoln's difficulties with his ambitious, opinionated Cabinet members.

Great Britain's national unity during this long period seems almost unparalleled. But Nicolson records an enormous amount of class resentment. He hears that East Enders were cheered up during the blitz by news that German bombs had fallen on London's flossier sections. Some of his friends and acquaintances, Stephen Spender among them, had wartime jobs among the working class, and they told him about popular moods, such as widespread Russophilia, based often on grounds that now seem odd indeed, such as admiring Russian efficiency.

Nicolson's own ancestry and family connections linked him with the nobility and gentry. Yet when welfare-state measures were introduced in Parliament during the war, he supported them, even though he and his wife, Victoria Sackville-West, were certain that they entailed the destruction of their own comfortable, cultivated way of life. They could not imagine any

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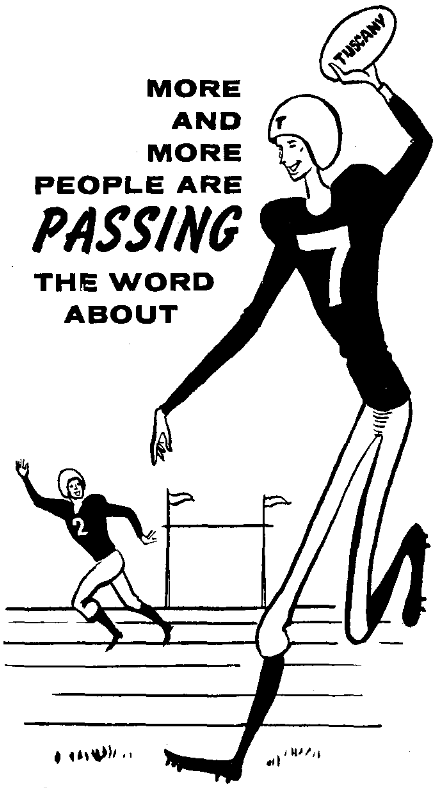

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way to help the poor except by robbing the rich. For our entertainment and instruction, their son has retained passages in which they prophesy a drab future for Great Britain, levelled down to cultural mediocrity. (The prophecy assumed a British victory; in the event of defeat, the Nicolsons planned suicide.) Nicolson loved his country and loathed Fascism, but neither love nor loathing could make him bloodthirsty or vindictive. After one British task force chased the Graf Spee into Montevideo Harbor and another sank the Bismarck, he did not exult in British seamanship, although he knew that both German ships were superior to any of their attackers; he pitied the dead and defeated German sailors. Yet he worried because his countrymen did not seem sufficiently bloodthirsty and vindictive; he imagined that the English hated Bonaparte's French more than Hitler's Germans. (I am sure his perspective is awry.) He feared that the English were not warlike, and, in a surprising number of entries, he and people he talks to conclude that the English fighting man is not what he used to be. And though I suppose that no generation has ever wholly satisfied its elders, it is strange to read doubts about *that* particular British generation.

Nicolson rarely praises himself, but the record makes it plain to the reader that the author was widely esteemed. The Free French continually sought his advice, because he had been in the Foreign Office until 1929 and because he was an anti-Fascist, French-speaking Francophile. Nicolson was at first not enthusiastic about de Gaulle. The diary's earlier descriptions of him reflect not hostility but dubiety—Nicolson's impression that he was not liberal or democratic but authoritarian. And Nicolson was also confided in and appealed to by anti-Fascist, anti-Gaullist Frenchmen. He was eventually converted by our improvisation with Darlan, which convinced him of what de Gaulle's supporters had said all along—that France had nobody else. Nicolson was sent by his own government to lecture in France, North Africa, Sweden, and Ireland about Great Britain's war effort and war aims—a mission for which he qualified by his language, his sincerity, and his record of political independence. But he did not greatly prize his own abilities. He thought he was a failure, and was particularly depressed because, after he was asked to leave the Ministry of Information to make way for a Labour Party man when Churchill was re-

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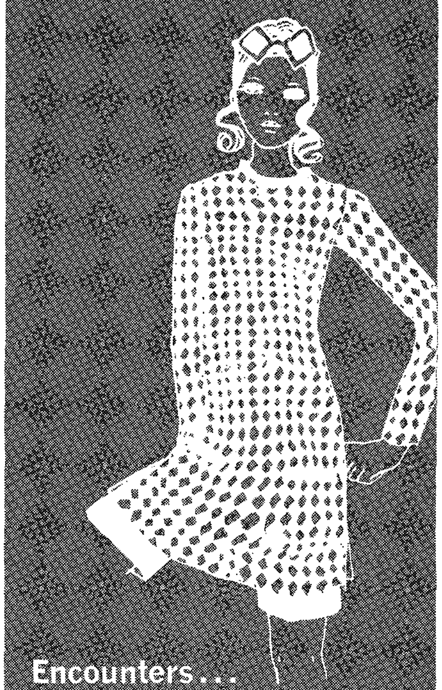

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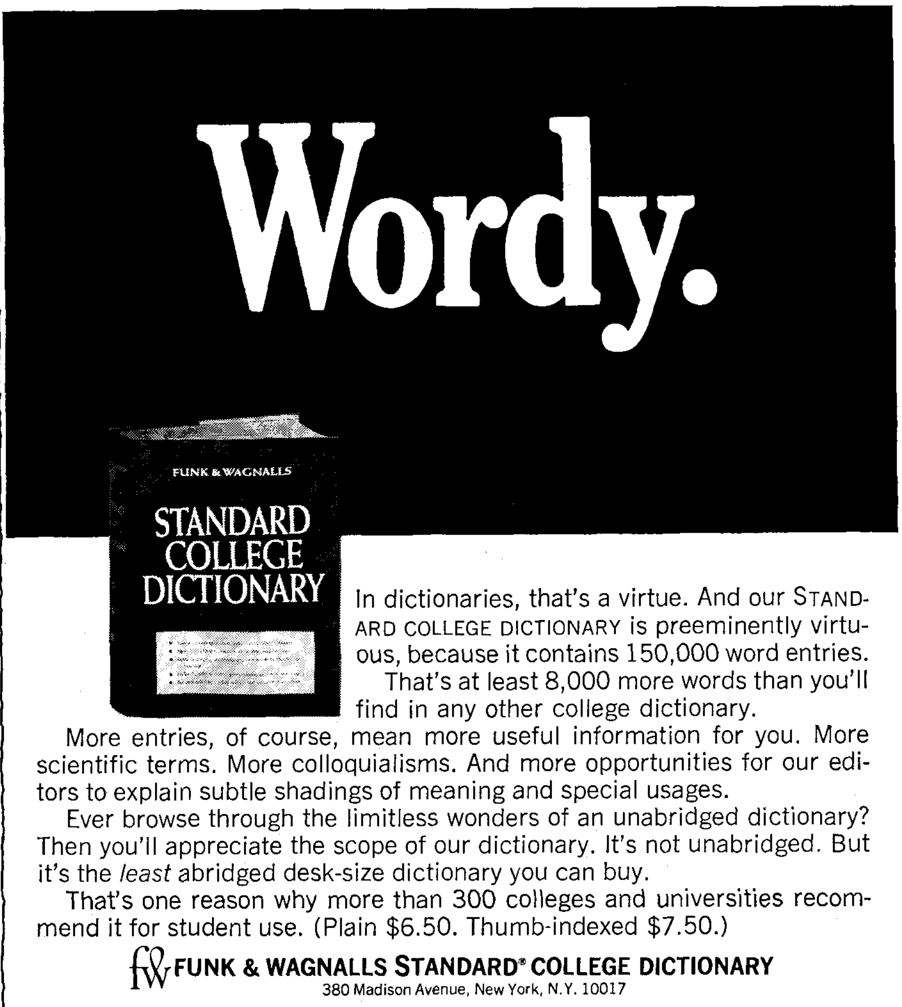
pairing his wartime coalition, he was never again offered a place in a Ministry. (The Prime Minister consoled—or, rather, did not console—Nicolson by putting him on the B.B.C.'s Board of Governors.) Nicolson intermittently berates himself for not being forceful, aggressive, or formidable enough to make the Government take him in. His self-deprecation reminds us of a peculiarly modern, democratic woe: how much more it hurts to fail in a parliamentary system, when one feels that one's peers and colleagues have weighed and rejected one, than it did in the bad old days when one could blame a royal favorite and go on thinking of oneself as an able, worthy individual. Nigel Nicolson, who has himself been a Conservative M.P., says that his father was not invited back into the government because he was not considered to be much of an administrator. This explanation sounds a bit too innocent. I cannot help suspecting that Nicolson might have gone further if he had taken the advice Lord Beaverbrook gave him in 1931 and attached himself to an "established machine," a major party. He was a member of the National Labour Party, a remnant of eight supporters of Ramsay MacDonald's coalition, who were elected in 1935 because the Conservative Party did not put up candidates against them. Nicolson dealt with his constituency, West Leicester, through the Conservative Association there, but he refused to join the Conservative Party because he did not want to join the appeasers. There was no general election between 1935 and 1945, and the Conservatives in Parliament did indeed include many men who had supported Conservative foreign policy in the late nineteen-thirties. But the party also included many men, from Churchill on down, who had opposed that policy. Nicolson seems not to have been willing to accept the fact that in a two-party system each party is only a coalition. He may have had this attitude because when he left the Foreign Office the two-party system was going through a rearrangement: the Liberal Party had declined before the Labour Party was quite ready to replace it. Such times of reformation and realignment encourage voters and sometimes statesmen—though probably not politicians—to expect that political parties will become ideologically purer and more coherent. Nicolson stuck by his party, which disappeared in the Labour sweep of 1945, in which he lost his seat. His political career ended then. Though that career



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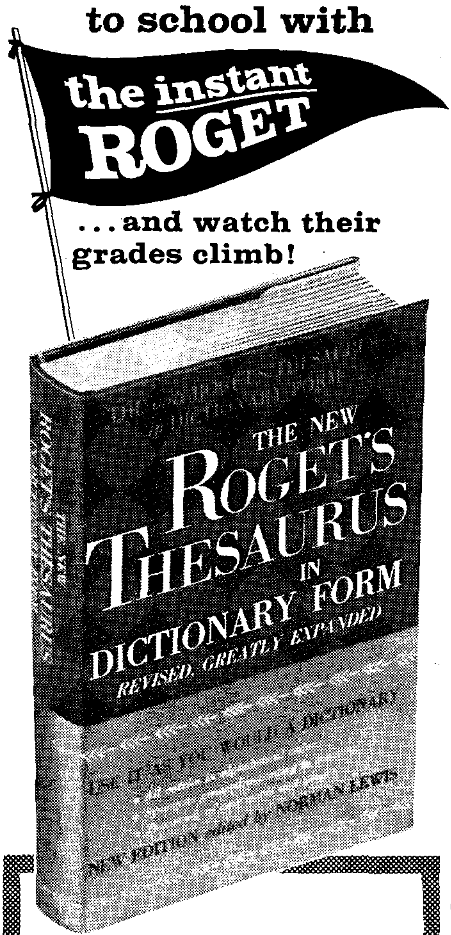
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disappointed him, it is more than justified by this remarkable historical record; the only unsatisfactory thing about the diary is that its author thinks less of himself than does the reader.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

## BRIEFLY NOTED

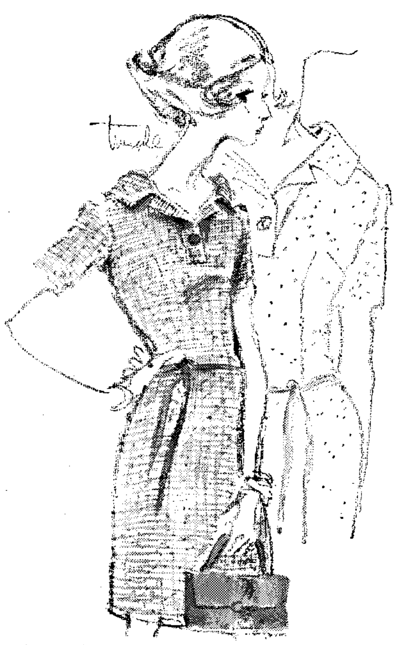
### FICTION

MEYER MEYER, by Helen Hudson (Dutton). Miss Hudson has Charlie Chaplin's magic way of provoking derision, sympathy, exasperation, and curiosity all with the same gesture. Her Meyer Meyer, a forty-seven-year-old professor of history at a New York university, is a marvel of characterization, and as she describes him Miss Hudson quickly weaves his background, so that his life becomes immediately familiar to us. Once we begin reading about him, we must read on to the end, always in the hope of discovering the strain of generosity that we are certain is hidden somewhere in his tiny, selfish, conniving heart. Meyer is not very attractive.

He was a short man, well below average, and he walked with his chin up, gazing about as though searching for his missing inches. His face was round as a clock, with no more hair than was needed to make a border beneath his hat. He was an only son with five sisters spread out between Brooklyn and Mt. Kisco. He himself lived alone, bound safely by Madison and Park, pinned down by his name on the door. It was a small apartment and intimate so that when he stepped inside he had a sense of wrapping it around him, leaving no room for anyone else. His sisters invited him to dinner on the holidays and changed his cleaning woman periodically and urged him to marry.

But Meyer has a creed that covers all the phases of his life. He does not want to become "involved"—and, of course, put like that, Meyer's poor point of view becomes glorified by echoes of a judiciousness, and of a power to choose or not to choose, and of an ability to separate himself from the messiness of ordinary lives. He is a "free" man.

He was not so much stingy as cautious. He did not want a wife to tell him when to get a haircut and bang the pots in an apron. He preferred to dine out opposite a little black veil and the scent of Shalimar. And, indeed, he flattered himself that he had a way with women: a way of molding the air with his small, plump hands when he talked, forming something precious between them; a way of reading a menu like a love poem, of settling a coat tenderly on shoulders already padded with age. For he favored comfortable, matronly women, slightly aging, slightly



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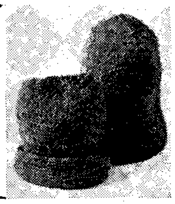

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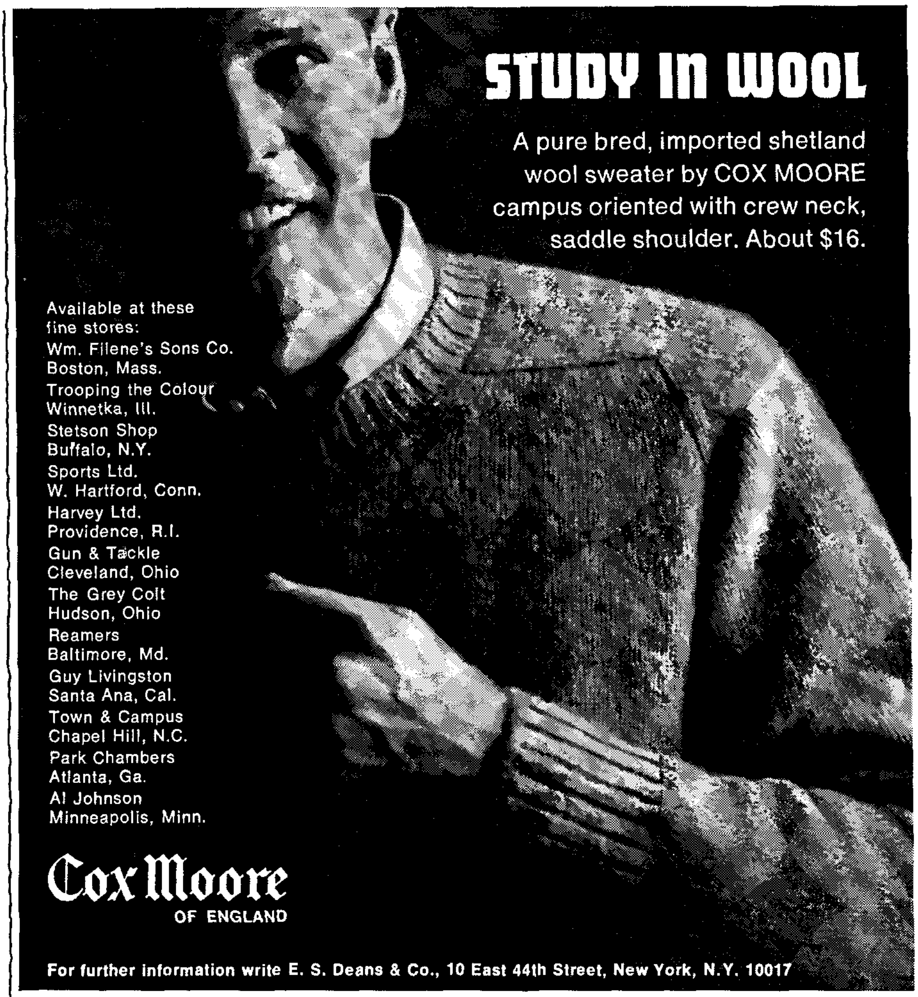
worn, widows and divorcées and unmarried career "girls" who preferred not to be seen with other women after office hours: women who had known disappointment and would feel gratitude.

Shortly after the opening of the novel, Meyer meets Lena, and it is clear from the moment of introduction that she is his big chance. Lena, two years a widow, has a house in Connecticut with a studio in her garden where she does some sculpting. She is middle-aged but gorgeously beautiful and forever a girl, with enthusiasm and affection to spare for everyone. She is more arty than artistic, but she is a generous soul, and very lonely in spite of the frenzied social life she arranges for herself. She and Meyer fall in love, but her need for him frightens him, and now the crucial question arises: Will he at last become "involved" or will he fail Lena with the slippery complacency he has shown to all the other women in his life? Miss Hudson, a superior writer, leaves no question hanging, and she gives exactly the same attention to the lesser characters in her story that she gives to Meyer. Meyer's kind little friend Mendel Berg, and Mendel's friend Josie, and Meyer's talkative sisters, and Lena's assorted friends and companions are each a complete person. This is a New York City story, from midtown to Washington Square, with scenes in and around Lena's house in Connecticut.

THE END OF SOMETHING NICE, by Angus Wolfe Murray (Viking). A curious novel that succeeds in spite of the fact that the author allows himself all the fey and macabre liberties that are so useful in implementing stories about young children. The scene is a wild estate in Scotland. The Laird is dying, and his household is falling apart. The household: twin children, Jonathan and Jane; their bewildered and frantic mother; their Uncle James, who is kind and loving and ineffectual; their cook, Mrs. Fraser, and her husband, who runs the house; their gamekeeper, Mr. Kerr; their gardener, Mr. Mackenzie; and their old nurse, Nanny. Jonathan is to leave home for the first time to go to school, and he and Jane fear the separation—they want their lives to go on forever without change. Jonathan struggles against the friendly, worried adults who control him, but Jane fights. Jane has no conscience, and she is completely possessed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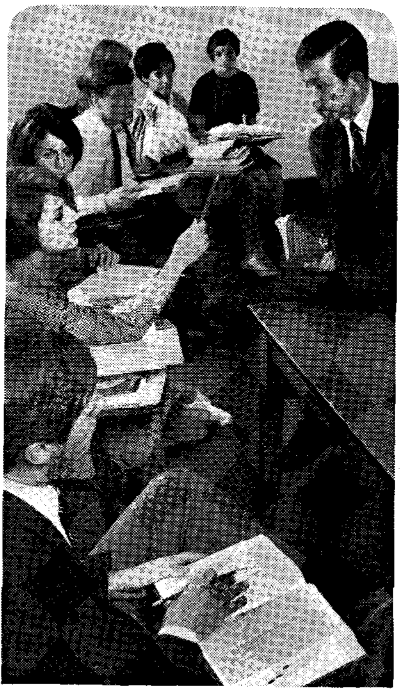

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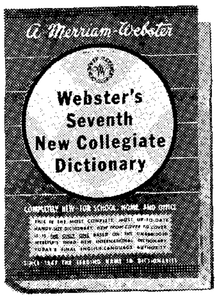

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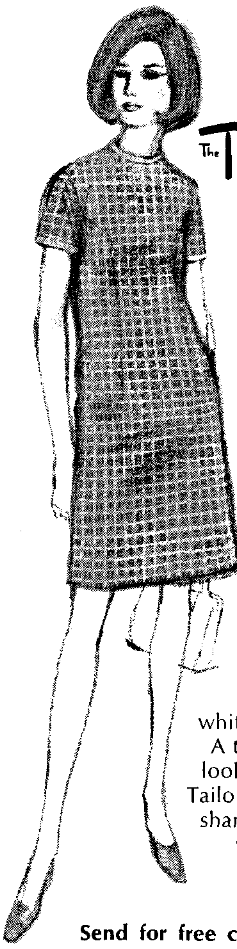
by her fiercely proprietary love for her brother. Their future is clear enough—Jonathan will grow up to accept the world, but Jane will make life dreadful for anyone who ever has the misfortune to care about her. Mr. Murray's writing is spasmodic, giving an impression of great ability and of something else that is either laziness or arrogance—in any event, something that leaves a great deal of work for the reader. A first novel.

### GENERAL

RESISTANCE, by Georges Bidault, translated from the French by Marianne Sinclair (Praeger). Georges Bidault has been president of two National Councils of the Resistance. The first was the wartime alliance of all the Resistance groups in France, which recognized the leadership of Charles de Gaulle; the second, which Bidault founded, was an organization opposed to de Gaulle's Fifth Republic. "I was not a half-hearted Gaullist," Bidault writes. He was the man who, in the name of the Frenchmen who had fought the Nazis at home, received the General on the day of the liberation of Paris, and he served as the first Foreign Minister of de Gaulle's postwar government. "I am not a half-hearted anti-Gaullist either," he adds. After de Gaulle's return to political life in 1958, Bidault fought and defied him, principally over his *volte-face* on the question of Algerian independence, until the government drove him into an exile that continues to this day. This book is a crowded recital of Bidault's career since 1940; it is also a defense of his policies and politics—as Foreign Minister in various governments, as Premier, and as head of state. Bidault is a skilled writer and polemicist (although the translator, one suspects, has bungled some of his irony), and his apologia seems free of both special pleading and self-pity. His frontal attack on de Gaulle—on his integrity, his loyalty, his humanity, and just about every other qualification for statesmanship and grandeur—is probably the most damaging that has yet been mounted.

THOSE EXTRAORDINARY BLACKWELLS, by Elinor Rice Hays (Harcourt, Brace & World). The Blackwells were a mid-nineteenth-century American family of religious enthusiasts, Fourierites, abolitionists, and advocates of woman suffrage. Those chiefly under discussion here are five



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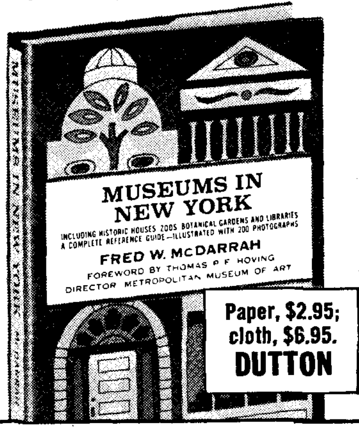
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sisters (who never married), four brothers, and two sisters-in-law. One of the sisters was Elizabeth Blackwell, the first American woman M.D. (she was graduated from what is now Hobart College in 1849) and founder of the New York Infirmary for Indigent Women and Children, and the sisters-in-law were the celebrated Lucy Stone and Antoinette Brown, the first American woman ordained minister. Mrs. Hays is a competent writer and she has done a diligent job of research (her bibliography runs to nine pages), but if the Blackwells, for all their accomplishments, were even faintly interesting in mind or personality, she has failed to bring it out. What she has done is merely to recount at considerable length the daily events that composed their largely uneventful lives. Photographs.

A NATURALIST IN TRINIDAD, by C. Brooke Worth (Lippincott). Dr. Worth is a Rockefeller Foundation physician and field biologist of long experience whose interests embrace virology, parasitology, ornithology, entomology, and botany. In this book—an account of a five-year assignment (1960-65) at the Rockefeller-supported Trinidad Regional Virus Laboratory in Port of Spain—they are all on entertainingly instructive display. Dr. Worth's job was arbovirus (or arthropod-borne virus) research, but he is largely concerned here with describing his investigations in the cultivation of avocados in his back yard, in compost experiments, in bird-watching, in orchids, in caterpillars, in strangler figs, in spiders and their symbiotic *Arachnicorus*, and with the adventures in sweaty jungles and barren rocky islets and icy-watered caves into which they led him. It should be added that he relates them in a very pleasant, self-disparaging manner: "Once again I failed to pull my weight, except that I passed the rum bottle." Illustrated with drawings by Don R. Eckelberry.

VIETNAM: THE LOGIC OF WITHDRAWAL, by Howard Zinn (Beacon). The author, a specialist in Asian studies who is a professor of government at Boston University, here lines up all the arguments for our continuing the war in Vietnam and then sets out to demolish them one by one. We are destroying freedom in ostensibly fighting for it, he says, and we stand to lose no prestige in a unilateral withdrawal from

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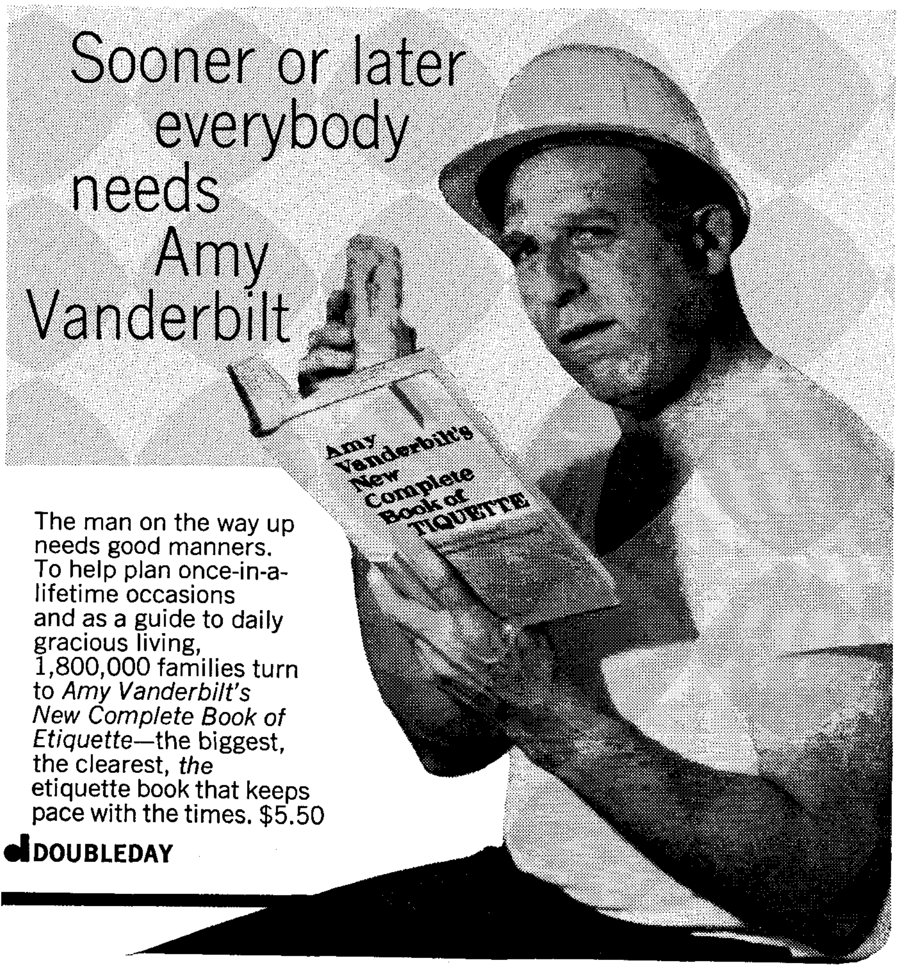
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Southeast Asia, for we have none left to lose; moreover, a viable Communist government of all Vietnam would be better able to withstand pressures from Red China than a rickety dictatorship shored up by American military muscle. Behind these arguments runs a recurrent theme—that the American people and their government officials and their popular press simply do not know enough about either Asian revolutionary thinking or Communism to make an intelligent decision about either.

THE BURIED CITY: EXCAVATIONS AT LEPTIS MAGNA, by Giacomo Caputo and Ernesto Vergara Caffarelli, with photographs by Fabrizio Clerici (Praeger). Leptis, the Romans' chief city in Libyan Africa and the birthplace of Emperor Lucius Septimius Severus, had more than the usual quota of baths, temples, arches, and forums, which have only recently been fully explored. Founded by the Phoenicians in the tenth century B.C., it reached its peak under Roman rule in the second and third centuries A.D. Its decline began a century or so later, when it was increasingly threatened by various barbarian peoples, most especially the Vandals, who captured it, and the Berbers, who sacked it. The city's history thus follows a familiar pattern in classic antiquity—the rise as the Empire rises, followed by an uneasy period as Rome, now overextended, teeters and the hungry hordes move in closer, and, finally, the kill. In this book, the writing is pedestrian, but there is no complaint to be made about the illustrations. Close to three hundred maps, drawings, color plates, and halftones are included, affording a remarkably evocative conception of how a long-buried city is brought, almost magically, from the dark past into present light. Twenty dollars.

•

TODAY'S CHUCKLE

Oak Ridge's famous X-10 reactor, which produced fissionable plutonium for the first atomic bomb, will be preserved as a national historic landmark.—*Bellingham (Wash.) Herald.*

We've been needing a good laugh.

•

"I am not au courant about the political situation in Queens," replied the crew-cut, buttoned-down, youthful-looking Commissioner, who speaks French.
—*The Times.*

So *that's* it!

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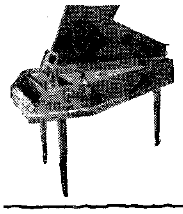

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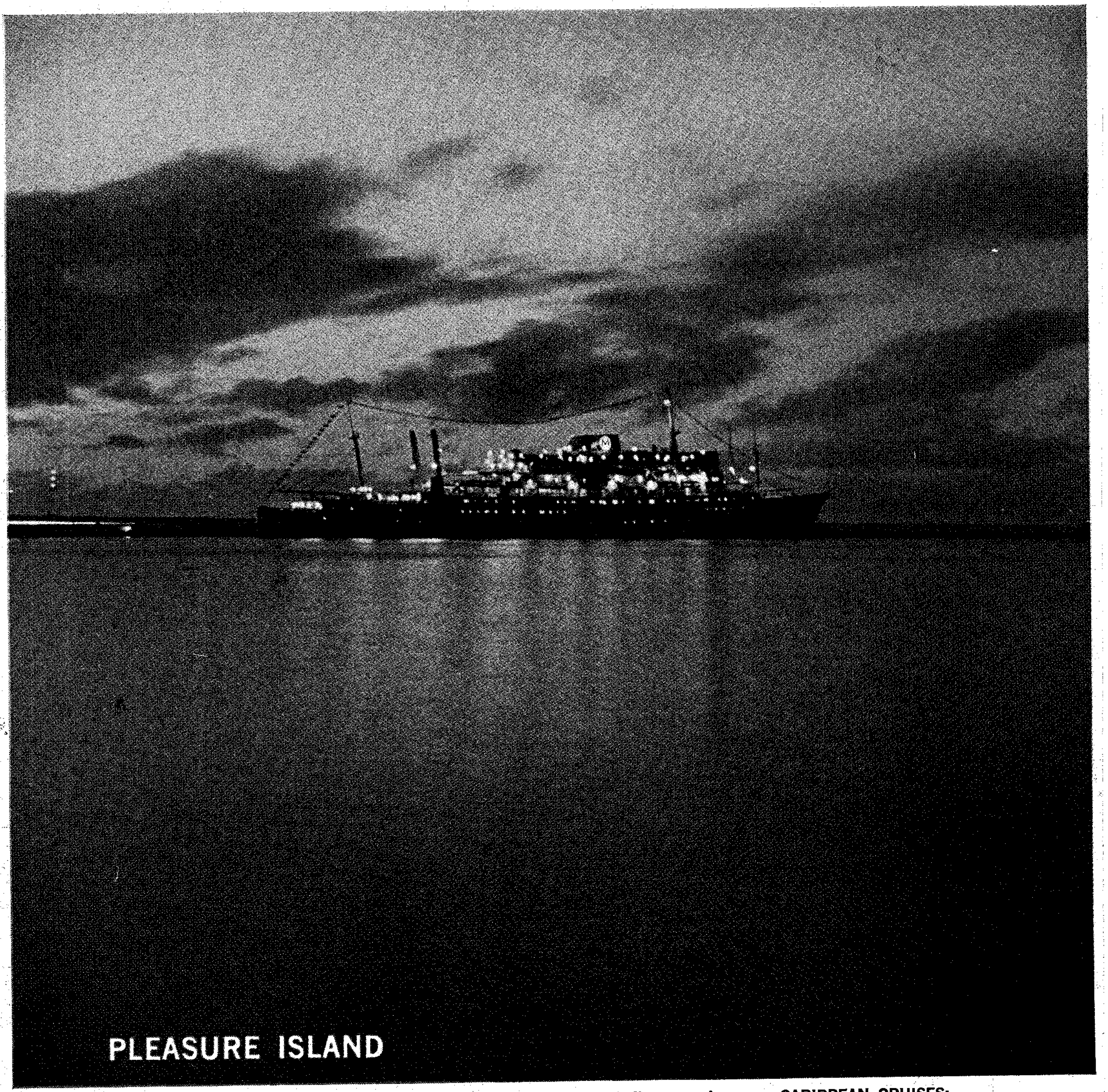

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